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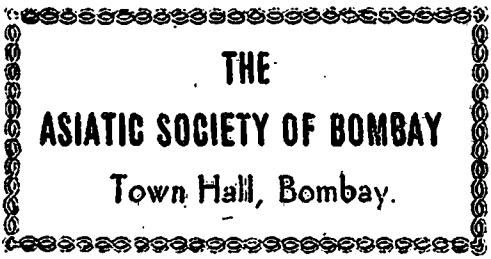

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FOUR YEARS

N THE PACIFIC.

IN

Her Majesty's Ship "Collingwood."

FROM 1844 TO 1848,

32963

BY

LIEUT. THE HON. FRED. WALPOLE, R.N.

"Señor a lo que digo
Que soy de parte de ello buen testigo."
ERAILLA ARAUCO.

AA C6

IN TWO VOLUMES

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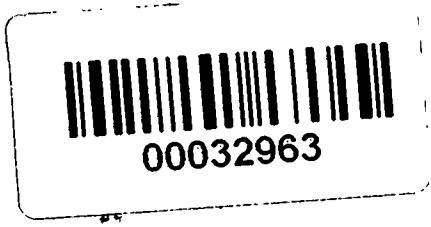

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FOUR YEARS IN THE PACIFIC.

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"But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of nature? What their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?

"Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs."

It was night as we glided slowly through the Borkarvon passage into Callao harbour, between islands which run parallel to the coast, and, in fact, form the protection to the harbour. Curiously enough,

the Spaniards, generally so scientific, knew nothing of this passage: we were the first line-of-battle ship that had ever gone in through it. Rain is unknown in Peru, but as respectable a damp mist had been got up for the occasion of our arrival as any Scotchman could have required, and no doubt reminded many of those on board of the "land o' cakes." In the morning, however, Callao appeared a pretty place. Abreast of us was the town, a large village of one-storied houses, gay with consul's flags, and the plastered fronts painted in frescoes. On one hand was the famed Callao Castle, consisting of two strong white martello towers, standing, like the two bottles of an inkstand, in a tray of fortifications: its sea-face had the shingle-beach for a glacis. Further inland, its domes and steeples just visible, was Lima, with the noble Cordilleras for a background. Ahead of us was the long low spit where old Callao formerly stood, and outside, the islands San Lorenzo and his comrades. The anchorage is magnificent, and a vessel may lie for years at anchor here without straightening her cable. The mole is a large structure, which must have been commodious when in good repair; but now, as most of the ladders have lost their steps, it is slightly inconvenient: it turns so as to form a breakwater to shelter the boats, &c.

The Peruvian navy was here represented by a very fierce little schooner.

The closer appearance of the town is disappointing, and you find the gay frescoes but ill cover the lath and plaster of which the houses are composed; and it was matter of astonishment on arriving at the inn (one of the only two-storied houses) to comprehend how the second floor was supported. The rest of the town, I was going to say, presents nothing remarkable; but it is remarkable that a place with such a great trade can continue to be such a wretched hole. Everything in the shape of public works was built by General Miller while governor of the place. He made the mole, made the aqueduct, the road,—everything; and each, allowing for the wear and tear of time, is just as he left it some twelve years ago, when, like a cavaliero as he is, he nobly preferred the loss of everything to the disgrace of proving traitor to his cause. There is one church, a miserable affair, and a market-place, where everything is dearer than at Lima. It is like a huge skeleton: on one side is a thing like the unfinished front of a house, with pillars, &c.; the rest is ——. In short, the Revolution came, so it was never finished; the unoccupied space is boarded in, to mark what the market-place was to have been,

and then there is the inn. The chief sources of amusement at Callao were the gambling-table, billiards, and drinking, in which we were joined by the American officers. The play in vogue was a game with dice: the table had a cover upon it, in the four squares of which were two A's for assad, and two I's for suerte. The players staked on either; and the banker, a general in the Peruvian army, whose well-ordered breast spoke of showers of honours, threw the dice, and the general result of all gambling seemed to follow—that nobody won.

The country around Callao is a flat plain, irrigated by the Rimac, but now little cultivated. It was built as a sea-port to Lima, and perhaps formerly the river Rimac was navigable for boats; now it is so small and shallow that sticks find infinite difficulty in getting down it without shipwreck.

Under the rule of the Incas the plain of the Rimac was abundantly fertile, the consequence of careful irrigation; now half of it is barren, and it is only here and there that "half a tillage stints the smiling plain." Where it is left to itself, the soil appears sandy and barren; but let water be turned on it, and it repays the gift with abundant fertility. In Peru the decrease of population, and of land under cultivation since the Incas' time, and ever since their

bastard independence of Spanish rule, is awful: under the mild government of the Incas, cultivation was enjoined and abundance promoted by every natural and artificial means. Guano was well known to them as a manure, and even now their terrace-gardens on the different plateaux of the Cordilleras are a monument of patient industry. Some low mounds on the plain mark where tradition says the former inhabitants had a burial-ground. All the bodies that have been exhumed are in a constrained posture, the knees up under the chin, and the hands clasped round them, the countenance wearing a distorted and painful expression. This is variously accounted for; the popular legend says that chiefs and nobles, often with whole trains of their followers, were buried alive in this posture, at their own request, preferring even this painful death to falling alive into the hands of the Spanish conqueror. The peculiar atmosphere keeps these bodies in wonderful preservation: it is fair to presume they have been buried more than five hundred years; yet they are scarcely dried, and the features still perfectly recognisable. The sitting posture is the one still adopted by the Patagonians in their burials, so after all it is probably only the ordinary custom of the country. The plain is much covered also with more

recent works, the fortifications erected during the various rebellions; for this has generally been the battle-field where the temporary fate of Peru has been decided. Whoever possesses Callao is generally master of Peru. The defence of it by Rodil, the Spanish commandant, against the patriots is matter of history: the forts which were deemed so strong, and which kept Lord Cochrane in check, are now in utter ruins.

There is some dove-shooting over the plains,—the little beccafico sort and a large blue pigeon: this is the only sport. The bay is full of flocks of the guano-birds, cormorants, pelicans, and other aquatic birds. San Lorenzo is the great resting-place of these; and no doubt, in ages to come, it will produce as valuable manure as the famous Chincha islands to the southward.

From frequent companionship with Americans we had imbibed a taste for a peculiar style of picnic much in favour with them, and called "chowdering:" for this San Lorenzo afforded every facility. Starting at sunrise in one of the boats, we usually had a pleasant sail, enlivened by firing at the sea-birds. On reaching the island, which is about six miles from the mainland, each did as seemed best to himself: one party cooked, another lounged about, passing

a pleasant sort of amphibious life, between the water and the cool caves on the beach; others hunted round the weather-side for seal, sea-lions, and sea-otter; the seamen fished and did as they pleased.*

The island is high and barren, covered with loose sand, most laborious to walk on. Our men, curiously enough, discovered an anchor and a skeleton on the highest ridge. The shoes were in such good preservation that they were abstracted, and put to useful purposes. The sea-lions, like huge great garden-slugs, were usually found basking on the rocks, and on being approached made an awkward sort of leap into the sea: we killed several. On opening them, stones were found in their insides, which the sailors suppose to be swallowed to enable them to sink with greater ease. Tradition says, this island

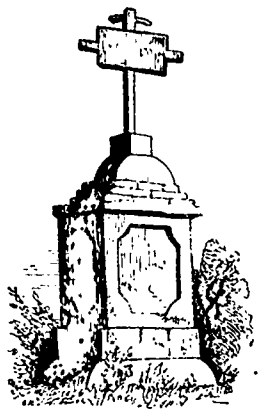
* In one of our boating parties to San Lorenzo, I was made a member of a most select and secret society, calling themselves the "O'Smokaways." Our principles and doctrines of course it would be improper to divulge; the other members will, I trust, be equally discreet, and bear with them the secret recollection of the day. Let me hope the feats performed, the figure cut, and the doctrines of the sect, will not be forgotten:—the black feather perhaps—this to the initiated. To the uninitiated, let me thus far explain, that the society is much the same as that old and revered association called "Buffers" in Chili, open to all people, —all nations. Smoking, as productive of sage thought, short speech, and quiet meditation, is essential.

was once connected with the main by the low sandy neck which now runs no further than the site of old Callao, and which was destroyed by the huge wave that most frequently accompanies the earthquake.

Omnibuses run between Callao and Lima, a distance of seven miles, several times a-day; and, spite of the bad road and heavy vehicle, the driver, with the help of a most formidable whip, gets over the ground pretty well. The cad is a shock-headed Indian boy, as nearly naked as possible. The houses of the port of Callao seem to go through a gradation: the best are lath, or rushes plastered, stuccoed, and painted; the next best are plastered and stuccoed; then plastered only; and then nothing but the rushes. The population are indolent, debauched Creoles, whose means of life are questionable.

Emerging from the place, the holes of the road, into which the 'bus falls suddenly and strugglingly, prevents a quiet survey of the country; and the driver is too much engaged with the whip and with yelling to give you any information: while dust of the smallest and most penetrating kind nearly smothers you. About a mile inland is a small monument, surmounted by a cross, to mark where a Spanish sixty-gun frigate was thrown up during an earthquake. To have

effected this, the water must have risen a hundred and fifty feet; yet people were saved on the church-top, not one third the height. It has an inscription recording the event. To the right is the little town of Buenavista, in a fine healthy situation. Here were formerly the barracks of the Spanish soldiery. It is now falling into decay. The omnibus stops once at a place called Magdelena; it is a *pulperia*, or grog-shop, but close by is a large and handsome church, attached to a convent. Here formerly the old viceroy of Spain met the new one, and delivered up all authority to him, when, after mass, the newly-invested made his triumphal entry into Lima. But now the convent is suppressed, the church almost deserted, and a miserable monk, with a tin box, importunes for alms. At the distance of two miles from Lima the road is very good, as straight as possible, a footpath on either side, seats at convenient distances, and the whole shaded by mimosas. On either hand are quintas belonging to the rich Limaneans.



MONUMENT.

The Spanish viceroys had a pretty quinta and

gardens here, but they were sold at the Revolution, having first been granted by the State to one of the patriot chiefs: the chapel still remains. As I was one day sauntering about it, my attention was attracted by the arrival of a Frenchman who had long been a resident at Callao. He was ever foremost at the gambling-table, leading others into play, not over fair even, in his transactions, loose in his conduct, and atheistical in his conversation. I followed him at a distance, anxious to know what could have brought him there. He passed hastily through the small chapel, and entering the cemetery knelt beside a little grave which was evidently much cared for. Taking from his bosom some flowers he placed them over the little head-stone, and then, kneeling down, seemed entirely absorbed in prayer. I walked away, thinking better of mankind, feeling that there are none quite bad. Here was the only link, probably, between that man and virtue, yet all the world, its sins and its vices, could not sever it. This one grain of feeling, perhaps, was all the good that his life and his nature had retained. Poor fellow! encourage the small seed; it may yet spring up into a goodly tree.

The road was made by San Martin, who intended to continue it the whole way to Callao, but a revolution deposed him, and it has remained untouched since.

The town of Lima contains seventy thousand inhabitants, and is walled, with seven gates, two of which are always closed — (oh Liberty !) — and thirty-three bastions. They are too narrow, however, for heavy ordnance. It lies almost in a circle, one side of which touches on the river. Pizarro wisely considered Cuzco as out-of the way for a capital ; the lofty mountains cut off all facility for trade with the sea, and he therefore resolved to build another. San Miguel de Pieusa, founded by him in 1529, was too far north ; so, after much consideration, he fixed on the valley of the Rimac. The valley received its name from a celebrated oracle, Rimac, signifying in the Quecha tongue, " one who talks." It was called the Ciudad de los Reges, from the day of its foundation, the 6th of January, the festival of the Epiphany, in the year 1535 ; — but even in that generation it was always called Lima, a corruption from Rimac. So we see, through all South America, the royal ordinances could hardly change any of the names. Thus, New Castile still remains Peru ; New Toledo, Chili.

The gate by which we entered was hardly worthy of a city of kings, and for fear any contraband royalty should be smuggled in, I suppose, we were stopped and examined ; one of the party, a Creole, being detained to account for four bottles he had

about him. A French sailor, who was a fellow-passenger, compared the motion of the omnibus to a vessel in a short head sea: the simile could not be improved on. The houses are not fine, nearly all being of one story only, and presenting but one or two grated windows to the streets. The city, being laid out in regular squares, had a sombre

GATE OF LIMA.

appearance. The French inn had more the air of a prison, as we turned in, than of the hospitable "mine inn" of our own dear land; some of the patios and walls were painted in *fresco*, which, as there is no rain, lasts well, and improves them vastly. The Plaza is spacious; one side is occupied by the cathedral and bishop's palace, which, from its size, is

imposing: that it is only lath and plaster, and that those massive pillars are hollow, need not be known. On two other sides are pretty Venetian-looking buildings, two stories high, with large colonnades that make a nice sheltered walk, and above are closed latticed balconies. The fourth side has the president's palace, formerly the vice-regal one, as ugly

SQUARE WITH FOUNTAIN.

a building as need be. In the centre is a fountain where Fame, with a cap of liberty on her head, blows a tremendous trumpet. This is not Pizarro's palace; that stood in another part of the town, and was destroyed. The most fashionable streets are from the Plaza, and there are some gay French shops; the shopkeepers are nearly all of that country, and cheap German and French articles seem

most in demand. The gold and silver streets contain shops for working those metals, but the native artificers have no great skill. French jewellery is better and cheaper.

Passing on, the finest thing is the gate of the town, which leads over the Rimac; it was built by the President O'Higgins, and the bridge, a solid one of stone, is handsome and picturesque; it has recesses, with comfortable stone seats, and the view either way is pretty; it connects Lima with the suburbs of San Lazaro; it was built in 1640, during the viceroyalty of the Marquess de Montes Clavos. During one of the seasons of anarchy which are not uncommon in Peru, the robbers stormed the town on horseback, and, after a pillage, retired almost unmolested; even now, while Peru is enjoying more quiet than usual, the robbers seem pretty much respected; you are always cautioned not to resist, and government never think of exterminating them. Even from Lima to Callao money is sent down under an escort; one old gentleman, on his way from Lima in the omnibus, threw away a lot of gold he had with him, at the bare report of robbers being near, and might be seen afterwards wandering about the road, hunting vainly for his lost treasure. The bridge of an evening was a grand resort of the

fashion and *sayas* of Lima. Much cannot be learned of the beauty of a woman by merely seeing one eye, but that one is so wondrous fine, that, perhaps in mercy, she veils the rest of the face, lest, overpowered by the beauty divine, all should fall down and pine at her feet. The saya is almost universally worn; ladies say *they* do not wear it, but all ranks do. Miller has described it, and so have

LADY IN THE VEIL AND SAYA.

many other writers; ofttimes a slip of the hand reveals a species of face which sadly belies the eye: eyes are all fine here, so perhaps they do wisely to expose no more. There are two sorts of this dress; the real one is called *saya ajustada*, and is now

seldom worn, consisting of a skirt of quilted silk plaited throughout close to the shape, with strings to allow of tightening or loosening it at pleasure; the other, now generally worn, is the *saya dispiegada*, the same, only loosened at the bottom. Round the body, behind the arms and over the head, a piece of gauze falls, and folding down the face, one hand holds the two portions together, concealing all but one eye. Beneath appear most dainty feet, clothed in white satin shoes; the streets of Lima not being famed for cleanliness, it requires no small skill for the fair dames to thread their way without destruction to their delicate *chaussure*. This dress is forbidden in the streets after sunset, by the police regulations; it often veils intrigue, and the encounters it produces are sometimes most destructive to domestic happiness. The origin of the dress seems unknown: perhaps the love of intrigue introduced it as a cloak. Much the same sort of dress, as far as the head is concerned, is worn at the towns of Tarifa, Conil, and Mantrena, where the women wear a black shawl over their heads, closed in front, leaving only one eye exposed. They have no saya, however, which (the closed one, at least) disguises the figure more than anything, and from being tight at the ankle, induces a feigned walk that heightens much the difficulty of detection. In

these three towns it is said to be a remnant of Moorish customs, and the privilege of wearing it is secured by charter.

There is a pleasant café near the bridge, through whose antique-shaped lattices, there is a pretty view of the mountains and river. While sitting in its cool vine-covered alleys, you can imbibe coffee or other fluids, and hear harangues on freedom and government from Peruvians, whose appearance attests their wild merit.

The only building of note in the suburb is the cemetery, which is prettily laid out and neatly kept. There is one dreadful Golgotha, a field of skulls; and the hole, or receptacle for the dead, a vast pit with a top like a well, will supply the fancy of a looker-down with a sufficient stock of horror for years. In a retired corner is the grave of O'Higgins, who played so prominent a part in the Revolutions of South America. He once occupied a more public tomb, but his lease is out, so he has retired here. The tombs of the two last archbishops are in this cemetery, and one is prepared for the next. We had to hunt about some time to get into the cemetery, and, after trying at every door, at last scaled the wall. My companion was a medical man, and therefore had less dread of such a place than myself; he formed a great affection

for an old dried lady, who seemed to have been forgotten and left above ground, leaning in a neglected corner of an outhouse. There was one coffin in the dead-house, containing three small babies, poor little things! yet perhaps to be envied: what a world of woe the Lord's goodness had spared them! There was one epitaph to a French Captain of a man-of-war, who died while in command of his ship at Callao. It ran over the whole list of virtues first; then concluded "*Respectez ses cendres et demandez à Dieu qu'il donne à la France de nombreux enfans comme lui.*" Happy France! The English are not buried here. No, heretics must not rest with the faithful! Alas! not even in the grave do the wicked cease from troubling, or the weary rest! But the banishment disturbs them not; as happy are they on the lone island where they lie; there the ocean's moan sings sweet lullaby near the exile's grave; and, protected by nature and silence, they await their reward in solitude and peace. No consecrated ground enshrines their dust, but kind friends have smoothed the last pillow, marked the lowly bed, uttered the heartfelt amen to holy prayers. Fear not, brave dead! the Lord is there as near as in pillared cathedral or gilded cemetery. Any familiarity with the dead always frightens me. Death seems the boundary where our knowledge ceases,

beyond that are faith and hope alone; the dead seem to me as things sacred, awaiting God's judgement under his immediate sway; so it was with great relief I found myself over the wall again, and sitting in the verandah of a house with my hand wandering over a basket of *cherymoyas*.

As we walked along, a kind man had asked us in to his house, and spread a feast of fruit before us; his wife was lying in a Spanish hammock, which she kept in motion by violently kicking the pillar as she swung backwards and forwards, picking oranges; she sucked the fruit in a slow meditative way, gazing upon us all the while with her lustrous eyes. There were two little children, whom we patted and be-praised, till one climbed up to snatch the fruit, fell back, and came to grief. We accepted an offer to see the garden, and left the mother consoling in lazy tones from the hammock.

The garden well merited our praise: it was shaded with cherymoya-trees, which are large and handsome, have an incised leaf of a very deep green, and are covered with a fruit peculiar to Peru and the Central Coast of America; it is about as large as a baking-apple, of a deep green, knobby like a fir-cone, and of the shape of a chestnut: within, it is divided into cones of fruit, surrounding stones like French trees,

and tastes as good as fifty rich custards beaten into one.

Our new friend pointed out to us the oldest part of the town : it is a small chapel, and was the first building erected in Lima. Verily, those conquerors had need of prayers and atonement! It is a small, lowly place, with few and tawdry ornaments. No particular sanctity seemed attached to it, nor did it seem valued for its antiquity : jammed in between two hovels, its very insignificance had saved it when church and palace had fallen. Near it, now covered with buildings, is the site of a palace of Pizarro's brother ; at his death it was torn down and strewn with salt, which seems to have brought up a very plentiful crop of hovels.

A wretched theatre offered an evening lounge, where *saynites*, or farces, were acted. There was a strong feeling against the English at this moment, and one representation called down thunders of applause. The hero was a small Peruvian, in uniform, who kicked and cuffed a large giant fellow, intended to represent an Englishman. This was done to shouts of, "Viva Peru! viva Castilia!" and the accompaniment of soft music. The little fellow's air was sublime as he said, looking at the audience, "Pardon me, I could not restrain myself,—I am a Peruvian." The cause of

excitement was changed very suddenly one evening by the cry of "An earthquake!" It was wonderful how the theatre was cleared, considering the size of the door.

The Franciscan Monastery is one of the places most worthy of note in Lima. It was formerly inhabited

SECOND COURT OF CONVENT.

by fifteen hundred monks, and occupied nearly one-sixth of the city; now it is sadly reduced, but still has much wealth. There are at present only forty brothers. The convent, though not built on any plan, is handsome from its size. Court succeeds court — gallery, gallery. The second is rather fine, its sides being ornamented with pictures of the thousand-and-one miracles of the patron saint. In the centre is an

old iron fountain, and the walk beneath the colonnades is paved with handsome Dutch tiles; in some of the other courts are deserted gardens, where flowers grown wild still flourish in tangled masses of fragrance. There are many pictures of holy brothers who have endured martyrdom, and the artist's skill has exhausted itself in depicting horrors: but now all is desolate, and our listless feet alone arouse the echoes through the silent haunts which once resounded to the pomp and pride of Catholic ceremony. There is a large tomb shaded with funereal cypresses; the walls represent hermits of all degrees of sanctity, some in solitude among rocks, others delivering devout discourses from huge books, to attentive audiences of birds and beasts. Most of the venerable gentlemen are labouring under wounds inflicted by pistol-firing patriots during the Revolution: one father contemplating a skull with a pipe in his mouth; another, after evading hosts of lions, had had his eye put out by some more savage Christian. Money is now made by letting the cells out as lodgings, but they are too quiet for ordinary occupants: from one we heard, however, the tones of the piano accompanying a pretty voice singing anything but anthem words, for they told of a feeling long foreign to convents, and though old as earth, still vigorous, active, known and talked of — Love.

The few monks now reside in what was formerly their superior's court; here is their library, which contains little of interest; the brother who displayed its treasures bitterly complained of the Revolution; books, shrines, revenues, all had been lost then, and "What had anybody gained?" he said. Here the present occupants, about fifty, reside; and in the court they will, after their present life is dozed out, repose.

The service of their small chapel was well and devoutly performed. The head of the Order, a venerable old man, who, report says, has intrigued much all his life, delivered a strong lecture to a defaulting brother, who held a large cross on his shoulder, the crown of thorns and scourge in his hand. This chapel, which has great remains of rich ornaments fast decaying, contains, among many bad, some few very beautiful pictures brought from Spain, one painted on copper—of Judas betraying our Lord with a kiss—seemed very beautifully done.

The roof of the upper story of the colonnades is handsomely carved, but neglect and the hands of pilferers are rapidly destroying it. The steeple is in a sad shaky state; the injury one earthquake began, another will easily finish. This vast, lonely building was to me a most delightful resort, cool and monastically quiet: it seemed, in its turn, meeting with

quiet dignity the fate its founders had dealt to others. Formerly a convent of Virgins of the Sun was on this site; it had undergone purification to fit it for more holy purposes. Then under the fanatic rule of Olmedo, this vast mass had risen, and not content with limited space, like the doctrines it was raised to teach, it arrogated to itself one-sixth of the city. Built by forced labour, every stone, probably, was raised by the toil and blood of the gentle Indian. Then in its pride, it decreed fire, murder, death, to all who would not obey. It drove, with shrieks of terror, the former mild idolatry from the land; trammelling mind, and enslaving body, it reigned in all its majesty; and now, stripped of its power, bared of its tinsel, it wastes away, and leaves but regret that so much of good could do so much of ill.

One day the large doors of the church attached to this convent were opened, and a procession wound round the courts: it was Whitsuntide. At each corner all knelt to the Host which was thus sanctifying the place. I watched the procession as it passed amidst pillar and arch; the effect of the fuming censers, and the high swell of anthem praise was indescribably pleasing. The sound died away, still clear in its faintness: the eye closed, and it seemed as if in a dream the Church had again

renewed her pomp, her glory, and her priestly rule. But hark! it swells again louder, louder; the smoke rises: the white-robed priests reappear; still peals on high the note of praise,—the church-gates bang, and then again all is lonely for another year.

Formerly the Church in Peru was the organ of most extensive rule: its famous Jesuit college fitted youths for the task of missionaries, and all South America was explored under their direction. Overcoming every difficulty, surmounting toils, braving unheard of and unknown danger, smiling at and glorying in wounds, hardships, death itself, these zealous men spoke of Jesus and his love and mercy in the remotest nook of this vast continent. Gradually the natives owned their goodness, and they were allowed to live wherever they chose throughout the land: the people, if not converted, felt their utility, owned their merits, and loved them for their virtues. To me the Catholic missionaries of America always appeared far superior to all other Catholics; under their fostering rule the rude savage ceased his wars, settled down and tilled the land in peace,—witness Paraguay, California. If he advanced little in Christianity, he made rapid strides in civilization; the whole interior of the continent was traversed by these zealous priests: but now how changed! their

colleges destroyed, the vast interior fast relapsing, the missions in ruins, the pastor dead, the neophytes turned away. This is no overdrawn picture: less, much less is known now of the interior of South America than one hundred years ago; for information we must look into the musty records, once the property of the colleges, now scattered, rotting, and unvalued. None of the churches are fine, and the ornaments are tawdry and tasteless; the immense wealth they once possessed has been wrested from them, and they retain but a tithe of their former power. The cathedral is of vast size, and its interior being clear and open, cannot fail to make an impression on all who enter. Shut your senses to the conviction that it is nothing but reeds, stucco, and paint, and it is magnificent. It has several shrines covered with plates of silver, and some fine carved wood brought from Spain, the gift of a viceroy,—the work, probably, of the Low Countries: the pictures are numerous but not good.

There are the portraits of a succession of archbishops which, like wine, seem to require long keeping to be good; the two last almost hurt the eyes. The cathedral was begun by Pizarro, on 18th January, 1535, and the first archbishop was appointed by a bull of John the Third, in 1541. The

organ is ill adapted to fill so large a place; on raising the host a drum sounds, and as it strikes the ear afar off its tones remind one of that fatal sound so often heard at Mexico during the siege by Cortes, of the fearful drum in the temple of the god of war, which told in startling tones that the people were meeting to offer their detestable sacrifices—that altars were smoking and priests attendant—that the terror-stricken victim, their comrade, their fellow-soldier, stood at the altar, an offering to strange gods, an oblation from savage men to bloody demons. Its sound at night brings sad thoughts; for this corrupted creed, too, whose solemn rites it now announces, has decreed as fell deeds, has worshipped in as foul a way, has polluted God's name, and crucified the meek Saviour again and again, in ceremonies as cruel and unholy.

Santa Rosa has redeemed Peru from the obloquy of having no saint, and so she is proportionably venerated—her day is the grand festival, and her bones are here. But the high altar covers other relics, which, if less potent now, have worked mighty spells in their day: under the altar, in a vault through whose grate you can look, rest the mortal remains of Francisco Pizarro: if you wish to know his deeds, read the history of Peru; they are em-

blazoned there in blood,—if he requires a monument, *circumspice.* A faithful freeman buried his murdered body in an obscure corner; and when Gasca had restored order to Peru, his then honoured remains were brought to rest here beneath the highest place of the high empire he discovered, conquered, and founded. He certainly had Cortes as a guide, and imitated his actions as far as they bore upon his own case; but Cortes was a man of superior education: Pizarro had nothing but his own untaught talents, his indomitable energies, and his fearless spirit. He had no education, no cultivated intelligence; his own mind, his own self did all; he could not even write, nor was it till Peru was conquered that he learnt to sign his own name. The rubica of his signature is shown—the thumb of the left hand was put on the paper, and flourishes made on either side of it; the secretary then filled the name in afterwards.

In 1524, Pizarro embarked for he knew not where, to do he knew not what: read the histories of these conquests, and own that truth far surpasses fiction; read of a band of four hundred men sailing, bent on conquest and on gold. In their hardships, their sickness, and their suffering, they attack an empire, of which the only knowledge they possessed

was well calculated to awe them and bid them pause: they conquer realms vaster than the world had known before—alone they venture to hold estates the giver had no right to grant; the servant becomes the prince—the vassal lord; with no aid near they persecute, punish, wring, and kill the natives. And he who led all, when the hour of peril is passed, his armour laid aside, wars over, and all peace and security, he who had ridden unscathed through embattled millions, falls on his own hearth—he who conquered kingdoms cannot find a grave. Nor on him alone did retribution fall. No! read and see how each conqueror, each oppressor died; how small the harvest they so sinned to reap.

Hernando Pizarro, the best of all, was confined in Spain twenty years, in the prison of the Mote del Padua, and then lived on, a poverty-stricken, broken-hearted man. Fernando the chivalrous, the pride and delight of the soldiers, the first in peril and in fight, was beheaded at Cuzco. Almagro, who, with Pizarro, planned the expedition, was *garoté* at Cuzco. Cabacal, the veteran, the toughest, bravest, most skilful, and most merciless, met a more cruel death. Almagro's son, who murdered Pizarro, the same. The very pilot who discovered Peru was shot. As the Spanish author says—"Peleando en un tiempo con los enemigos

—con los elementos e con la hembre."—They surmounted all and were conquerors of all save their own passions: hard their lives, heroic their deaths. Pizarro died a poor man; he was lavish to excess, and like most in that day, loved gambling; his estates, and forty thousand vassals who were his *repartimiento* or had been assigned to him, devolved to the Crown. He left by his mistress, who was a daughter of the Inca Atahualpa, and who, on his death, married and removed to Spain, a son and a daughter; the son died, but the daughter, subsequent to his release, married Hernando Pizarro, and after the family had existed three generations in poverty, Philip the Fourth of Spain created their descendant Marquis de la Conquesta.

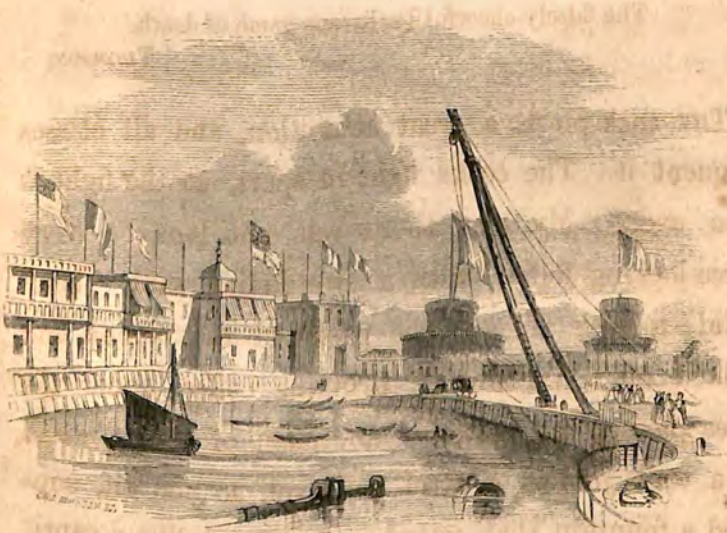
There are several other large monastic buildings in Lima, and the churches are very numerous. The Buena Muerte are now the richest Order, their spiritual head is in high favour with the President. Some, in fact many, of the religious houses have been suppressed, and their property confiscated; in others, again, the monks live on, and government makes use of their establishment for secular purposes. A regiment of cavalry had just arrived at one that I went to see; they had lately returned from the extreme frontier, and were quartered here. It was a curious

sight; the cowled friar creeping noiselessly about among the reckless half-Indian soldiers, and the wilder women who had come with them. There hung the sacred emblem of our faith, beside it was the regimental canteen. The saints looked strangely out of place. The women were perfect Indians, plain, with their hair plaited into an infinity of braids, and wearing as little clothing as possible.

The peculiar office of dog-killing falls to the shoemakers by law, and one day in each month is dedicated to the business. Of cruel things it is one of the most so; and as the human brutes seem to enjoy it, and add to its horrors as much as they can, it is wiser to keep out of the way. Were the horrible little hairless beast to fall, taste would not regret it. In every house there is one or more of these little horrors; they are about the size, and some as elegantly formed, as an Italian greyhound, but black, without any hair. These are the cherished pets of every house, and I have mentioned the use made of them in curing fevers. Writers allow that medical knowledge is low in Peru; this is a proof. There is another maxim which, if practical, speaks much for their ignorance and their dirt—

"El aqua es indigno y el jabon traidor."

The town is cleaner than might be expected from such notions; their pretty Rimac turned in, runs and sparkles through its streets, bubbles in its fountains, and gurgles in its gardens. Refuting calumny, it bustles about, and cleans all, and the city is not more unhealthy than others. Turkey-buzzards (gallingas) do all the dirty work, and sit about lazy and tame as if they liked it and were not at all afraid. Do they breed in the city, or are they country buzzards who hear of the pleasures of a town life, and leave picking and scratching, and come up here to live like gentlemen?



CALLAO FROM THE MOLE HEAD.

CHAPTER II.

AMUSEMENTS AT LIMA.

COCK-FIGHTING.— MUSEUM.— ALMEDA.— BULL-FIGHT. — THE RING.— THE PROGRAMME.—THE ATTACK.—VICTORY.—UNFAIRNESS OF THE SPORT.— FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN.—REVIEW.—SOLDIERS.—PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.—THE INDIAN CHARACTER. — PROVISION FOR A MARCH. — THE INCA RULE. — ORIGIN OF THE INCAS.—ITINERANT DOCTORS.—CLIMATE.—PRODUCE.—INCA PROVERB.

The falsely cheerful barbarous game of death.

THOMSON.

THE cock-pit is a great attraction, and all classes frequent it. The cocks fight in spurs, so the fight is soon over. My stay there was not long; a very fierce-looking fellow with a sword-stick said, "bet." I did; a cock fell, and he pocketed the money and walked off. Amusing! Drinking coffee under the vines pleased me better. A stream of water raised on a wall, just on a level with you as you sit, supplied a fountain that jetted and spirted like a capricious child, but all purely, nicely, elegantly; and then the bright stars, the sky, the mellow moon, and

the deep, deep convent bells, and the river running by, the distant hum of men, the lights of the town—all quiet, all still, pure, and peaceful. The deep drum booms, and history rolls back her page before me; but soon it fades; thoughts of wars and strifes are not for nights like these. No; to this calm belongs sweet hope! Ah, hope! lead me back to that dear land where, though the sky be not so clear, the nights not so bright, there are warm hearts, warmer than summer suns, smiles sweeter than tropical nights, friends more loved than all the gold thou hidest in thy breast, fertile, beautiful Peru!

There is a museum, so it is necessary to see it. It is disposed in two rooms of the college; and the mind may expand among ores, minerals, and shells, stuffed birds (very curious the live ones must be, if like these), and a vast collection of utensils, of all sizes and of all singular and contorted shapes, dug up in various parts of Peru. They are of a very fine clay, and seem, were the shapes not so grotesque, skilfully made. There are the usual horrors, which appeared to arrest the attention of ladies more than any other part of the collection. The only things worth inspection are portraits of the viceroys of Peru from Pizarro down to Pezuela. Pizarro's portrait is very like that in Prescott; high, narrow shouldered,

long visaged, dressed in a rich black coat, white shoes, high-heeled, with very large white rosettes, and a short cloak: he holds a dagger in his hand —his countenance is an index to his character.

> "Oh, reader, if thy daily bread be earned
> By daily labour—yea, however low—
> However wretched be thy lot assigned,
> Thank thou with deepest gratitude the God
> Who made thee, thou art not such as he."

The portrait of Pedro de la Gasca is well done, but hardly conveys an idea of his great and high-souled character. Pezuela was the last regular viceroy; if so, the number exactly filled the panels in the palace: but, correctly speaking, Jose de la Serna, Conde de los Andes, was the last, for he received his high commission from Spain. Since the Revolution they have been removed here. There are two daubs of Bolivar and San Martin: leave their fate to history; the mighty *I*, it is to be feared, formed no small portion of their polity.

The Almeda is a fine walk and well shaded; on the low wall that encloses it there usually sit a pretty sprinkling of figures, with the one potent spell-casting eye. Wiser is it to let the sun shed his hottest rays upon you than to dare its fierce fire. The women are said to be very intriguing, idle, and

indolent, with a full share of tropical caprice; they leave all household, domestic, and maternal duties to their servants, and spend a gay life; this may be scandal, but "a calumnia absurda que sepa siempi dusia al 'quna vestigio," and from all I saw I believe it. To the north of the Almeda is the large enclosure intended by the viceroy for sham fights: here naval battles were to have been represented; its waters now turn a mill as quietly and smoothly as if it had been used to peaceful duties all its days.

A grand bull-fight was announced, and as the whole world seemed floating that way, how could we resist? It gave us a good opportunity of observing the people. The variety of the races of which they are composed is legion; every different mixture of Spaniard, Negro, and Indian; and the fashions of dress were as multiform as the complexions. Flowers are very much esteemed, and the show set out for sale as we passed was magnificent. There were pinks and carnations of a size and scent nowhere else to be met with; some of the finest were worth half-an-ounce, or nearly 1*l.* 15*s.* a flower. The bull-ring, though now much dilapidated, must have been once very magnificent; the outer walls contain an area of half-a-mile, within, three tiers of boxes afford seats for ten thousand spectators. In the

centre of the ring is an escapade composed of a double row of strong posts disposed in the form of a cross, with space between each for a man to pass with facility. There are two entrances, the one leading to the outside, by which the horsemen enter, and the other opposite communicating with the yard where the bulls are confined. The president's box, once the viceroy's, is large and excellently well placed, almost facing the den entrance, filled with easy chairs and abundantly swaddled with Peruvian flags; the panelling which surrounds the ring and forms the front of the lower seats, is about four feet high, and serves for an easy retreat for the people when too closely pursued by the bull; the seats are of all prices, and range from rials (sixpence) up to the aristocratic box which is paid for in gold. A company lease the place and pay a considerable tax to government on each performance. The bulls are from the valley of Chincha, where they are purposely bred for the ring, but in nowise are they to be compared in size, pluck, or strength, to the Spanish bull. Bull-fights are rare now, and only take place on special occasions; then the corporate bodies, or particular individuals, name the several bulls and expend large sums, often eighty to a hundred pounds, in the caparisons which adorn them.

They consist generally of large saddle-cloths, highly ornamented with gold and silver, and filled with hooks and goads. On the festival of San Juan amateurs on horseback attack the bulls, and each endeavours to outdo the other in hardihood and feats of horsemanship to win bright smiles from gazing beauty. The one in question was in honour of the President's Castilian wife's saint's-day, and she appeared in ball attire, with splendid diamonds, attended by a large *cortége* of the aristocracy of Peru. The season was unpropitious, as it is in summer that the bulls are fiercest and show the best sport.

No sooner were the regal party seated, than the front part of their box overhead opened, and a little girl, in the feather-dress of an Inca princess, floated down, and gave the honoured lady a paper programme of the day's amusement; she then sang a congratulatory address, and disappeared. Two companies of soldiers, excessively well got up, next came into the ring, and performed all manner of manœuvres to soft music. There was no word of command, but they went on keeping excellent time. Now disposing themselves as a cross, now as a square; as trees, as everything, with a precision and faultlessness that spoke well for their intelligence. At last they took up open order in front of the box, commenced firing

and then filed off at the door. On the spot they had last occupied, there remained the words "*Viva Castilia e sua sposa*" in flowers on the ground, each letter full eight feet long: the thing was well planned, and the execution capital. Again the door opened, and two men, lightly clothed in blue silk tights, stockings, and gold embroidered jackets, entered: these were the *matador* and his assistant. They were followed by several men on horseback, with lances about nine feet long, and two with the lasso; then the *torreadores*, on foot, with the red short cloaks: devils' crackers, and grotesque figures were set on fire, and ran about in all directions, which the bull attacked as he rushed in, and then stood waiting fresh foes. The matador took up a position under the President's box, as unconcernedly as could be. The horsemen first attack the bull, the cloakmen assist, nor is it till he has shown much sport, and proved his courage, that the matador condescends to encounter him: the coolness and skill of this man were wonderful. As one bull stood scraping with his feet searching for an object of attack, the fellow went behind him, and struck him with the flat of his sword. The infuriated animal rushed on, and fell dead, the sword had pierced his heart.

Another time the matador stood on a small rickety

table just opposite the door of the den, with a sword and flag in his hands, and, saluting the crowd, ordered the door to be opened. Without a pause or instant halt, the animal rushed at him, the table flew into fragments as his strong front struck it. The man stept lightly to the ground behind the bull, which, with unabated speed, continued his career, till opposite the Presidental box; a moment he stood fixed, breathed two heavy sighs, each accompanied with a burst of blood, and without a groan or motion, he sank dead. The lasso-men alone exhibited much skill on horseback, one, with a flag only,* attacked a bull, and played him admirably, turning, seeking, avoiding, baffling, till the animal gave it up in despair, and sought less nimble foes: one broke his hind-leg by kicking, an immense crescent-shaped weapon was brought, and the other leg hamstrung; a brute then mounted him, and forced him to walk round the ring,

* The lasso was much used by the ancient Peruvians, and was a great source of annoyance to the Spaniards in the war of the conquest. It told with great effect at the siege of Cuzco—they of course used it on foot, for they had no horses. This useful instrument was not unknown to the Old World. Xerxes, in the army with which he invaded Greece, had a body of eight thousand men, who were skilled in using it on horseback: they formed one of the pastoral tribes of Persians. The incalculable advantage it would be in Australia, and in all countries abounding in wild cattle, leads one to hope it may speedily be introduced.

As each bull was killed, a yoke on wheels was brought in with four gaily caparisoned horses attached, and amidst vivas and shouts, the poor animal, his head strapped to the yoke, his body trailing along, was galloped off.

Fresh fireworks were let off between each bull-killing: on one occasion there was a large globe, which ran about the arena; on the bull's tossing it to pieces, several pigeons escaped from it and hopped about the ring; one of the torreadores dropped his cloak, and, joining some others, they commenced a most vigorous scramble after the birds. Just as he had collected three and was all intently stooping to pick up a fourth, the bull took him in the counter. Now was the use of loose trousers demonstrated, for the bull lifted him up by the empty part of his inexpressibles, and just shaking him well, pitched him away; he lost his pigeons, but gained the loud and hearty laughs of all the people. The bull throughout has no chance, attacked on all sides, fresh enemies everywhere; the more he fights the more sure his death is, and it is the coward animal alone that is ever allowed to escape. The whole thing is a brutal, bloody pastime, and seen once is seen enough. The Republics, generally, have forbidden it; and let us hope that Peru will follow their example. It is not

fair to judge, but the extreme pleasure the ladies seem to take in it, the eager, searching eye with which they look at the more cruel parts of this drama, speak them hardly of the class who were formed for softness and sweet attractive grace, to temper man, to heal the wound, to cheer, to solace, certainly not to excite, and by their presence to sanction, such unfair, such murderously one-sided sport. My sympathies went with the bull all along, and as a mulatto lubber on horseback got nearly killed, I could not help thinking it a most just and proper reward.

Ehu San Juan! Ehu San Juan! All Lima wends its happy way to the Almancaes. Mules, donkeys, horses, carriages, veloches, calesses, carts, waggons, bulls, all bear their freights, and many walk who cannot ride; volumes would not describe the various vehicles used on such occasions. Every country, period, and people seem to have sent a quota. Here the calesse of Spain, when Spain was in her palmiest days; there the pretty English affair, so low, so neat, so easy, and so strong: he looks like a gentleman; not above work, not disdaining dress. The 24th of June, the festival of St. John, the Nativity of John the Baptist, is a great day for Peru; many keep horses of great beauty and showiness, that are only mounted on that day. The

festival chiefly consists of a review of troops on a plain about two miles from Lima, situated at the foot of the hills, and at this season of the year covered with a species of yellow jonquil, the Pancratium Almancaes (Almancaes is the Indian name for the flower). The day seemed one of great rejoicing, if shouts and laughter are any criterions; happy picnic parties were in every corner; sayas and followers in every dell; and the troops did *funcions* in the midst, attracting little notice, but suffering much from the sweltering heat. The army is not a popular service, for the officers, unless in the train of the president, seldom rise, and when their chief retires from office, they are generally unceremoniously ousted or passed over; the recruits also are principally pressed, as the people of the interior will seldom serve willingly. Merit seems to be very common among the officers,—at least, all are profusely decorated, and all seem generals or colonels. The hell-keepers had generally high titles of honour, breasts rich with rewards, and as they shook the dice, sentiments of chivalrous meaning were on their tongues. Well do I remember one old general who had been detected cheating with his dice, exclaiming in allusion to an attack then meditated by the English on Callao, "Ah! let them batter, let them fire; but once

let them violate the sacred soil of Peru, and I die on the mole; honour is our life: gentlemen, make the game."

The people struck up all their native dances when the sun went down: they are not worth describing; lavishly sensual, elegant, rough, graceful, or ludicrous, according to the performers, who were of every mixture of blood and race. From the hills above it was a lively sight to look down on the gaudily-dressed people, and the bright flower-strewn plain: the music and the shouts floated softly upward; behind us in many a lofty range and stately precipice, rose the Andes, dimmed with the *garuas*, or heavy mist, that supersedes rain in this favoured climate. Just below a party of quieter mood, were singing some of the beautiful half Indian, half Spanish, *yaravys* (airs ?) to the accompaniment of the guitar. The eye ranged far and wide over the plain of the old Indian oracle; there was the city of the king under our feet, with its domes and gaudy paintings; the sea, the smooth light blue sea beyond, mingling in the distance with the sky as blue and as cloudless. By the side of the spot where we stood was an enormous iron emblem of the faith, of our faith, of the true faith; how little, it is to be feared, is near us but the emblem. The gentle savage who had full well been taught to

obey, saw the rule he loved, and the ruler he adored, superseded by a faith whose mild tenets were enforced by fire, sword, and torture; his bright and glorious god exchanged for lesser idols, and hopes of a happy heaven even denied him,—for that, too, was to be shared with his remorseless persecutor. An Indian chief of those days, on being brought to the stake, was offered baptism as the only means of salvation and the sole road to heaven. He disdainfully refused: "Better the hell you threaten, alone, than the heaven shared with the white man!" Their constant exclamation was, "You give good words, but do bad deeds."

The history of Peru has become classical in Prescott; Miller, too, has added a rich page on the history of the Indians, and has described their beautiful capital, their wise rule, and their provident government, with words that show he wields the pen as ably as he did the sword. Of the Indians themselves he speaks most highly; devotedly fond of their homes, and detesting the rule of the country, they are unwilling to enlist as soldiery; but, when compelled, exhibit, if properly led, a bravery and endurance of fatigue unsurpassed, and with hardly any provisions they accomplish incredible marches, and are faithful unto death to a leader they can

rely upon and respect. The chief article of food on these marches (for the small force of Peru and her immense frontier render their presence constantly necessary) is the *sora*, or *erythroxylon Peruvianum*. It resembles the vine in its mode of growing, and has an aromatic smell, with a bitter flavour; it acts as a sudorific, preserves the teeth, and drives away sleep. The gathering is conducted with great care, leaf by leaf, and it is well dried; when used, the flavour is corrected with a small addition of an alkali, called *lipta;* it is kept in the mouth constantly, except at meals, and the saliva is swallowed: with this, a slice of onion, and a handful of maize, they are happy and hearty.

In the interior the people are little altered, and continue much as they were under the old rule: the veneration with which they regard it is extraordinary, and many still wear mourning for the Inca race. Their restoration is regarded as a certain and speedy event;*

* A prebendary at Cuzco applied to the English minister at Lima, begging him to intercede with the Queen to assist him, in the recovery of his throne, as he was a lineal descendant of the Incas, and felt he had all the right. San Cruz was also of Inca blood; many of the families have some, but none lineal or direct. The Inca stone in the Cordilleras, which is to reunite at the restoration of the Incas, is watched very anxiously. Stories are told of their treasure that will never be discovered,— vast sums, too vast for idea to conceive or calculate.

and the ills they suffer under are the more cheerfully submitted to, as only transitory. Certain it is, that the people are much more taxed now than they were under the old rule. The Incas compelled all to work, but adjusted the due proportion of labour to each: all were taxed, but each as he could bear. None under eighteen or above fifty were taxed, or expected to labour, and the State enforced the due care of them at either age. To each was assigned a certain station, and if he could not rise, he at least could not fall. So much good resulted from the system as a whole, that the pressure on individual talent might be pardoned. Since then the population has sensibly diminished; the revenue most materially decreased, and much land is gone out of cultivation. The Republic in proclamations assert that the chain of the Indian is broken, and the fetter that has bound him for three hundred years is reft in pieces. But the Indian does not seem to rejoice. Perhaps he finds little change; perhaps even he feels more galled. The Incas taught him, and he has not yet forgotten the lesson, that one master, even though he be a hard one, is better than many; one settled government better than anarchy—better than tyranny and liberty by turns. Cuzco, which Miller describes, is still very Indian. Situated a long dis-

tance from the sea, and closed in by mountains, it has little communication with other places; and the common language there is Quicha, the ancient Pemocan. It has forty thousand inhabitants, and around it are still buildings, whose Cyclopean size and beautiful structure attest the might and civilization of the rule which a handful of gold-seekers overthrew. Some attribute the dynasty to an Englishman, and say, that the first child of the Sun was a countryman of our own. He is reputed to have been found wandering on the beach some eight hundred years ago; and to a native cacique, who found him, said "Incas manco Capac," which remains to him as his title and his name. This is construed by Miller into Incasman (Englishman); capacac (blooming), an addition of the cacique who found him, and tended him with great care. The language was lost. The empire founded by the Incas was of vast extent: from the Maub river in the south, to the borders of Quito in the north; from the Pacific in the west, to Tucumen in the east, —all owned their sway; and each portion of the vast empire was minutely inspected and ruled. The revenue was supposed to be nearly ten millions of dollars. They encouraged every branch of industry; no house was allowed to be built on a productive spot; cities were built in the deserts, and water brought to

them; cultivation was practised everywhere. Their race of doctors was curious; and they exist even in the present time, migrating all over South America. Their general abode now, as then, is on the eastern slopes of the Andes, north of La Pay. They are all of one tribe, and have laws and rules handed down from father to son. Their chief knowledge is of herbs, to procure which they make annual migrations: they practise all along the country, journeying on foot, with their wallets; and even now the arrival of the *callavayas* or *yungeños*, as they are called, is hailed as a certain means of cure for all sick. The disease called *puna*, which is so fatal, yields to their simple medicines when it will not to more learned prescriptions. The plant called *quinuali*, which they apply, will be found a certain remedy.

The immense regions of Interior Peru are fertile fields for discovery and research. Rivers there are, whose names and capabilities are unknown and untested. To those who are seeking a solution of their practicability for navigation, I would say "Make haste, every day the country becomes more difficult to traverse; the few priests who yet keep the Indians in some check, are fast dying off, and then, alas! it is to be feared they will relapse into a barbarism deeper than before." The upper branches of the

Maranon are almost unknown; it is useless, however, for me to enlarge on that to which already some clever people are turning their attention.

As a climate, Peru is perfect; at the various heights of its mountains every degree of heat or cold may be obtained, and its equable temperature and clear light atmosphere, render it very healthy. The mountains rise in successive plateaux, each one a plain producing the fruits and plants peculiar to its temperature; it is these plains which are called Andenes in the Quicha language, from whence the name Andes, now applied to the whole mountains, arose: they yield every variety of produce, and nearly every kind of animal; it is from hence the famous yellow potato the *papas amarillas*, the richest and best of the sort is brought. Entranced by the memory of its delicious climate, my pen yet loves to linger over scenes where I once enjoyed so much. The society was by no means equal to that of Chili; there was more vivacity indeed, but less goodness; more fire of disposition, but less warmth of heart. Of the Peruvian government, as it is at present constituted, Peruvian bondholders might perhaps give a better account than I could: there are speeches of a night made in their houses of assembly that would frighten Ledru-Rollin himself.

"Licence they mean when they cry Liberty!
For who loves that, must first be wise and good."

In conclusion, let me repeat the following concise precept which formed the basis of the Inca education, as applicable now as then; though the Incas reign no longer, this cannot be too religiously preserved:—"Ama sua, ama qualla, ama llulla; thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not lie, thou shalt not be idle."

CHAPTER III.

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.—EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL.—FIRST VIEW OF THE RUINS.—THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.—EXTENSIVE VIEW.—SECOND INSPECTION.—INDIAN GRAVES.

Even the name
Its unknown founder gave, had perish'd:
Such is fame!

A SEVERE sickness prevented me from visiting the ruins of the famous Temple of the Sun at Pachacamac; a messmate, however, who was more fortunate than I, kindly sent me the following account of his excursion thither. I here offer him my most hearty thanks for it, and cannot help expressing my sincere wish, that the chances of the service may throw us together again, for a better fellow never trod the planks of any vessel than he.

"After passing through Chorillos,* the road led for about a mile, under the back of the great mountain of Morro Solar, which is so remarkable a landmark on the coast; the scenery then became exceedingly pleasing, every object was of a beautiful green, and the landscape was diversified with fine groups of trees. In the midst of this fertile spot, and apparently the store-house for its abundant produce, was a large country-house with a sugar-mill and slave village attached. The road, now one continued avenue of acacias and locust-trees, passed under the arches of a fine aqueduct adjoining the house, and soon afterwards, began to skirt the marshy land which surrounds the lakes of Villa. Here, on the left hand, were sand-hills without a trace of vegetation except a few cactuses. To the right lay the two lakes, glittering in the midst of the green and swampy waste; beyond them was the sea, and in front was the great desert of Pachacamac. The marsh extends over several square miles, and in the drier parts affords pasture for large herds of cattle. On arriving at its further limit, I observed a track of former passengers

* Chorillos, a fishing-village, fourteen miles from Callao, needs no description. It is frequented by the inhabitants of Callao, who come hither in the hot months to bathe and gamble.

across a sand-hill, and following this indication, I plunged at once into the desert. No object of any kind was now to be seen, save low hillocks of sand. No sign of life but a few lizards and sandpipers, exactly the colour of the dreary waste around. Occasionally the skeleton of some over-driven horse or mule presented itself on the road, and flocks of those "raræ aves"—the turkey-buzzards—were eagerly watching my progress, in the hope of profiting by a similar disaster, to stuff their maws with carrion.

"After pursuing the nearly obliterated track for about five miles, the ground began to show some signs of vegetation, and assume a greenish hue. The plant seems a kind of lichen, and must have but a short time to come to maturity, as it is only in the damp season that any vegetation could exist in that arid soil. I began now to observe passengers and mules on the upper road from Lima to Arequipa through Lurin. The scene for so short a distance had been pleasing from its very solitude, and the new-comers seemed to disturb its tranquillity. I passed a conical green hill, standing out alone from the expanse of sand, and soon afterwards got my first view of the ruins. They extend over a great space, and are intersected by long straight streets, or rather passages, reminding the observer at

the first glance that horses were unknown in that once rich and busy town. The houses are roofless; probably, as in the present day, light cloth or matting was found sufficient to protect them from the weather in that delightful climate, where (on the sea-coast, at least) it literally never rains. The rooms are small, and the doors narrow, the walls are composed of the mud-bricks still in use in Peru.

"Overhanging the sea, on a bluff sand-hill, stood the great object of my visit,—the Temple of the Sun. This is simply a vast artificial mound of earth in three steps or terraces: it is faced with mud-bricks, which are of a large size, and were formerly covered with red cement, patches of which still remain. Its simple form, its vast size, and the mysterious and interesting associations connected with its former use and origin, make a deep impression on the mind. One cannot but admire a worship, which, in the absence of revelation, chose the great light of heaven as the best emblem of the divinity. The sun's beams were still glittering on the temple; but the city of its adorers was silent, their skulls lay on the sand, covered with their long and luxuriant hair, which time and climate had spared; and thus, with ghastly and unnatural aspect, they seemed still paying their daily homage to their gods.

"Pachacamac is eminently fitted for reflection, and should, therefore, be visited alone. Unlike the temples of the Old World, in which the general idea is impaired by attention to minute ornaments, here all is simple and grand. The mind grasps the whole at once, and finds the edifice worthy of the deity. From its summit I found the view singularly varied. Behind me stretched the great Pacific with the rocky islands that have borrowed their name from the temple: on one hand a sandy desert, and the city of the dead close beneath; a valley, separated from the desert by a small rivulet, and rich almost beyond imagination, completed the panorama on the right. Here was the pretty town of Lurin embosomed in trees, and many cheerful country-houses and farms were scattered about this lovely oasis. Close beneath the temple, at a place where the great Arequipa road crosses the stream, was a small collection of ranchos, or huts, whose inhabitants sell aguadiente or *pisco* to the muleteers. A bridge had formerly existed there, probably built by the Spaniards to facilitate crossing when the stream is swollen; it is now broken down, and forms a singular contrast with the ancient Peruvian ruins in the neighbourhood. I passed the night in one of these huts, after walking on to Lurin, which is about three miles from the rivulet. It is

a pretty little town, consisting, like Magdaleno and Miraflores, of little besides a large square, two sides of which are occupied by a church and other public buildings, the rest by private houses and shops. I rose early the next morning, and revisited the ruins; my general impression remained the same, but I observed a few more details of their construction. Round the base of the temple were a few small chambers with the remains of rude paintings inside and at the top. Overhanging the sea, the bricks were arranged in the form of buttresses and battlements. I observed a good deal of excavation around the temple, but the country people assured me that nothing valuable had been discovered. It surely would be worth the attention of a Bruce or Belzoni, as much as the temples and pyramids of Egypt; and were any such indefatigable travellers to commence serious researches there, it is highly probable they would be richly rewarded. In the part of the town nearest to the temple were several square pits filled with human remains; they were edged with sharply but rudely cut stones,—the only places, except the foundations of some of the houses, where I had observed such materials. A skull, with luxuriant silver hair adhering to it, lay on the ground near one of the pits, and was pointed out to me by a native

woman who was passing at the time, as 'la cabeza de un viego.' She spoke of* 'los Indios,' as a different race; though, probably, her own ancestors had lived in that very town and worshipped at the temple which stood before us, and which she called in her ignorance, 'El Castillo.'"

* This puts me in mind of some of Titmouse's letters in "Ten Thousand a Year." "Risum teneatis, amici!"

CHAPTER IV.

PAYTA.

APPROACH TO PAYTA. — RAFTS. — OVERLAND TRAFFIC. — WANT OF WATER. — VISITORS.—THE TOWN.—A BALL.—THE GUESTS.—DANCERS.—MORNING VISITS. —ANSON SACKS PAYTA.—BURNING OF PAYTA.—STORY OF CATALINA.—ESCAPES FROM THE CONVENT. —CROSSES TO THE NEW WORLD.—AWKWARD DILEMMA. —MORE ADVENTURES.—FATAL DUEL.—A NEW LOVE.—MISCONDUCT AND BANISHMENT.—NARROW ESCAPE.—RETURNS TO SPAIN.—REVISITS AMERICA.— DIES.—FATE OF HER MEMOIRS.

Up sprung the dance, along the lighted dome
Mix'd and evolved a thousand sprightly ways :
The circle deepens; beam'd from gaudy robes
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence !

THOMSON.

DAYLIGHT found us near the islands of Lobos, high inhospitable-looking rocks, whose surf-beaten sides effectually bar all access. Birds revel upon them in freedom, and whirl about screaming and noisy, conscious that man is not likely, at present, to invade their territory. But take care, little freeholders, for the way home from the West is in this direction, and your domains may yet be seized upon and made into something.

Several of the huge rafts, peculiar to the coast, passed our vessel. Captain Basil Hall has so well described them, that I had better refer the reader to him. Probably they are similar in all points to those Pizarro saw when he first sailed down this coast three hundred years ago. Besides the *balso*, of inflated hides, which Basil Hall describes, there is another, a regular raft, consisting of a double tier of buoyant logs placed so as to offer as little resistance as possible to their progress through the water. These are well frapped together; and, as a further security, cross-logs are placed over all. On the after end of this a rough deck is raised, about four feet above the water, where the cargo and stores are stowed; a mast, rather in the fore half of the raft, is lashed, and a huge cotton sail hoisted on it. The rafts are steered by two false keels, one forward, the other aft; by raising or lowering them the direction required is maintained, and thus equipped they creep along the coast, making but small progress when the wind is foul. They often anchor, and having a good stock of patience seem very contented and happy, as, lowering the sail, they spread it as an awning, and quietly wait a change.

The port of Payta was much frequented formerly. As the Spaniards generally coasted down, hugging the

land, and the breezes are constantly southerly, the passage down the coast was most tedious. Passengers and goods, therefore, from Panama for Lima and Acapulco, were generally disembarked here, and from hence conveyed on mules to their destination. A capital road runs south, parallel with the coast, where there were post-houses and conveniences for travellers. In 1835 it was visited by about four thousand tons of shipping.

PAYTA.

It is built under sandy cliffs, which stretch away on all sides for miles, backed by sandy plains without one blade of verdure, and the reflexion of the sun upon them renders the place as dreary and

wretched to the eye as can possibly be imagined. It contains about four thousand inhabitants. It was founded by Pizarro in 1535; sacked by Cavendish in 1584 or 1585, who took a large booty, and then burned the town; and again sacked by Lord Anson in 1741. There is no water within twenty miles, and the indispensable fluid is brought that distance on mules, therefore is rather an expensive luxury. Perhaps, however, the people think, like the Peruvians, that water is unhealthy to wash in, and use it only for culinary purposes. The water brought hither, though whitish, and disagreeable to the eye, is very wholesome, for, flowing through forests of sarsaparilla, it becomes thoroughly impregnated with it.

Payta is the port of the magnificent valley of the Rio Piuza, and the capital of the same name is fourteen miles off. The valley, capable of supporting about a million, is peopled by about seventeen thousand only. There is a great admixture of Indian blood, and along the coast are several villages of pure Indians, unaltered since the days of the Incas.

No sooner were we anchored than at least half the population came on board; the ladies were in full dress, though it was noon-day, and they readily danced when the band was brought on deck. The

poorer people sat down and began to work; and soon seemed to be at home and happy in their quiet way. Every civility was proffered us by our fair visitors, none of whom were pretty: perhaps there was too much daylight under the awnings to suit their complexions. All had glossy and abundant black hair, and the same pensive, magnificent, swimming black eye, that gleams from all in the West.

The town is situated on a small sand-flat between the sea and the sand-hills; the houses are built of split canes and mud, so that when rain does fall, which is very rarely, they melt away. In 1728 a heavy shower sent half the place down the gutters. It consists of but two parallel streets, each half a mile in length. The hills are close on the rear of the backward street. There are two churches, all that Anson and his bravos left; one contains an image of the Virgin, with a wound across the neck, speaking much for the strength of the assailant, who was one of the commodore's party. Every year, on the anniversary of the sack, this wound breaks out bleeding afresh! The view from the altar is pleasing. You look down the pretty church, and the sea seems actually at the door.

We paid several visits in the town, and were kindly received everywhere. One old lady who had been

too great a friend of Bolivar's, lay in her hammock and regaled us and herself with cigars of most excellent quality. We were introduced also to a Señor M., who was considered by his townspeople the Lord Byron of South America.

During our stay at Payta a peccary was presented to the admiral, which, after dealing about a few random bites, leaped overboard and was drowned. These creatures are almost untamable. They have an orifice in the back, through which, when pleased, they emit a pleasant odour; but during the short period of this one's visit we were not indulged with this mark of his favour. On the second day of our stay the other half of Payta honoured her Majesty's ship with a visit; they were too like the first to require a separate description. In the evening, after undergoing a due proportion of small-talk and cigars, most of us repaired to the Consul of the Ecuador, who gave a ball in honour of revolutions in general, or some revolution in particular, I forget which.

The staircase was filled with blacks and Indians, through whom we with difficulty forced our way to the ball-room. It was a room of moderate size, and the walls were garnished by the ladies of Payta seated in rows: with these we renewed our acquaintance very speedily; they were expensively dressed, and

one stout lady in a pea-green velvet stomacher was really astounding; but she had only one eye, so with all her finery, was hardly equal in attraction to the modest-looking little girl in pure white muslin and fresh flowers, who slunk behind her with such maidenly timidity. The men were an odd set, and, from their wild hairy appearance, must have been desperate republicans, and imbued with strong notions of the right of self-government.

We had evidently been waited for, and our entry—rather an undignified one, certainly, it being a struggle with the party at the door to get in,—was announced by four blacks and a Creole striking up a march on rusty violins, and a music-disgusted piano. We were just beginning to look grand, as if these honours were our due, when the host roared out, "Valtz de Strauss, Cavalieros," and all were soon whirling round the room in pairs. The little girl was pushed into my arms by the pea-jacketed lady, and we followed the rest. The pace was slow, and the ladies bowed about in a very odd manner. My little partner being weak, I did not allow this exertion; but her friend, who was just before us, did it wonderfully, and her partner, a light weight, danced round her in amazement. The pace soon grew more rapid, owing to some of our fast fellows; and when

your humble servant retired from the whirling throng, no one missed him save the little girl, who, however, was too shy to ask him to go on. So I stood and admired the conclusion of the waltz and the quadrille which followed. I thus had leisure to remark that most of the women had good figures, magnificent hair, and blazing eyes.

The refreshment chiefly in favour was evidently brandy and water; *dulces* also were in high request, and the duty of a cavaliero seemed to be, to hand them to the ladies on the point of a steel fork, which dulce they received and carried off with a sweet *mil gracias*. Unluckily, I could not get hold of a fork to perform my part in this graceful ceremonial; at last "the fun grew fast and furious," and the brilliant conclusion was described to me by an officer, while cooling himself with the morning watch; for I left early, being weak, and but half recovered from a fever which had kept me long at death's door. On the following day we visited many of our fair friends, but they evidently did not take the trouble to dress on common occasions, for slippers, uncombed hair, and untied gowns, seemed to be the prevailing fashion. The delicate girl, however, looked pretty even in déshabille, and without stockings; she had youth on her side,—the only

excuse, and that barely admissible, for a neglected toilette.

The sack of Payta by Anson took place just after he had recruited his ship's company at Juan Fernandez. While cruising about the coast with his now healthy squadron, he fell in with and seized a Spanish vessel: one of the crew, an Irish papist, informed him that the Governor of Payta, fearing an attack from the English ships on the coast, had commenced sending the royal treasures to Perira, and was embarking the remainder in a fast-sailing vessel to proceed to Lima. Anson doubted the probability of his own ships catching her; so having duly weighed all the *pros* and *cons*, resolved to attack the place. The Irishman informed Anson that Payta was only defended by an ill-constructed fort mounting eight guns, with a garrison of one hundred men, and that the town might be capable of arming three hundred more.

The vessels were accordingly kept in the offing, and the boats, well armed, were sent in, piloted by two of the Spanish prisoners, whose fidelity was secured by a well-loaded pistol and a steady hand to hold it. The surprise was not so complete but that a flying shot was sent over their heads by the fort, when with drum and yell the assailants rushed

into the square; hereupon the merchant-owners of the treasure fired one volley and fled, leaving Anson in possession of the place with the loss of only the Spanish pilot, who was shot, and the Honourable Mr. Keppel's cap.

One advantage was gained by the night-attack, that the people in their hasty flight left even their clothes behind them, and the sailors soon dressed themselves in the hidalgoes' clothes and the senoras' petticoats: the inhabitants who remained, chiefly negroes, were made to carry the treasure to the fort. Anson, as he plied into the bay, was assured of his success by a boat-load of church plate which was sent him as the first fruits of his success. The Spaniards made a show on the hills during the following day, which was passed by the British enacting Tom Tidler; and at night the town was hastily put into a state of defence, but no attack was made upon it.

As many valuables as the vessel could hold (for, besides treasure, there were vast warehouses full of goods) having been embarked, Anson sent messages to the Governor to treat for a ransom of that which his cupidity was forced to abandon; but this being indignantly refused, he set the town on fire in many places at once, the churches, which stood apart, being

alone spared. The booty was estimated at nearly one million of dollars. He liberated here all the prisoners, about eighty, whom he had previously captured in other vessels along the coast: they seem to have been much won by his kindness and consideration. One Jesuit, high in the Order, was so gained over by his courtly manners, and forbearance towards the female-prisoners, as to interpret rather laxly in his favour that dogma of his Church which denies a heaven to all heretics.

To me Payta was always a place of interest, from having been the scene of one of the many exploits of a great and bold, if not the greatest and boldest of heroines. I give her eventful and melancholy history, not as an example, but as a warning. Catalina de Erausco, born in 1592, was the third daughter of an hidalgo of noble blood but small fortune in the old country. Accounted one too many by her father, he gave her to her aunt, the lady-abbess of a convent at St. Sebastian, who was fond of pets; and the poor nuns, destined never to feel a mother's joy, lavished all their cruelly pent-up love on the little darling. She was taught all they knew, and grew up beautiful as they could wish: she sighed, however, for the gay green world that bloomed beyond her grate; nor could all the

affection lavished on her prevent her from stealing the keys, locking her dear friends in, and escaping on the first favourable opportunity.

At sixteen years of age, she found herself outside the convent walls, in her novice's clothes, a pair of scissors and a needle her only store, alone with her hopes and her dauntless spirit. Secreting herself in a wood, she converted her feminine dress into trousers and a jacket (whence could she have taken the pattern ?) Thus attired, she walked boldly into the city of Valladolid. Here, however, the cut of her clothes attracted the attention of the boys, who pelted and hooted her. A young hidalgo passing by, was so struck with her appearance, and the vigorous chastisement she inflicted on some of her tormentors, that he took her into his service as a page, and she availed herself of the opportunities afforded by her position to learn all the exercises and accomplishments of a cavaliero. She was one day alarmed by the arrival at her master's house of her own father, who related in her presence the trouble he was under at her escape.

The founders of religious houses in Spain, at that time, were held responsible by government for their conduct, and the one she had escaped from was under her master. Her father deeply bewailed her loss,

and astonished her listening ears by a recapitulation of the sums he said he had spent in the search after his fugitive child. Aware of the fate that awaited the recaptured nun, she left her place, and again travelled on. As she lay one night, half awake on the straw in a shed, she heard some muleteers talking of a grand expedition about to sail for the New World, and, hastening to the port, her sprightly appearance and sturdy frame procured her ready admittance among the adventurers. They passed Cape Horn in safety, but were wrecked off Payta. The crew, in spite of the entreaties of the captain, abandoned the vessel for the boats, and were swamped before her eyes, she having remained on board. Before the vessel went to pieces, the captain and herself had constructed a raft, on which he secured about one hundred doubloons in a pillow-case. In leaving the vessel, however, he struck his head against a plank, and sank to rise no more.

Our heroine, thus left alone, contrived to reach the shore, and, though much exhausted, she secured the money, and walked along till she arrived at the town of Payta. Here she engaged herself as assistant to a tailor, and served him so ably, that he proceeded inland to establish another business, leaving her instructions for her guidance during his absence. He

commended to her charge a widow, whose orders were to be obeyed to any amount, and warned her of a youth who was to receive no credit. Both these instructions she carried out, and the widow transferred her affections from the trustless youth to our trustful heroine. The youth, with a double insult to avenge, challenged Catalina, and fell beneath her well-wielded blade. Her rival being of a powerful family she was imprisoned, and, through the influence of his friends, condemned to be shot; the entreaties of her master, and the powerful intercession of the widow, however, procured her acquittal, the terms of pardon being instant marriage with the lady. So the prison and the execution were exchanged for supper and ceremony.

One of the arguments my authority (an old Spanish one) adduces to show cause for the release was, that the widow was a relative of the trustless one killed. So, by marrying into the family, the affair was changed from a brutal murder, into a little family feud, happily finished. The tailor was urgent for the marriage, for it rid him of a most clamorous and expensive mistress. Catalina, however, hardly welcomed the exchange, and followed the procession with a very joyless feeling.

During the feast she bolted the door, escaped to

a boat, and hoisting sail, stood boldly out to sea. The tailor, perhaps, consoled the bride, for no pursuit was made; and when morning dawned upon the fugitive, she saw around her nothing but the wide wild ocean. At last a vessel appeared bearing down full upon her. She took out the plug of her boat, so that the name on the stern might excite no suspicion, and gained the vessel just as her own frail bark sank. The vessel was bound for Conception with recruits, and our heroine was received among them without question, and entered as a Biscayan. After a prosperous voyage they reached their destination in safety; and among the first who came on board was one whom she discovered to be her own brother. Hearing she was a Biscayan, he loaded her with questions. "Oh, yes! she knew the Erausco: who did not? Yes, and Catalina, the young and beautiful novice:" on her his questions principally rested. He insisted on the new-found friend living with him, and by his influence procured her a lieutenancy in the army. Here her handsome appearance, her regularity in the discharge of her duty, and her courage, made her a universal favourite. On one occasion she defeated a large force of Indians, and, dashing in among them, retook some colours they were bearing off in triumph: for this,

on full parade, she was honoured with the title of "Alfarez." The friendship with her brother, meanwhile, had ripened into deepest affection, and she could often hardly prevent herself from falling on his neck, and exclaiming, "I am that little Catalina you love so truly, so fondly."

One evening an officer requested her attendance as second in a duel. This was a request so lightly considered among the debauched cavaliers that a refusal was never thought of; and after dark the parties met beneath the walls of a neighbouring convent. Both principals fell; so without a word the seconds renewed the combat, and just as the holy fathers arrived with lights to see the cause of the noise, Catalina's sword pierced the breast of her antagonist, whom she discovered, with speechless agony, to be her brother. She seized a horse and wandered away, not knowing or caring whither; for to her brother alone her heart seems to have opened, and she truly and bitterly regretted his untoward fall. After many long weary days of wandering and grief, she encountered three deserters from the Spanish forces at Conception, who were searching for gold among the lower steppes of the Cordilleras. These elected her their leader, and agreed to follow wherever she led. With indomitable energy she struck at once up into

the mountains, and in defiance of snow, hunger, and toil tried to make her way to Peru. The adventures of the little band were wonderful; but in all difficulties she led them on, and in all their suffering she cheered them. Food failed: she killed her horse, and they feasted. But she could not bear them up long: one after another they flagged, fell, and perished; and at last, all exhausted and left alone, she sank under a tree thoroughly worn out. A party in search of cattle found her thus, and she was carried away senseless and lodged in the house of a Mestizo widow, who lived near Tukuman in Lower Peru.* Here she was most carefully tended until she recovered. A Spaniard of pure European blood was so rare then that no attentions seemed sufficient for the young and handsome cavaliero. The only daughter of the widow soon fell desperately in love with him.

Juannita had all the beauty romance-writers love to describe; hair long, thick, and silky; glossy and brilliant as the raven's wing. Eyes that flashed with every glance, but swimming in their rich and luscious beauty. A form free of stays, disdaining all restraint,

* The localities must, I think, be wrong, as the distance from this place to Conception is enormous; I thought it, however, better to leave the story as I found it.

but faultless in its youthful symmetry; feet that scarcely hurt the violets; in fact, all perfect, all lovely, all guileless innocence and softness. Who could blame them if they enjoyed each other's society; he all vigorous health, all seeming manliness, she all loving and all clinging? The widow saw and approved, but told him if his purpose was nöt marriage he must go, and not, by staying, bring dishonour on her house. She offered him guides, horses, and money, if he preferred to depart; but said she would accept him as a son with joy, and Juannita had enough for both. Our heroine accepted the offered bride, and the time of courtship flew joyfully by; the whole party went to the neighbouring town of Tukuman, where, while the bride amused herself with preparing her wedding dresses, the bridegroom was tempted to gamble and drink. He was soon cleared of all that had been given him, and only as his last coup failed, detected the roguery which had robbed him of the rest. Following his plunderer home, he fought, and his sword deeply revenged his losses. The family of the slain was powerful enough to procure his imprisonment, to influence his trial, and insist on his execution. The utmost the widow's gold and Juannita's tears could procure, was a remittance of the sentence to banishment for years

from the country. Juannita remained true to him, the widow had forgotten the son-in-law in the loose and heartless gallant; but the daughter prevailed, and with tears and vows he departed, rich in presents, for Pura, where through the same soft confiding influence the *intendente* was induced to receive him most warmly. He was a Spaniard of good birth, and married to an Andalusian lady of great beauty, who would probably have become enamoured of Catalina, had she not just become so of her husband's secretary. The whole party set out for Cuzco, and all went well and prosperously, till the unhappy husband detected the guilty pair one evening together, and strangled the secretary. The wife meanwhile, mounted behind Catalina, made off as fast as she could; and the intendente, having slain the secretary, pursued with his servants. Catalina's horse was good, the rider better still; but in this fearful race the double weight told sadly against them, and the sharp clattering of their pursuers sounded closer and closer. They could hear the shouts and threats of the husband, and were just about to pull up and await the result when a broad dyke appeared across the road, made to keep off the Indians by the people of the town of Cuzco, which they were approaching.

Catalina charged her horse fearlessly at it, and with the help of a cut with her sword behind, he cleared it. The intendente yelled with rage as he found himself thus foiled; and snatching an arquebuse from his servant, aimed it at his faithless spouse. But hate never yet steadied the hand, nor its twin brother, rage, the aim; and his shot only took effect on the innocent horse, which floundered a little way down the street and dropped dead at a convent door. Catalina had but just time to thrust the fainting fair one in, when she was assailed by their pursuers. The servants she killed, but the intendente wounded her desperately, and was rushing in to repeat the blow when the arrival of the bishop with a large suite compelled them to desist. The wound was unfortunately in the breast, so the long-concealed secret of her sex was quickly discovered. Sending for the bishop, she confessed all; and, interesting him in her behalf, he remitted a full account of her adventures to Spain. Just as her health was restored, orders came out for her to be sent home with all honour. On her arrival the royal barge was sent to carry her on shore; she was saluted, and royalty itself kissed her hand, calling her "dear sister." For a while she was in high favour, and her stories were listened to with deep attention by

royal ears. The Pope absolved her from her vows, and permitted her to wear the breeches.

At last the novelty that made her so charming wore off, and she was suffered to retire to her native town of St. Sebastian, with the rank and pay of captain. She seems to have avoided the convent, and never even visited it: perhaps she had seen a trap there before. Thus passed eleven years of her life, restless, miserable, and unemployed. She then sought, and at last obtained, an appointment in America. Her wish and longing throughout seems to have been to return to her brother's grave. This one act in her strange and eventful life seems to have broken her spirit. After a prosperous voyage she reached Vera Cruz with a large company; all, full of hope, entered the boats to land. As they neared the shore she slowly rose up, and casting one long mournful look at the land whence all her sadness sprung, she slipped overboard, and, sinking without a struggle, thus perished in her forty-second year. There is a picture of her in the collection of Herr Sempeller at Aix-la-Chapelle; it is the only one known, though several were painted by order of the King of Spain. It is a curious circumstance that her memoirs, which had been carefully and laboriously collected by a Frenchman, were

seized by the mob and used as cartridge-paper in 1830. Her history seems so strange and unique, that I trust to be excused for relating it. But turn we from such heroines to milder themes.

"Hurrah! for Otaheite is the cry."

CHAPTER V.

THE SOCIETY ISLES—TAHEITE.

BEAUTIFUL APPEARANCE OF TAHEITE.—THE BAY OF PAPIETE.—DISCOVERY.—ATTACHMENT TO THE ENGLISH.—ABUNDANT VEGETATION.—SCENERY.—THE NATIVES.—THEIR COSTUME.—OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.—LOVE OF STRONG LIQUORS.—EXCURSION.—THE GUAVA.—VISIT TO TOMA PHOR.—WARM WELCOME.—POMARE'S ILL-ADVISED ACT.—THE NATIONAL COLOURS.—THE RUNAWAY.—EXCURSION.—MEANS OF RESISTANCE.—SKIRMISH.—INDIAN GRAVES.—BURIAL.—THE MERRY BATH.—THE REPAST.—COOKERY.—THE FEAST.—THE DANCE.—THE WOMEN OF FATAWA.—A DEATH SCENE.—FUNERAL.—THE BROOM-ROAD.—COOK'S ORANGE GROVE.—GATHERING COCOA-NUTS.—FINE FLAVOUR WHEN FRESH.—NATIVE TREASON.—SKIRMISH.—DISLIKE OF THE FRENCH.

How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,
When summer's sun went down the coral bay!
Come! let us to the islet's softest shade,
And hear the warbling birds! the damsels said:
The wood-dove from the forest depth shall coo,
Like voices of the gods from Bolotoo;
We'll cull the flowers that grow above the dead,
For these must bloom where rests the warrior's head;
And we will sit in twilight's face, and see
The sweet moon glancing through the tooa-tree,
The lofty accents of whose sighing bough
Shall sadly please us as we lean below;
Or climb the steep, and view the surf in vain
Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the main,
Which spurn in columns back the baffled spray.

BYRON.

It was Sunday on shore as our noble vessel ran along the outside of the reef which encircles the island of Taheite: beyond all was noisy boisterous ocean, but the coral boundary checked its raging waters; within, towards the shore, it was calm and beautifully blue, bathing the sand without a ripple, or curling up amidst the trees. As we sailed along, passing glen and mountain, villages coming in sight and then disappearing, brilliant verdure belting in frowning precipices, and every here and there natives in throngs coming from church—the scene was indeed a lovely one. Here, then, were the results of the missionary labours. This was the lonely desolate wild they had sought, these the once fierce, untamable savages; their homesteads, set in green, seemed now very abodes of peace, and the quiet churches told their tale of that pure, lowly, and sublimely simple faith which it is our glorious privilege to preach to all. Ours, too, it is to tell how the Almighty made His laws so plain that all might understand and all be saved. As the vessel opened Papiete harbour, instead of the "Well done, rock and water!" of the painter, one might exclaim, "Well done, green and hill!" An opportune shower had furbished all up, and the houses, with their green background, looked like opals in a setting of emeralds. The bay

of Papiete, on whose shore is the capital town of the same name, baffles description. A delightful bay, with a beach of white sand, slopes away with a curve, on the edge of which rise the houses,—pretty, long, bungalow buildings, standing separate, and each overshadowed with its own plantation of bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees. Behind these rise in every fantastic form and shape, hill above hill, cliff on cliff, till the eye rests upon Orifena, seven thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The bases of the hills are covered with trees and vegetation, save that here and there the bare rock appears to give evidence of its presence. Away on the right is a grove of cocoa-nut trees, a mile in length, in all their stately tropical beauty, and all day yielding a delightful shade: plants of rarest kinds grow down to the water's brink, disputing dominion with the sea itself, which, smoothed by the protecting reef, reposes in bluest silvery calmness. On the left are still trees and hills, beauty and nature, till Point Venus, where Cook fixed his observatory, closes in the view. But what a change since the great navigator's day! France has seized the rule, her vessels in warlike array fill the harbour, her drum and martial fifes disturb the sweet songs of the groves, and her flag floats in possession from most matter-of-fact-

looking bastions. The politics of the place are no business of mine. While there, as in duty bound, I sided in feeling with the natives, and, a strict adherer to Nelson's code, hated the French most cordially.

The earlier history of the island is well known to the reading world; how Wallis, in June 1767, after discovering many of the other islands, fell in with Taheite, and, with only some occasional interruptions, maintained a friendly intercourse with the natives. Afterwards the renowned Cook visited them, and thence observed the transit of the planet Venus. His description is graphic and full of detail, related in the simple truthful language that characterizes him. Bligh visited these islands to procure bread-fruit trees for transplanting to the West Indies, where the negroes will not eat the fruit now that they have them: then came the missionaries, preaching of God and salvation; and under their influence, bloodshed and cruelty gave way to peace and the holy Gospel.

It is sad, as the eye rests on the scanty congregation which now fills the churches, to think how all the good they did is passing away; the temporal rule of the good fathers is lost, and deeply is it to be feared the spiritual will soon follow. That faults and errors mainly brought this about may hardly with

justice be denied; but will a better or more pious form succeed? The natives, at the time of our visit, held aloof, having retired to their fortified camps, where they remained, expecting assistance from England. A large party, however, were on the side of the French; for Pomare II., the father of Pomare the present queen, had only made *himself* chief of the island, so that many of the other chiefs* were much opposed to him, and, from political and other causes, had warmly espoused the French interest. Pomare herself had retired to the neighbouring island of Raiatea, where, surrounded by her most faithful followers, she refused to hold any intercourse with the French. The natives had already repeatedly been told, that England could not assist them; but through all, there was a resolve to hope against hope, and a feeling of such deep attachment to England, that it was impossible not to be most warmly interested for them.

The movements among the English men-of-war, and the appearance of our own noble ship, had of course caused much excitement on the island; so that when a party of us landed in the cool of the

* There are ten principal chiefs at Taheite, and two hundred of inferior rank. Every chief's son is a chief, but loses caste by a mésalliance—so does the chief woman.

evening, we were most warmly welcomed by the natives, many of whom, though their individual interests led them to assist and work for the French, cherished a secret feeling for Pomare and the English, and, as we passed, the *Iaora-by-oe,* or salutation, which sounds just like *your honour boy,* greeted us from all. This term expresses fifty different greetings, for their language is limited. It is the warmest form of salutation, and at the time I allude to, no native would use it to a Frenchman.

The nearer view of this lovely land brought no discredit on the first glance; every excess that verdure run wild could commit; every tint of green; every shade and colour of vegetation, was struggling all around to show itself; above was a sky, whose pureness rendered light the very air we breathed, and an atmosphere so health-inspiring, that it seemed a pleasure to feel conscious of existence; then the bread-fruit tree with its delicately-cut leaf; the graceful and quivering cocoa-nut; the lofty mountain background: here, a precipice, there, planted in ridges scarce a foot in width; the pretty cottages of residents, interspersed with the white bamboo-built houses of the natives, which looked so clean and new. There is Pritchard's, and the mission; there the forward interloping-looking build-

ing of Paraita, the native regent,* who now has no scruples, but four thousand dollars a-year. Down by the beach is a large open native house, where Pomare delighted to lounge in the noon-day heat, and survey the lovely realms which owned her sway. It is now in ruins; poor building, you would not outlast her rule!

Further back is the house she commonly inhabited, a building very like a fine large cottage in England: the French have made it into a playhouse; and the government is now carried on in another opposite, which was built in Paris and brought out here in frame-work. Stores and barracks are rising, and amidst green and peaceful scenery, peer now the bastion and the howitzer. The lanes are fresh and lovely, but a sentry keeps ward in them instead of nymphs and naiads.

The people are a remarkably fine race, large and nobly formed; the women, generally, five feet seven or eight inches high; the men tall in proportion.

* Paraita was one of the chiefs who signed a requisition for French protection. The day after signing, he said they had made him drunk, and given him money, or he never would have done it. The other chiefs who signed were, Etole (whose death we witnessed), Taraipa, and Tanti. This was at the end of November, 1838. At the beginning of the month Pomare had written to England to request protection, and every chief signed her letter.

The women are pretty,—at least, it struck me so; their complexion is a clear pure olive; their eyes large and swimming, black as night, the whites pure; their hair very black, and neatly plaited in two long tresses down the back: the head is generally ornamented with a very graceful wreath of flowers; the favourite wreath is composed of the large jessamine, called by them the *tearii;* it has a delicious perfume, and its white flowers contrast well with their jetty locks. The gown is usually of chintz, of a pretty and well-chosen pattern, very clean and neat, and, fitting tightly round the neck, it falls in one unbroken fold to the feet; a loose sleeve is buttoned at the wrist, and a small collar usually turns down at the neck. The whole does not sound picturesque perhaps, but in the reality looks charming. The feet are naked, with such ankles! Round the waist is a second piece of cloth or linen, which falls likewise to the ankle.

The men generally wear a checked shirt, not tucked in, and round the middle a cloth, which, kilt-like, descends to the knee. Fine well-built fellows they are, with a rare look of health and vigour about them. In the many months it was my fortune to spend among these islanders, the eye at last became so accustomed to the native colour, that a white skin looked unhealthy and diseased.

On our first exploring expedition, we adjourned, after a short walk, to the house of an English merchant, who showed us every hospitality; and, by way of seeing as much of native manners and customs as we could, we sat with brandy and water before us, smoking cigars, and listening to a dismal fellow who sang, till it was time to retire, when the hot berth and musquitoes finished the evening.

The natives have a legend concerning the fleas, that a whaler was sent on shore for water, and out of her water-casks came fleas which courted the musquitoes, and so they married, and lived long and happily ever afterwards. The first part I heard, the second I felt, and so keenly, that it was with great delight I arose to go on shore and bathe, which seemed part of the regular routine of the officers' duties here.

The French still keep their own Sunday. The missionaries arriving here by the Cape of Good Hope, and thus going round two-thirds of the world's circumference, lost a day, so that Sunday on shore was Saturday with us on board. Mass is celebrated with much form at present, in a temporary building, but every respect and reverence is shown it. The military band, a most beautiful one, attended, and an imposing array of troops. They have already several converts, and as the natives love music to excess, a large crowd

remains near to listen. Doubtless, the singing and the pomp will do much, for the minds of the poor people can but meagrely comprehend the blessed truths of revelation. Protestant Missionaries! now is your time of trial; be but true to yourselves, persevere, do your duty, and fearlessly leave the result to that God who has already done so much in aid of your labours.

The shops are mostly general warehouses, where every imaginable article is sold. A merchant, aware of the islanders' love of music, had set up a musical shop in his store; the speculation, I should think, answered, for all day long it was thronged with natives.

By a wise legislation of Pomare's, recommended by the missionaries, which is still enforced by the French, intoxicating liquors are strictly prohibited to the natives, who, like all other savages, will sacrifice everything to obtain them.* Of course these very strong restrictions do not extend to the whites.

An excellent broad road, called the Broom-road, nearly surrounds the island,† and the overhanging trees afford shade at all times, so that walking is

* Whole parties frequently go into the mountains, and, making a strong liquor from oranges, continue drinking until nature is quite overpowered.

† The punishment for getting drunk, in Pomare's code, was to make so many feet of broom-road. Thus the individual's fault tended to the public benefit.

practicable all day long, and there are deeper recesses to retire to, when tired of society and the noisy scenes of life. One of our first excursions was to visit a noted chief, who inhabited a valley some six miles from the town, and still held out against the French, who seemed rather waiting the course of events, than hostilely pressing on the natives (which their force would have fully enabled them to do), trusting that time, and the allurements and gifts they lavished, would weary out the native hostility.

The whole country was open to the French. The natives, with a chivalry but ill adapted to these degenerate days, having ordered, "If a Frenchman come unarmed, show him the road; if he thirst, give him your best; if he hunger, spread all your store; but if he come armed, kill or drive him back." Other traits of chivalry were abundant. Two brothers had espoused different sides:—"Let us not make ill blood or spoil the land," exclaimed the loyal one; "let us two fight, and let the issue decide which party our people shall join." Poor people! the countrymen of Bayard are your conquerors, but his chivalric feeling animates the soldier no longer! Political expediency has ordained your fall, and no honour or courage can protect you.

After a short walk along the Broom-road, we turned up into a beautiful bridle-path, where thick shade

excluded every ray of sun, and found ourselves going right inland, up a gentle ascent. By our side ran a beautiful little stream, which sparkled and gurgled with boylike vivacity. Our guide every now and then darted into the bush, returning quickly. Of course we followed his steps, and a rich harvest of guavas rewarded our search. The guavas were introduced not more than thirty years ago, and have spread to a wonderful extent, killing down the other underwood. This is much to be regretted, because their leaves form no food for cattle, as the vegetation they have so rudely displaced did. The fruit is delicious.

After a gay saunter of about six miles, during which the valley had gradually narrowed, we crossed the stream, now grown quite uproarious, at the confined bed allowed it, and passing by a small bamboo-built church, reached a closed spot in the jungle, where stood four or five huts; the scene is vividly before me now, — but how to describe it! Here the valley opened out a little, and the stream spreading with it, flowed calmly along, as if here it was at home and at rest. The space was enclosed by a complete circle of lofty perpendicular rocks, whose front stood out like massive buttresses, here and there softened with pendent creepers, and with forests on their tops; above and below a sharp turn in the valley shuts out all

signs of approach; the space round the huts was cleared away, save from the cocoa-nut trees and bread-fruit, which spread a soft and cool shade. The first hut was that of the chief, Toma Phor, uncle to Pomare, and a most decided anti-Frenchite. Before his hut floated the ensign of St. George, which he said should be lowered but at his death. The huts, formed of bamboo poles, look most invitingly clean and cool; they are each built on a square platform of stones, mostly coral raised about two feet above the ground: the hut is not so large as the platform, but stands in its centre. Upright poles of bamboo, about four feet in height and two inches in diameter, are placed in an oval form, about two inches apart; on this rests the roof, which is made of rafters of bamboo, and heavier beams of the barren bread-fruit tree. The bread-fruit is a peculiarly sensitive tree, and from various causes is very apt to become barren. The wood, though light, is much used, because the dreadful white ant will not touch it. The whole is thatched with the leaves of the tei plant, and all parts are secured with thongs made of the Bovou or Hibiscus: no nail is used throughout. Formerly much ingenuity was exercised in the finishing of these houses, and mats, beautifully plaited, covered each beam; but now they will not take this trouble, though still the whole has

a neat, light appearance. The floor is strewn to some depth with clean rushes; mats formed of the cocoa-nut leaves, plaited, are rolled up all around, and whenever an intrusive ray enters, one is let down.

We were received with most hearty greetings by the chief, a fine athletic fellow, and shook hands with his pretty wife, Paaway, formerly maid of honour to Pomare. A modest daughter half appeared, but left the house with a scream as we entered. Divesting ourselves of all superfluous attire, we commenced hearing the news, in as strange a medley of language as is usually met with. Presently a scuffle was heard outside, and the fowls destined to feed us, took their last run. Many natives dropped in, and with a soft *Iaora-by-oe*, sat down on their hams around. All eagerly inquired for news, and whether Victoria was going to assist them. On our answering that we feared not, our popularity sadly waned, but the sympathies and regrets which we warmly expressed restored their confidence. We stated that acting as her majesty's servants, it was for her to command, and for us only to obey, with the same devotion as they obeyed their own queen.

Their questions were most keen, and difficult to answer, but we endeavoured to point out that Pomare's

signing away her islands had completely prevented all intervention from England, even had she the wish to help them. Paaway started up at this, and in the most eloquent manner disclaimed the deed as Pomare's; she said it was done by the missionaries; that one of them held her hand, and, in fact, signed the letter; that, being weak and ill, for she was in labour at the time, she did it unwillingly, if at all.

"I was with her," said Paaway; "all who loved her, told her to fight, to resist, and trust to justice, to England, and to God for the issue."

Paaway did more than advise, as I heard afterwards; she had fought with the natives when the French attacked them, and was, throughout, in the first trench, encouraging the men and distributing cartridges with her own taper fingers.

They now exhibited their treasures: overhead in long bamboo cases were several muskets. Though war has never disturbed the country, it has for many years been the object of each Taheitian's life to obtain a musket, and his pride to keep it in order. These were now brought down and exhibited for our inspection; their pouches were pulled out from secret places. The Taheitian colours are red and white, with *Victoria ea Pomare*, and a crown painted on them:

some had an English Union, and the Taheitian colours; all were of native manufacture, and "With these," they said, "we will yet conquer, yet welcome back our Queen with honour."

At first their colours were made with a sort of tail behind; but finding, when worn, they bore some resemblance to the eagle on the French soldiers' caps, the hated emblems were burnt. We were shown their Bibles,* of which they have several, well used, and certainly much prized; and several letters were shown us of Pomare's. The annexed is a copy of one addressed to a British merchant, who kindly gave it me. It speaks merely of some things she wished sent to her.

E MITI RUTE,

E foan ta ease ite man taata tan issa ran atu ia oe ra, eia ha oe ehamani ino, efoan ta, mana ca oe eiaha te hoe ia toe, Iaorana oe,

POMARE.

Na Ari i tai nai efaa ite ia oe ite man taata, non, efoa uta toae oe, ia mantori ma etarana taoa rii, eha a pao mai tai oe itan paran, earo ha mai oe ian, efaa uta toa e, a oe ite man poti, eia haoe efaa me.

* Mr. Nott, the missionary, translated the Bible into the Taheitian tongue, 1796.

They asserted that she never would return to Taheite, but, as the European luxuries she had so long been accustomed to were no longer within her reach, would resume the mode of life of her fathers, and rather dwell thus, but free, than have the fine things as a tributary. This was her opinion and resolve at the time of her retiring to Riatea; but all is changed now. We had a capital dinner of bread-fruits, fowls, and cocoa-nut milk, and were accompanied far on our road back,—as far as the natives dared come, at least. We found a French sailor living with the natives; he had run away from the *Euranie* to escape punishment, and a price of four hundred dollars was set on his head. This sum would have been a fortune to the whole establishment, yet none ever dreamed of giving him up. On our cautioning them to beware lest he should be a spy of the Frenchmen's, they replied: "Never fear; the French know we hate them, and will resist to the last. We have our rocks to retire to, and there God has planted *faes;** so, if pressed, we can retire to them and live." The runaway refused to speak with us in his own language on our first visit, and said in Taheitian, "My heart is Taheitian, and my tongue shall not disgrace it by speaking

* Wild bananas.

French." His attire was a short checked shirt, for he had worn out his pantaloons, and already the sun had bronzed him to almost the colour of the natives; he subsequently attached himself to me, and often amused me as we sat in the woods with the relation of his adventures. On the attack upon Fatawa by the French, he retreated to the mountains; and when, a year afterwards, the whole island surrendered, he having vainly endeavoured to escape, gave himself up and was sent a prisoner to France.

Above Fatawa the valley gradually narrows; the stream also usurps almost the entire bottom, and the path is in its bed: each turn of the rocks reveals new beauties, and birds are alone wanted in the woods to complete the paradise. Early one delicious morning two of us set out to explore its recesses, and leaving our guide at Fatawa, for he could not resist a pipe which was offered him, we pushed on. The high rocks shielded us from the sun, and the bed of the river afforded a pleasant, cool path to walk in. After an hour's sharp work we reached the foot of the Crown rocks. These are three high peaks, visible far away at sea, standing in the very centre of the island, and bearing much the appearance of an ancient crown; at the base they are united in one enormous round precipice, standing in

a valley whose entire length is washed by mountain torrents, increased by cascades that rush down in numerous places. Half way up, the mountain divides into the three peaks; the whole is clothed with trees, save here and there a perpendicular precipice, where even a Taheitian tree cannot grow. The mountains, which from the shore converge towards this point, here divide into three valleys running to the sea. The entrance near the sea is barricaded, and behind these barricades the natives remained; so, if beaten, they had but to retreat further up, and occupy some stronger position. As long as these held out, their communication with each other could not be cut off. The mountains are full of faes, their favourite food, and their recesses afford room to plant whatever else they deem necessary. There is likewise food in abundance for their pigs, which they could drive inland; thus, there was no hope of starving them out, and though ultimately, perhaps, France and her tremendous power would have subdued them, still had they but been true to themselves they had a good chance of liberty: causes have been won against far more desperate odds.

The valley that now opened on our left with turns and windings, descents and chasms, led to Papineau, their largest camp: here they had already, with al-

most equal fortune, resisted the French; and were the tale truly told, it would be found, I think, that the victory of Maheina was a very useless one to the invaders. On the occasion of the attack, a high surf was running on the beach, which afforded the only access to the fort, and the natives quietly allowed the French to land without molestation, saying, "It is not fair to take them at a disadvantage; let us wait till they are equal with ourselves." Even then, the assault of their trenches was bravely and successfully resisted, till Etole, a chief on the French side, pointed out a path up which they dragged four field-pieces, and enfiladed the two trenches which had been so gallantly defended. The natives then retired, but only to the neighbouring bush, and the French dared not advance; it would have been madness, certainly, to have done so. To the right was Bonavia, where a noble old chief Utami commanded; he remembered Bligh, and, a sincere Christian now, bemoaned through a long life that, while under heathen tenets, he had killed his only two children. His camp was fortified in the rear, and so, had the others fallen, might, within itself, have resisted any attack.

The view we obtained from hence was wildly magnificent; precipices towered above us; close by our sides the streams dashed and leaped in tri-

umphant freedom; vegetation was everywhere luxuriant, and a cool breeze made the air delightful. My companion, who had been gazing with admiration on the triple-peak of the mountain, excited my ambition so powerfully by the proposal of reaching the Crown, that though strongly inclined for breakfast, I got up from the stream where I was soaking, and with him began the painful ascent. For hours we toiled on together; it seemed as if a demon possessed him, for on, on, up, up, without pause or thought of rest, we went. At last we reached the plateau, from whence the precipices spring in triple heights; here was almost a plain, and a deep silence was around,—as if, indeed, we had left the world below, and had ventured into untrodden recesses. Roaming about, however, we came to vast squares of stones similar to the piers on which the houses are built; but they could not have been for houses up here, though the whole island bears evidence in the numerous dwellings found in the bush, of a former and much more numerous population. These were probably graves; even now, though Christianity has been received, the custom of these islanders with regard to the burial of the dead is unchanged. When the funeral service has been performed at the church, they do not, as we do, love to lay their dead near the holy edifice,

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within whose walls the departed used to pray, and where still, in holy strains, float up to heaven the prayers of those they loved and have left behind. No; the bodies are borne away, and buried in secret among the hills. These, then, probably, were the resting-places of some proud savage chiefs, the foremost in war, who, now in death, sleep far away, where the oppressor's foot will never tread them down, nor throw his hated shade over their free ashes. Pomare herself, to whom we would fancy the gospel had borne a better light, (with a *pretty savage romance of affection,*) has the remains of two of her dead children removed with her whenever she changes her habitation, and buried again near her. All who die now are temporarily buried in the fort, awaiting the time (which the Taheitians fondly hope for) when the bodies may be removed to their own burial-places.

We again began to ascend, but now it was a regular climb, and, clinging to the trees, we endeavoured to reach the top. Weary work enough it was; and at last my companion, who was foremost, dropped our breakfast, which he carried on his back, and away it went bounding down among the bamboo bushes. This brought matters to a climax: and it was only after we were seated on the stones dabbling

our feet in the water, and had half consumed our recovered meal, that we regretted our want of perseverance and the not having gained the summit.

There was to be a native feast at Fatawa, however, which would be some compensation for this failure, so we hurried back all anxious to see it. In the morning as we ascended, we had noticed above Fatawa a beautifully deep round pool, formed by a turn of the river; one side ran close to the precipice, with nice ledges to jump from and dress upon; the other was green and shady, with a carpet of wild flowers. To this we hastened, resolved to cool and refresh ourselves before we appeared in company. As we neared it, roars of laughter and shouts of joy declared it to be tenanted; but we were in strange countries, so we only pressed on the more to join the fun. A turn revealed to us the party. About twenty men and women dabbling, diving, reclining, jumping, shouting, and romping; be not shocked, fair readers, they were all dressed, save one very handsome girl, and she, clad like Eve, in large wreaths of broad-leafed fern, stood on a pedestal of rock ready to jump into the pool, a very model for a sculptor. It was a merry bathe, indeed: now the joyous girls fixed on one, and ducked him; now the legs of another were pulled by diving nymphs,

and down he went spluttering and struggling in vain. If luckily you caught one, ten rescued her, and ere the water was out of your eyes, they had half drowned another.

> "Their track beneath their native sea
> Was as a native of the element;
> So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly they went,
> Leaving a streak of light behind each heel
> Which struck and flash'd like an amphibious steel."

We were summoned, however, to the meal, and shaking the water from the hair, the only toilette needed, were soon in the village, thinking, notwithstanding our enjoyment of the fun, that the missionaries had done wisely in prohibiting these promiscuous baths. Reclining in the hut, Paaway fanned off the flies, and told stories of the Queen she loved, while her pretty niece combed my hair, and then anointed my head with cocoa-nut oil, scented with sandal-wood. A large party had assembled, and many natives from the different camps were there, having laid aside their wrongs for the day, and come fully prepared to enjoy themselves. Several pigs were killed for the feast: the process, to them, must have been a very painful one; the pig is held down, and a long piece of sennet, as we in the navy should call it, that is, a piece of plaited rope of the *borou*,

is wound round his closed mouth; at first, poor wretch, he squeaks violently, but each turn diminishes his powers, till the mouth is entirely closed, and he expires of suffocation. No time is lost; he is dragged to the stream, and while one party scrape him clean outside, another clean him within. The offal is thrown to the hogs, and he is stuffed with a peculiar leaf, something like a bay, then wrapped in many folds of a sort of fern, and he is all ready for the cooking. Fowls are also there, and bread-fruit with its outside scraped nice and white.

Meantime, another party have heated a quantity of stones with fire, and these, when well hot, are made to pave a hole in the earth, about two feet deep, and big enough to contain all that is to be cooked; on this, the pig, the fowls, the bread-fruit, and faes (wild banana) are placed, with cunningly contrived messes of vegetables, dressed with the juice of the scraped rind of the old cocoa-nut; and so judiciously is all arranged, that the heat is contrived to cook each enough in the same time. Leaves and more hot stones are again laid over all; and the whole covered with earth. Meanwhile Toma Phor, with more flattery than prudence, had hung the place with his patriot *ponchos*, and gala-flags; a delicate table-cloth of green leaves was spread,

leaf resting on leaf, and opened cocoa-nuts, brimming with their cool, delicious fluid, marked where each person was to sit. Cocoa-nuts filled with a saline liquid by the "Soyer" of Taheite, were interspersed about; and when the wise men pronounced the viands ready, we sat down as we could,—natives and Englishmen, men and women, in every possible position, and with no reference to rank. It was a jolly meal; the pigs were borne in and placed on the cloth, and the other good things found what room they could. He who had a knife was lucky, particularly if it was not directly borrowed by his fair neighbour; he who had none, used his fingers. There was no helping each other; each crawled to what he wanted, and remained there till he had had enough. At last it was over, and, relieved by others with fresh appetites, we adjourned outside to see the dances. Under the shade of bread-fruit and cocoa-nut, the tall rocks as a background, and the clear stream as an accompaniment, were gathered a large party waiting but for our arrival to begin; on one side sat twelve men tailor-fashion, and behind them were the musicians with bamboo-flutes, and a species of rude drum; the flute is blown by one nostril, the other being contracted by some muscular motion. At a word they began, and one of the party sang a

low recitative, in which all the others joined in chorus, motioning with their arms as if pulling a boat, now to the right, now to the left, varying the position of their arms each moment, yet with a simultaneousness that was wonderful. The chorus was a grunt, such as is produced by opening the mouth, and drawing in and giving out the breath, down in the chest; but each varying motion was true to time, and performed as if one machine worked the whole. Into the ring formed by the spectators and the musicians, as the song and chorus proceeded, the girls jumped and performed a wonderful dance; one foot before the other, out to the left side, and keeping time with their two arms extended in various and graceful attitudes. At times there were twenty women dancing at once, yet the motion of each was alike, and performed with a unison as to time, that spoke highly for the exactness of the ear. The spectators kept time by clapping their hands, and the whole was strange and pretty to a great degree. The whole scene was charming; the cool shade, the lovely valley, the circumstances of such perfect abandonment to pleasure, while such a momentous page in their history was enacting; the gay crowd, the nobly-formed men, with clothing ample for decency, yet showing all the perfection of their forms; the

women with their bright smiles, their glossy hair set off by wreaths of simplest, yet sweetest flowers; their untaught gracefulness and confiding sweetness; there all around in groups like Graces, or in silent watchfulness, "the gentle savage of the wild,"

> "In growth a woman, though in years a child,
> As childhood dates within our colder clime,
> Where nought is ripened rapidly save crime;
> The infant of an infant world, as pure
> From nature—lovely, warm, and premature;
> Dusky like night, but night with all her stars,
> Or cavern sparkling with its native spars;
> With eyes that were a language and a spell,
> A form like Aphrodite's in her shell!
> With all her Loves around her on the deep,
> Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep;
> Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
> The blush would make its way, and all but speak;
> The sun-born blood suffus'd her neck, and threw
> O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lurid hue,
> Like coral reddening through the darkened wave,
> Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.
> Such are these daughters of the southern seas,
> A heaving billow in their energies."

As evening closed in, the whole party trooped off; many accompanied us, and hand in hand these children of nature danced along, singing their native songs with sweet voices and soft intonations.

> "How sweetly did those untaught melodies
> Break the luxurious silence of the skies,

The sweet siesta of a summer's day,
The tropic evening of Toobonai—
When every flower was bloom, and air was balm,
And the first breath began to stir the palm."

They picked flowers as we passed, and, twisting them into garlands, sported and played about with all the grace and freedom of true nature's fairest daughters. A crowd opposite a native house attracted our attention; it was the dwelling of Etiole, one of the principal native chiefs, who was just yielding up his spirit to that Great Judge whose sentence is beyond appeal. The deference of the crowd soon placed me, much against my own will, in the hut itself. There lay the dying chief with glassy eyes fixed on vacancy; his white beard fell on the scarcely whiter *tappa*, for, contrary to the fashion of the natives, who generally pluck all hair out of the face, he wore his long. His wife, a very venerable looking woman, who had vainly endeavoured to separate him from the party he espoused, and his daughter, sat by, in all the silent dignity of woe, wiping his face; wrapped in their flowing robes, they were the pictures of despair. He clutched for a moment at the air, as if seeking to grasp something, muttered a few words; there was a slight convulsive twitch, and the greatest enemy to Pomare and her rule slept the deep sleep. The words he uttered were said to be, "Pomare, I have indeed

wronged you." They were carried about like lightning, and, doubtless, nerved many a brave heart by the assurance, more sure when attested by dying lips, that her cause was the just one.

It is said Etiole once dared to make an offer of his hand to Pomare, the scornful rejection of which transformed him into her bitter enemy; he thirsted for revenge, and eagerly joined the party that strove to wound her and destroy her power. Through his guidance, the French defeated the natives at Maheina, and there, in the ranks of honour, fighting for their Queen, fell his father and brother, the former ninety years of age at the time. His funeral was one of great pomp, and all the troops attended; the French governor was there as chief mourner, a fine gallant fellow; the pall was borne by six of the native chiefs of the French party, dressed in French uniforms, in which they looked very tight and very uncomfortable. The coffin was covered with the Protectorate flag; as it left the house the women ceased their wailing, which had been kept up since the moment he died. The body was borne to the missionary church, a huge edifice, built of square blocks of granite, with seats in rows, and a low gallery, capable of containing eight or nine hundred persons. The Protestant service was read, and then the body was borne outside, where

the chief orator delivered a long oration on the virtues, the valour, the fidelity, and the piety of the dead. At the conclusion, Bruat, the French governor, passed a high eulogy on his conduct, policy, and faith to France. "He dies a poor man," he added, in conclusion, "for he asked no reward, save the approval of his conscience; but his children belong to France; she adopts them."

There is a delightful walk to the right along the Broom road. After passing the settlement, the road winds through a grove of cocoa-nut trees, which, reaching to the beach on the one hand, merge into the jungle and mountain on the other, throwing a deep shade over the ground that defies even the vertical sun. On emerging from this grove, you pass the large garden called Britannia, or rather, once called so; it was a grant from Pomare to the captain and crew of Her Majesty's ship *Vindictive*. On the other side is her own large garden with the *carabouse*, or State-prison of former times, where Omo passed, according to his own account, a most disagreable captivity. Now the other party gather the fruits of the garden, and very nice order they keep it in. Large barracks and government workshops succeed them, and clear of all is the bush, the free, open, luxuriant bush. Oh great and immortal Cook! ungrateful England! whose meteor-flag you bore so long and

so gloriously to earth's remotest regions, whose men and women yet pore with delight over thy magic pages; thy description of regions the most distant, brings those regions before us at our firesides; thy country raised no monument to thee; but here thou hast left one that will call down blessings on thy head as long as Taheite lasts,—a grove of orange-trees, an actual avenue, and bending down beneath their golden fruit. We got no further than this, and as evening fell, we returned very much thanking Cook, and without any appetite for dinner.*

Avoiding this nice route, we, on another occasion, went and saw a settlement where the natives worsted the French, and an actor in the scene pointed out each spot connected with the engagement.†

Near it is a coffee-plantation belonging to an American, who, combining all manner of trades, is making a rapid fortune. His wife, a native, invited

* There was a woman at Fatawa who had been living when Cook came; she remembered his visit, but did not see him; she was nursing her old mother, and had not been allowed to leave her. What a link she formed between the present and the past!

† This old man saw the French lately putting up poles to survey; he asked his master, an Englishman, what he should do; he said "Shoot them." The old fellow went away into the mountains, and returned in two days with his gun, which he had buried; it was a long while before they could persuade him not to use it.

us into the house, and on our refusing to accept the European entertainment she offered, told her son to get us some cocoa-nuts. Gentle mothers imagine:—here was an urchin of nine years old,—a fine sprightly lad, certainly,—and his mother ordered him to mount a tree about eighty feet high, straight, perpendicular, and without a branch. Lifting up his legs, he tied his shirt, his only garment, tight between them, and poising himself properly, walked up it hand after hand, just grasping it with the palm, foot after foot, the toes resting full against the stem. There he is close under the broad-cresting head: holding a leaf-stalk with one hand, he lets his fork down till it rests on his two feet which now horizontally press the stem of the tree, looking about him quite at his ease, and in utter defiance of his mother, who bawls to him to be quick, and let the guest have drink. After his gaze is finished, he grasps with his open hand the under part of a nut, and slowly twists it off. Were the nut to fall from such a height on its flat end, it would be broken, and the milk lost; so after it is loosed from the stalk, he keeps his hand still on the under part, and spins it. The motion continues till it reaches the ground on its conical end, which prevents its bursting.

The East Indian mounts these trees with two bands;

in the islands of Polynesia alone, they run up as described: many seamen, however, acquire the practice, and quite equal the natives in dexterity. No sooner did the devoted nut reach the ground, (they are first, I forgot to say, sounded with fillips of the finger to see that they are fit,) than our hostess seized it with both hands; and, grasping the husk at the top with teeth (like all in the heads here) whiter than pearls, tore, in successive bites, the whole off the shells, which, unlike the tasteless fruit as it appears in England, hard and black, is, beneath, the colour of freshly-cut deal: one bite removes a portion of the soft shell, and the cup is presented full to the brim, containing more than a quart of such nectar!

Oh, Byron! had you ever visited those places you sang of, hock and soda-water would have been quite unnecessary the mornings after your debauches! We were shown, after all this, one of the principal actors in the fight, an old fellow quite laid up with elephantiasis;* it seemed scarcely credible that he could ever have helped in a running fight, yet all allowed that to him was principally owing the de-

* Elephantiasis is a horrible complaint: the leg of the sufferer increases to an enormous size, growing down over the foot, which assumes the warty knotty appearance of an elephant's. For this disease there is no cure: it is only painful at intervals, but ultimately it mounts to the stomach, and proves fatal.

feat of the French. He looked on us most disdainfully as we approached the mat where he lay, but was conciliated by a cigar which we left him to smoke, and then went to see the rivulet, beyond which the French, at this time, had never advanced. Several places were pointed out where the Frenchmen who fell in the action had been buried, nor was one (asserted my informant, an Englishman) rifled or stripped; his arms and powder only were taken from him. Could any civilized country say as much? One only was buried in the road, "over that let good men tread:" they said, "We killed *him*, our own countryman, who tried to betray us for money to the French." This happened some months ago. The natives, it appears, had resolved to attack the French; the missionaries, however, persuaded them to abandon their project, and fall back from this place, to which they had advanced, to the camp at Bonavia. Accordingly, all retired but about thirty young men, who were to follow the next morning. A Taheitean went to the French and said, "I will lead you to the place where a party are sleeping in security: among them are many sons of chiefs; if you seize them, the parents will yield." To accomplish this treacherous purpose, a party of one hundred and fifty seamen were ordered out under the command of the

captain of the *Euranie* frigate, the guard-ship there. These advanced along the road in dead silence. A mouse released the lion; geese saved the Capitol; and, on this occasion, as if to remove the slur on his race and stamp its worth, just as the French reached the enclosure where the natives slept without any watch or precaution, a pig, trodden on by a sailor, ran home and aroused the sleepers. They started up, but the French were already in the place, and rushing through the walls of the house; three were severely wounded. Now came the veteran; but not hastily, I should think: he disposed his half-dozen men, all who had fire-arms, in the bush around, bidding them creep about so as not to be heard, and yet shift their places. Each volley from the French showed where they were, and on their close column every bullet of the natives told. With foolish resolution they pressed on, till the river, the slight bridge over which had been removed, stayed their further progress, and they retired, owning to fifteen killed and wounded. As the natives pursued them, they found their betrayer lying wounded on the road; loudly he petitioned for his life, and even added to the most abject entreaties offers to betray his late friends the French. Thrust through with spears, he was thrown

into the hole where his wretched carcase now lies. The victorious natives pursued the French to the barracks, which are strongly fortified. It is said that before the firing had lasted an hour, two thousand warriors were on the field; why they did not then rush in and clear the island seems extraordinary.

The French are accused by the natives of having introduced all manner of horrors. The shark was never known, they say, within the bay till after their arrival. A French store-ship sank in the harbour full of provisions; this, probably, allured the rapacious creatures, and since then, bathing in the sea is quite out of the question. Not only the common shark whose fin generally heralds his approach, but the far deadlier ground one now haunts the shore.

PALACE OF POMARE AND FRENCH GOVERNOR, TAHAITI.

CHAPTER VI.

EXCURSIONS.

CROSSING STREAMS. — HOSPITALITY.—ANOTHER SKIRMISH.—VICTOR, THE MALTESE — GAME AT BALL. — BLOCK-HOUSES. — ANECDOTE. — DETERIORATION OF CHARACTER. — POMARE. — HER HISTORY. — HER HUSBAND. — OTHER SOVEREIGNS. — THE MESSAGE. — RECEPTION. — NATIVES ASSEMBLED. — ANSWER OF THE NATIVES. — LEGEND. — PROPHECY. — EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.

"But now those white unblemished manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more."

A PARTY of us made an excursion one morning to Point Vernon, which is a distance of eleven miles: some lucky ones got horses; those who were late got none, but with a resolution worthy of high reward, set off on foot. We passed the very pretty little village of Tournoa, with its neat church, and turning into the bush got on very merrily. A broad stream, however, pulled us up; but two ladies who had joined company offered us a lift, and with myself on the shoulders of one, and B. on the other, who was

elderly and of doubtful beauty, we were trotted into the stream. From our peculiar seat, the only thing to hold by was the forehead of the fair, and as where the stream was deep they amused themselves with dipping our feet into it, the ride was not over pleasant. At the next stream, a fallen cocoa-nut tree offered unsafe accommodation, and B. started over it very steadily: his body, however, presently began to sway about, and his legs went up into the air more and more till he unwillingly left his bridge and splashed into the water up to his shoulders. I tried to jump across, but jumped in instead, so for the rest of the road we took no account of these interruptions, but walked through them boldly.

The cathedral of Papąwa is now fast falling to ruin; it is a native hut of enormous size, but finished with all the care they bestowed on their buildings in former times. Near it is the grave of Pomare the Great, the first who reduced the whole island under one rule, and who became a convert to Christianity. His tomb is on a low promontory, and prettily situated. Ito, or iron-wood trees, (which are the trees always planted near graves here,) form a grove round it. The mighty dead sleeps in a hut, through whose openings you see a plain whitewashed tomb; the whole is railed in, and some devotee had presented

an old fryingpan and a venerable saw, which rested crossed over the tomb. The spot offers a beautiful view, and from the low point the whole coast of the island on this side may be observed stretching away on either hand.

The mountains, when surmounted under the burning sun, were anything but pleasant, and it was with no regret we threw ourselves on the rushes of the hut of the chief of the district, who received us most civilly, and expressed his hatred of the French, who had killed all his pigs, so that he had none to offer. Now *we* hated them too! He told us he was hardly second to Pomare, and then offered to wash our clothes. At last he seized his gun, and said one charge was all the powder he had got, but he must shoot a fowl for our repast. One of our party offered his services as more skilled, and, waiting till he had fired, we fired too. Our host felt very much honoured, and the feast was soon prepared. The pretty daughters of the family sat about and laughed, oiled our hair, looked good humoured, and, what was more to the purpose, hurried on the meal. It was in the usual style, and a nice sauce of cocoa-nut milk made it very palatable. After it was over, it was pleasant to observe our host as he steadily continued; fourteen *faes* did that man eat; his family took no notice,

his wife did not seem alarmed, so it must have been his regular practice: each one was as large as a cucumber, and it is a sticky sort of stuff that chokes your luff, as Jack says, pretty soon. Unharmed by his meal, he started up and showed us to the field of fight with the French.

There was a pretty church standing on a pic of stone; the church itself of coral; the space around was clear of brush for some hundred yards, and then there was the wild, green, beautiful jungle, inviting to repose, offering sleep and dawdling love-making, for there were wondrous dark fair ones, within its deep and cool recesses.

Near were the buildings of the mission, now deserted; nearer the sea stands a block-house, built by the French, and nearly finished. Poor Taheite! the eagle has his claw on you. On the occasion of the fight here the French governor, and a large party landed on this spot from a steamer, and rested under the shade of the church before prosecuting the object of their expedition. It was Sunday, and the natives coming to worship, some collision ensued; no one knows who began it. Odd enough, the French threw themselves into the cover of the bush, while the natives boldly fought in the open ground. A poor missionary came out of his house into the low ver-

andah, and adjured the natives not to fight; while speaking, he received a shot through the brain, and the blood of the martyr still leaves a black mark on the floor, beside the mark of the foot-prints of those who bore him in. The moment he fell, the natives got disheartened, and said, "It is a bad fight; let us go." Had they followed it up, they might have easily secured the governor, and the steamer could have offered no injury, as she had no heavy guns.

The trees were much riddled, low down especially, so the natives must have fired steadily and well. Our friendly guide had taken an active part in the fight, and he showed us the spot where he had stood. Victor, however, a Maltese by birth, and some time in the English navy, is their great fighting man; he places and heads them on all occasions, and under the name of Victoria, is already the great warrior of the people. He is said to possess as much coolness and foresight, as resolution and bravery.

It rained hard on our return, and the descent of the hills was quickly achieved by a succession of heavy falls on its very slippery road; the rain offered no impediment to a game of ball which was going on among a large party of men and women. It consisted in throwing and catching only; but if the

catch was missed, the thrower picked up the ball and threw it with all his might at the misser, who escaped and dodged as best he could; one young girl missed, and after a sharp run, got a crack from the ball that sounded as loud almost as the laugh at her expense did. After a few twists of the face, however, she returned as good-humoured as ever. Everywhere we were most kindly greeted, and parties repeatedly joined us on the road, taking our arms, singing, and happy to show us honour. Just before reaching the settlement, "God save the Queen" was sung by them with great pleasure, using their own words (God save Victoria and Pomare) to our tune.

In the rear of the settlement of Papeite is the village of Amelie; it is in the European style, and built of blocks of coral; the houses, which are made to be defended, are occupied by the government artificers. There is one street only, with pretty gardens in the rear; these are nicely kept by their occupiers, and produce garden-stuff in abundance. Many of the French soldiers also live in little huts, round which they have planted nice gardens, and some are most tastefully laid out. Nearly all of these men can speak the Taheitean language, and they are generally mild and kind to the natives, conforming in many ways to their habits. On the height over the

village is the block-house, where Pritchard was confined: he was hardly justified, I think, in calling it a dungeon, for it is a wooden building on the top of a hill: there are six of these block-houses, which protect the town, two or three have heavy guns mounted on the redoubts before them, but they are merely two-storied buildings in frame, with loopholes for musquetry, so they can be easily taken to pieces and set up again when wanted.* Returning by the village we sauntered up to the head of the valley in which it is built; it terminates in a basin of almost perpendicular rocks, down one of which falls the stream that waters the village. Owing to the height, however, it falls in mist and wreaths that showed in the rays of the sun of every hue and colour. Our only deed of note here seems to have been burning a partamus tree, to get a rat out that took refuge in its lofty leaves; we did not achieve our object, however, as dinner was waiting. The inn, at that time the only one, was a pretty bungalow on the beach, shaded with trees, among which the modest little place almost hid itself. The landlord was a

* Never was a man more cordially hated by others than was poor Mr. Pritchard by the French: at last his name became an epithet of abuse, and people quarrelling expressed their detestation and contempt of each other in the strongest terms, by saying "*Pritchard* that you are."

civil quiet person, and apparently as inoffensive as his neat English wife; he had, however, got into trouble with the French, and had often told us confidentially he was sure the governor hated him and would not let him remain. This day he was all smiles, the admiral had settled the question, and he felt as happy as man could feel. The story ran, that on the day of our arrival a huge fellow of a native, in the French service, asked him if he thought the English would hurt him for having espoused the French cause; our little landlord was bustling about, and therefore bored at the bothering fellow, who followed him repeating the question, so at last he said, "Hurt you? they'll boil you up as soup for pigs, I should think." The man rushed away; he had eaten pig's soup, perhaps, so knew the sort of work it would be; he threw himself before Bruat, and demanded his discharge. The poor landlord was fined, and sentenced to three days' imprisonment; but was pardoned on making an apology, and expressing his deep regret, saying that his ignorance of the man's being so nervous alone occasioned the expression.

The manners and customs of the natives have now lost all their originality, and nothing remains but many, alas! of the vices of civilization, and most of

the follies of the savage. As intercourse increases, it is greatly to be feared that vice will also increase; day by day, the missionary loses his hold; he has no longer temporal power to back his precepts, and both his preaching and his practice are thrown away amidst the demoralising vices of a large garrison. The climate and their own inclinations lead them astray a great deal, and sad must be the future, unless a great change is effected. Dress is, perhaps, the only thing they want money for, and the increased love of dress is fruitful of crime. There is no occupation to keep them at home, the household duties are performed by the old; food is to be had for picking, so the usual employment is sleeping all day, and dawdling away the evening with their companions, plaiting wreaths the only occupation. Bathing, before prohibited, now goes on again, and gradually all the rules and precepts taught them at so much expense, and with so pure and hearty a motive, will cease to affect their conduct at all. Unfortunately, no useful employment nor occupying amusement was taught by the missionaries; all their pleasures were forbidden, and nothing substituted in their place. Their literature consists but of half-a-dozen books; they know nothing, have no trade, no need of toil. The few who are servants in the houses, stay only

till they have amassed money enough to buy some coveted article, then leave at once.

This is a sad picture, and one must ever regret that all this came through us Europeans ; that though the gospel dimly lights the land, it does but make the closing darkness deeper; further inland this is not so much felt, and there much continues as before.

The canoes made now-a-days are very wretched affairs, and are merely a tree hollowed out with an axe : whale-boats and punts rapidly supersede them. Even the old art of producing fire is nearly lost, and your request for a light is answered by rubbing a lucifer as quickly as in England. Pomare has acted hitherto with great spirit; she accepted the protection of an English vessel of war, and after a long sojourn on board was carried in another to the place she at present inhabits. The King of Raiatea, her near relation, gave an entire valley up to her, where she resides with her family and followers. It was her father who first united the whole island under one rule. *His* father was a petty chief of a district called Pare, who became the friend of Cook, and by his talents and bravery greatly extended his own power. This his son still further increased ; but being at length worsted, retired to Eimeo, where, becoming a convert to Christianity, he so improved

his time, that on his return he conciliated all ranks and parties, and became undisputed sovereign. At his death, which was a severe loss to the cause of the Gospel in the island, — for both by his example and rule he gave it all the influence he could,—he was succeeded by his son, who died in extreme youth, when the government devolved on Aimata, the present queen, who took the name of Pomare.* She is now in her thirty-fifth year, and married, while very young, Tomatoa, King of Borabora, generally known at Taheite as Abourai, or Bigbelly. He was celebrated for his courage, but led a most vicious life: and as he would not give up residing at Borabora, nor she Taheite, and as they had no children, which were much desired, they were divorced, but remain capital friends, when she married her present husband, a petty chief, Ariifaite, now called Pomare Tani, or Pomare's husband. Whatever the sins and follies of her youth, her later years none presume to censure, and her wrongs must make us judge leniently. She has had six children, two of whom are dead. The love her people bear her speaks volumes for her goodness, and reflects credit

* She is the natural daughter of Pomare the Second; but her illegitimacy has never raised a question against her succession.

on the missionaries who so wisely inculcated the precept of "fear God, honour the Queen." She has just turned away a bad prime minister, whom she had called Sir Robert Peel: to him is imputed much of the ill that has happened to her. The French, of course, were very much vexed at her escape, as they naturally felt that, if her person were secured, the whole island would be quiet.

After she went to Riatea, one of their schemes to induce her to return was by trying to persuade her husband to do so, and then they hoped she would follow. A man of mixed European breed went down, and commenced a system of drinking with the king, who most heartily joined in it: time went on, and still they drank. "This is, indeed, a jolly life; why not return with me, and we might always lead it at Taheite." Still they drank on, — the huge savage liked it more and more; and, just as his resolution was half yielding, the other wretch was attacked by a dreadful fit of delirium tremens, and so borne off to Taheite. Pomare Tani returned to his sorrowful queen, regretting only the liquor that went with the sick man. She was in want of money, but the English merchants supplied her, trusting implicitly to her good faith. Her relations, for the sovereigns of the whole group are nearly related, are all with

her. Arü-piu-piu, the noble Queen of Huaheine, loudly counsels resistance, and boldly dares the French to come and attack *her* island! They did plant their flag on her island once, but she cut it down, nor has it yet been rehoisted. Arü-piu-piu is now nearly sixty, an enormous woman, yet active and strong as a lion. With a musket in her hand, and three cartouche-boxes slung around her, with legs that would carry a house, which her short gown shows up to her knees, she is full of fight.

Utami, chief of Atéhuru, which was famous as once being the residence of Oro the great god, opposed Pomare in 1811; he was conquered, and ever since has been her faithful subject: he is a man of great influence, and has much authority. Toma Toa, the King of Borabora, Pomare's former husband, is now an altered character; formerly a great drunkard, he has been lately her steady friend, and offers to espouse her cause heart and hand. These people, with a romance of poetry, have changed their names, and taken names more apposite to poor Pomare's fall. The Queen of Huaheine calls herself "the Queen without lands;" the other, "the prisoner on board ship;" and if their counsels are not the wisest, they certainly are dictated by warmth of heart. If one strong arm could win the cause, Aru-

piu-piu would be as likely and as sure as any. The custom of assuming names is very prevalent, and the words thus adopted are not allowed to be used again for common purposes: thus Pomare signifies "night-cough." When Pomare, in allusion to a cough she had suffered from, took this name, other words were invented for "night" and "cough," and these two remained sacred. So sacred was the person of the sovereign formerly, that wherever he touched the ground on his journeys it was considered holy; the sovereign, therefore, was carried on men's shoulders, and shifted from one to the other to avoid the awkwardness of so many sacred spots.

A message was conveyed to the natives at the camp of Papineau by two officers in answer to a letter that had been addressed to our admiral, asking if assistance would be granted them. The party left early in the morning, and kept along the beach for some distance, till a bold bluff running into the sea prevented all further advance. The horses were swum round this headland, and the party were led by a toilsome and tortuous ascent to the other side. This, called the Valley of Papineau, is perfectly defended from all attack save from the sea, for the other side presents more difficulties even than this. The camp is situated

about eight miles up the valley. Before the works is the village, which is built outside as more convenient, but the whole of its supplies are drawn from the valley higher up. On the barricades Pomare's flag was flying, and the news of the arrival, which had long preceded the envoys, caused the most intense excitement. They were shown to the house of Araitea, who had been secretary to Pomare, and was the leading man in the place. The letter or message to be delivered purported, that though Pomare had herself, by signing away her sovereignty, prevented all interference on the part of England, still, we should ever regard Taheite and Pomare with friendly interest. Araitea would fain have shown how it was compulsion that induced Pomare to sign, and how all had submitted to the protectorate of France till they had hauled her flag down with insult, endeavoured to seize her person, and taken military occupation of the islands; but the officers were sent to deliver a message, not to argue, and grieved as they might be, they had no part but to obey orders. They strolled about while a discussion was going on concerning the message, and visited the hut of Etole's son. He was a fine noble young fellow, who had indignantly refused to accept the French terms or submit to

their rule. The French said: "It is your duty to obey your father." "My first duty," he replied, proudly, "is to obey God!" Nearly all his father's vassals were with him. He considers most of the ills the French have inflicted as attributable to his father, who was bound by every tie to Pomare. The old chief had rebelled once against her father, who spared him, and on his taking the oath of allegiance anew, he nobly restored him all his property and authority. The young chief's wife had just joined him with about forty more followers. She was delighted to be with him, and to have evaded the French, who had had her for some time under surveillance. She had brought muskets with her, and said she should fight by her dear husband's side.

A plentiful meal was set before the officers, as provisions were abundant, and more land under cultivation than usual. One of the orators then summoned a meeting of the people in the church; it soon filled, and prayers were offered up, solemnly and well, by one of the native deacons. They prayed for the strangers, who with sad hearts had brought such sad news. They invoked blessings on the admiral and all his nation; and prayed that if it was God's will, the cup of bitterness might pass from Pomare; if not, "Lord give her strength to bear it

as thy servant ought." The officer was asked to repeat his message, which he did. Araitea said, "You have all heard; what answer, then, shall we send to the admiral, who is so kind and does not forget us?" A noble old chief from the promontory of Tiraboo, got up and said: "Arafaes, answer: we will let your voice be ours." "You are older," returned the other; "if it is mine to rule, then I bid you speak." "We will never submit to the protectorate; we are Pomare's, and will do her will." An other old chief rose and said, "We have arms and legs, weapons and will, but our head is at Riatea. We have received everything from England, to England will we adhere. We told the English chief, Tommada, we would never yield; we have not yet, nor is our purpose less resolved. From England we derived our knowledge of light which lightens our path here, which teaches us to despise these earthly ills, and points to that blessed land to which this is but a passage. England may forsake us, Victoria's heart may grow cold to poor oppressed Pomare; but we do not forget so soon, and still say 'England for ever! England for ever!'"

There is, on one of the highest peaks, or rather on a flat ledge immediately below it, an impression of the form of a gigantic lizard: the mark must be full

fifty feet long. The following legend concerning it was told me with every accessory of scene and company. We were in a deep dell beneath the spot itself, water and verdure were properly disposed, two very pretty savage girls were on their knees, sorting flowers for wreaths, and three of us lying at full length, looking about us and smoking very good cigars.

There was once a very beautiful girl, who lived at Papawa, who would not join in the huru huru, nor sing at the Luan, nor go to see the Araia; she liked fun and gaiety, but she had her aged parents to support, and so good was her nature that she gave up all amusements to attend on them. Her brothers and sisters had deserted them, and she felt doubly bound to nurse and support them. She was returning one day from the mountains, where she had been to pick faes, when a demon assailed her, and in spite of all her resistance, carried her off, and kept her with him until she bore him a son, a lizard. She escaped soon after its birth, and returning to her parents, she took more care of them than ever. At last, she married, but could never forget the terrible story, and the frightful lizard whose mother she was. All went wrong; her father died, her mother lingered a little, and then followed; her husband sickened, —vain was all her nursing, he died also, and she was

left all alone. Her fond heart, however, was cheered by the birth of a girl, who grew and throve,—in fact, was the finest child that ever was born. The mother took such care of it, that even the good gods peeped down from heaven, admiring her love and devotion.

One day as she was sitting in her hut, she saw a huge lizard, who crept close to her: she felt it was her son; he felt she was his mother, so he obeyed her. He caught fish, made poa,—in fact behaved very well, and was very kind to her child, who became quite fond of him.

At last, the mother resolved to leave the child in charge of the lizard, and go and pay her worship at Atéhuru, to Oro. "Mind the child," said she to the reptile; "I shall be back in three days," and after many kisses, off she went.

The first day the lizard was very kind, the child played with his tail, climbed over his back, counted his teeth; they bathed together, and the lizard sang her to sleep, and then watched by her. This lasted very well for some days. At last the lizard was fairly tired out; he wished to sleep, the child wished to play, and awoke him; he now felt domestic life was unsuited to him and hid away; falling fast asleep, the child found him and awoke him. This put him into such a passion, that he ate the child, and made off to

the bush. Oh, the poor mother!—she returned,—there was everything in order but the child,—the poa with the very marks of its dear little fingers, but where her hope, her joy, the life of her widowed heart? She pursued the lizard which kept out of her way, leading a very wretched life, for he dared not rest or eat, but crept up higher and higher, to avoid her, so strong is a mother's resolve to be revenged. At last they met; he cried, he whined; gradually he crept to the very edge of the precipice. "Oh, spare me, oh, pity me, dear, dear mother!" he cried; "let me live, and I will be all your child to you." "You," she said, "replace my lovely babe, you?—oh, that I could have borne such a monster!" she rushed at him, he tripped for one moment, then fell there, and from his blood grows the Pappaw-tree; the good God gave it in mercy, for any woman that eats of it will be fruitful. The mark remains to show that none can escape a mother's vengeance.

A native prophet, Mani, is said long ago to have prophesied that the country would not taste prosperity till a canoe came without an outrigger. All laughed, and one put a stick into a pool, and turning it round, showed the utter impossibility of the thing; but Mani put in a calabash, which floated of itself. He also prophesied that a vessel from the west should

come without sail or cordage, and then the natives should cease. They dismally say the *Cormorant* steamer fulfilled this prophecy, and now they must die. So much for their superstition. Yet they are not without many touching evidences of a tendency to better things.

Once or twice in our twilight walks, we came across natives praying apart. On one occasion several were assembled, listening to one who was reading the Scriptures aloud. Another time they were singing, and it was pleasant to hear their soft voices swelling upwards in hymns of praise to Him who is so bountiful, who offers salvation to all alike, savage and civilized, naked and clothed, from the Pole to the Line the one great God.

The following is a literal extract from the journal of an officer, which was kindly placed at my disposal. It relates to events which have not the charm of novelty, and have somewhat lost their interest since the subsidence of the excitement and the warlike rumours by which they were attended; but it is the evidence of an eye-witness, recorded from day to day, while the impressions were fresh, and the passions warm. I do not think it will be without present interest; and who shall say how soon the course of events may bring opinions again into con-

flict, upon the wrongs committed on these interesting islands.

"The *Basilisk* ketch arrived at Taheite, January 1844, from Honolulu, with despatches from Admiral Thomas to Captain Tucker, H. M. S. *Dublin*, ordering him to salute the Protectorate flag, and return to Honolulu to rehoist that of the admiral. On the *Basilisk's* arrival, however, her orders were found useless; as, about ten days previous, Bruat, under the pretext that the standard hoisted by Pomare was given her by an Englishman (T. Nicholls), landed his force, hauled it down, hoisted the French flag, and took possession of the island in the name of the French king. This, Captain Tucker, it is supposed, would have prevented by force, but the French had six fifty and sixty gun frigates, besides smaller vessels and troops; he therefore protested, and refused to salute their flag. Pomare's house was immediately seized as a house for the governor, and she was literally without the shelter of a roof. The artificers of the *Dublin* immediately fitted up the court-house for her, and there she took up her temporary residence, buoyed up with the hopes of British interference. Captain Tucker went to sea on the 17th, having sent an officer with despatches to England, and to the minister at Paris. He left Lieutenant

Hunt in the *Basilisk* to protect the queen. The British Consul, on the occupation, immediately by Captain Tucker's advice, hauled his flag down. Captain Hunt (I give him brevet rank) now assumed the part of the representative of the English government. As soon as Captain Tucker left, Pomare wrote to her people, saying that he had been forced to leave, as the admiral wanted the ship, but that a smaller vessel had been left to guard their interests. On this pretext, Bruat resolved to arrest the queen. Luckily, one of her women, (Ai-mata, Tautis' granddaughter) happened to hear of his intention accidentally, and she immediately informed the queen, who claimed British protection, and was taken by Hunt on board the *Basilisk* at 9 P.M., not ten minutes before her house was surrounded and entered by French soldiers.

"On the following morning Hunt wrote and acquainted Bruat that the queen had claimed the protection of his government, which he had granted. In answer Bruat interdicted her from landing on any of the Society Islands, or from holding any communication with the natives. During the day, her suite and effects were brought on board. Bruat now endeavoured to stir up the natives to attack the ketch, but she was in readiness to resist, so that scheme

was abandoned. A strict watch was kept on board; the men capable of carrying arms amounted to about forty; the queen had brought sixty muskets, which were kept loaded, and all hands slept on their arms. Bruat next essayed to get possession of the Prince-Royal, in order to set him up in his mother's room; but as he was of course not permitted to leave the ship, this too failed. Then a deputation of chiefs, viz. Tauti and Paraita, came on board to persuade the queen to agree; but, though scripture was plentifully quoted to assist their object, they only more than ever disgusted their royal mistress. Bruat now endeavoured to seize those chiefs who would not acknowledge French authority; several of the lesser chiefs were entrapped and put in irons, but the people armed immediately for their protection, and withdrew to their *tahs;* and the Taraboucans being particularly forward in resisting, *L'Ambuscade* was sent to guard the isthmus, and cut off all intercourse with the main. The people throughout the islands expressed their determination to remain quiet if unmolested; but if molested, to defend their liberties and their queen to the last drop of their blood.

"The queen remained on board the ketch quiet and cheerful, relying on the justice of her cause, and confident of assistance from England; her subjects

whose allegiance was dubious before, now expressed the most devoted loyalty. Things continued thus till the 19th of February, when the *Cormorant* hove in sight, bringing news that the commodore was coming in a day or two. The excitement of the natives was intense; they shouted, jumped, raved; thousands of canoes were launched from Point Venus, and surrounded the vessel as she entered the harbour. Captain Gordon paid a visit to the queen, and handed her a letter from Commodore Nicholls, which pleased her very much. She dined daily with Captain Gordon, but preferred stopping on board the ketch, going and returning in a man-of-war's boat, with ensign and pendant hoisted. The camps now contained about five thousand men, and the natives threw up strong entrenchments at Maheina, refusing to disperse when ordered by the Governor, who issued a proclamation declaring all rebels who did not immediately lay down their arms. Bruat proceeded in the *Phaeton* to Taracaba Bay with some troops, thinking to persuade or force them to disperse, leaving Monsieur D'Aubigny as *Gouverneur particulier*, who immediately declared the place in a state of siege from Cocoa-nut Point to the Caserne de l'Uranie. The day after the proclamation a French sentry stopped a Kanaka, who wrested his musket and bayonet from him, and ran

away. On the following day, as Mr. Pritchard was stepping into the *Basilisk's* boat, he was arrested by the French authorities, and a proclamation made by D'Aubigny, saying, he had arrested one Pritchard, who was the instigator of all the riots. He was lodged in the block-house over the palace, where he was confined in the lower room without a chair, and from the rainy state of the weather, was ankle deep in mud; nor was it until his sickness forced them, that they allowed him any relaxation, and then he was only permitted to see his surgeon, in the presence of a third person. His family were distracted, and were fearful of the lengths to which the mania of the French might lead them, particularly as they were exasperated by the resistance at Maheina. Mrs. Pritchard went to Eimeo with one of her children, and the natives vowed to burn the town, unless he was given up. To Captain Gordon's energetic demand to the same effect, Bruat replied by denying him to be consul. At last it was found that he held a commission as consul at the Fejee Islands; so Bruat gave the missionary up on condition he left Taheite in the *Cormorant*. A sharp correspondence had been carried on between Captain Gordon and Bruat, who seemed full of rage and hatred towards the English. The *Cormorant* sailed March 13th, carrying Pritchard and

his family. On Captain Gordon's departure, Mr. Johnson, assistant-surgeon of the ketch, chanced to remain on board till the last moment. As he was leaving, Captain Gordon said, "Give this letter to Bruat; do not tell him whence it came, and answer no questions." Mr. Johnson caught Bruat just mounting his horse, and to his demand where he came from, he replied, he could not tell, and would answer no questions. So Bruat returned him the letter, which was forwarded to the commander-in-chief. On the following morning he complained to Captain Hunt that Mr. Johnson had behaved in an insolent and impertinent manner. This was, of course, denied. Governor Bruat now refused to acknowledge Hunt as the British representative, so he was placed in a position of great difficulty, spied on from every direction, and snares laid to entrap him. The natives, too, threatened to sack and burn the town, and British property was, in consequence, much endangered. On Pritchard's release, the natives again became quiet, still continuing on the defensive, but molesting nobody. At last some men belonging to the French corvette *L'Ambuscade*, at the isthmus, tried to carry some women on board; their cries brought down some natives, who, though few in number, charged at the breast-work which the French had been casting

up. The French threw down their arms, and ran for the beach, and in endeavouring to gain the ship many were cut down, and the officer in command was drowned. Pomare was of course deeply grieved at Pritchard's arrest, and awaited the result of the different applications for his release with great anxiety. She prevented the natives from rescuing him,—an attempt they would have made at a word from her, and would have shed the last drop of their blood in her service.

"On the 30th April the gig and the jolly-boat of the *Hazard* were observed coming through the Tournoa passage. The gig with Lieutenant Rose and Mr. Veitch, surgeon, came on board, delivered despatches, and having paid their compliments to the queen, proceeded to Mr. Pritchard's house. The jolly-boat meanwhile had landed, and gone on board again. After waiting about twenty minutes on shore, Mr. Rose shoved off to return on board, when a French boat ordered him to go on board the *Charte*. This he refused, and returned to the pier, where the Frenchmen again insisted that either he should go on board the *Charte*, or to the Governor's. Two armed pinnaces now coming, he struck his ensign and pendant, and sword in hand went on board the *Charte* in the French boat, towing his gig. Captain Hunt had, on

seeing this, gone on board the *Hazard*, then in the offing, whither a French lieutenant followed him, but the captain of the *Hazard* said he would accept of no apology, the insult was so flagrant, and must be referred home; he even refused to see the French officer. In about an hour Lieutenant Rose was released, and after coming alongside the *Basilisk* to bid adieu, returned on board, when the *Hazard* made sail. Bruat now proceeded in the *Phaeton* to the isthmus, relative to the *Ambuscade*'s business, firing shot and shell at every hut he passed along the coast, whereby many plantations were ruined, and a woman and child killed. To his astonishment on reaching Maheina, he saw a strong fort, on which waved conjointly the colours of England and Pomare. This he resolved to demolish, so returned to Paputa, and on the 13th of May, having embarked his troops in the *Euranie*, he sailed, towed by the *Phaeton*. His force in troops, seamen, &c., amounted to nine hundred men, not including the ship's companies; several field-pieces likewise accompanied the expedition. Great fears were entertained that these brutes would fall on the poor Taheitians unawares, but providentially a heavy south-east gale sprung up, the *Phaeton* was obliged to cast off her tow, and so much time was taken in working up, that the natives were fully prepared.

"18th of May.—The attack commenced, the *Euranie* covering the landing with her heavy broadside. Spite of this, the natives, though only two or three hundred were engaged, fought well. One party of French were repulsed, a pinnace capsized, and a man drowned. They resisted successfully, till Etole showed them a pathway to the hill that flanked the trenches; up this the field-pieces were hauled, and a heavy plunging fire poured in. The First-lieutenant of the *Phaeton* was shot, endeavouring, though fruitlessly, to make his men charge. Bruat himself was knocked down by a stone thrown by a dying Taheitean. As the trench was no longer tenable, the natives retreated to their main body, three thousand strong; the colours were shot to ribbons, and Bruat embarked so hastily, that his dead were left unburied. The loss on both sides was severe; the natives, principally from the fire of the field-pieces, about ninety; the French at least one hundred and twenty, from the number of skulls found, and those buried at Paputa: probably some were dropped at sea. Forty crosses of the Legion of Honour were given by the government for this.

"19th of May.—*Phaeton* returned, landed her sick.

"20th of May.—*Euranie* returned, but her sick remained on board. The natives sent a challenge to

the French, but they were *énnuyé de la gloire.* The *Oceane Française,* a journal, published under the auspices of the French government, did not scruple to publish the most frightful lies about Hunt; they accused him of being the head, and his vessel the nucleus whence all this rebellion came. They accused his officers of being agents; the governor countenanced it, by repeating these reports to people who would be sure to retail them again. It was asserted that Hunt had supplied the government of Pomare with powder, and had superintended the building of the fort at Maheina. These papers were industriously circulated through England and France, without any defence from Hunt. At last he wrote, asking for reparation from Bruat for the scandalous lies published in a journal, avowedly under French government control. Bruat, after a long correspondence, promised to suppress it, or at least the scurrilous abuse. Mr. Hunt's conduct all this while was remarkably straightforward; he steadily pursued his line of conduct, protecting British property and interests, and advising the queen, who confidently looked forward to justice when England and Europe should hear her cause.

"3rd of June.—H.M.S. *Thalia* appeared off the port, and signalled for Commodore Hunt to repair on

board; on his way out, he unfortunately passed on board the *Euranie*, and was consequently sent back to his vessel, which signalled 'Not allowed to communicate, by French authorities,' and were answered by the question, 'Why an officer was sent to government-house?' but almost, ere he started, a lieutenant from the *Euranie* came on board, and gave permission for Mr. Hunt to proceed about twelve o'clock. Next day, the *Thalia* and *Salamander* rounded Cocoa-nut Point, and hove to. Bruat resolved to celebrate the first of May, the feast of Louis-Philippe; he therefore assembled all the French chiefs at his house; in the morning the French ships dressed and saluted; Mr. Hunt, however, declined doing so, out of respect to the feelings of the queen under his protection; for these things he was again attacked by the journal. A few days after this, Mr. Hunt happened to board a vessel before the French authorities, so she was put in quarantine, and also the ketch; but the ship was released at night, the ketch in the evening. 24th of May; being the queen's birth-day Mr. Hunt heard the French intended to salute and dress; he accordingly sent on board the *Euranie* to say as he could not salute, he should pass over the day. A lieutenant came on board the ketch with a letter from the Governor, to say he should dress

ship and salute, which he accordingly did, Mr. Hunt going on board to thank him afterwards. The *Thalia* and *Salamander* had continued cruizing off and on till the 18th, much to Bruat's annoyance; at last, as the weather was very threatening, they bore up for Eimeo, and remained there till the 20th, when the *Salamander* sailed for Honolulu. On its entering the harbour of Paputi, Captain Hammond and Bruat were soon on the best terms. From the first Pomare disliked Hammond, as he never paid her the respect other captains did. He immediately issued a code of instructions to the ketch's officers relative to their deportment to the queen. This was certainly a work of supererogation as she had been on board five months, and had written to the Queen of England requesting promotion for them, for their uniform attention and kindness. On the 28th May, the *Salamander* went to Morrea to clear a coal brig.

"29th, Saturday.—M. Bruat marched his troops by the Broom road to Port Venus, himself proceeding there in the *Phaeton*. This being the Taheitean Sunday, the natives would not fight, but some young men got up a skirmish, and Mr. M'Kean, the missionary, was shot, and several French were killed and wounded. The Bonorarians, hearing of M. Bruat's advance by Point Venus, menaced the town. A mes-

senger was instantly despatched to M. Bruat, who embarking immediately, returned the following day, just in time to see the priest's house, a building that had cost 3000*l.*, in flames: it is situated about half-way from Euranie barracks. Mr. Hunt now deemed it his duty to communicate with the senior officer, and despatched an officer in his gig, who, dodging the French, arrived just four hours afterwards, when Captain Hammond immediately got his steam up, and anchored next morning. During the night, the house kept up a fine blaze, and we saw several volleys of musketry, two guns from the *Euranie's* launch, which carried a long twenty-four pounder. Shortly after anchoring we saw many natives on the Point to the right of the town, with the Taheitean flag; the French defences were likewise strongly manned.

"We heard an action had been fought at Faa, and the French driven back to their lines with the loss of forty, killed and wounded, among the latter Captain Bonnard of the *Euranie*, the natives remained with their flag on the point unmolested by the French.

"11th July.—H.M.S. *Carysfoot* arrived off Paputa and saluted Commodore Bruat's flag. Lord G. Poulett went on board, and paid his respects to the queen, and delivered a letter from the Admiral, placing the

Carysfoot at her disposal to convey her where she wished. As her Majesty's situation was very delicate, she determined on Riatea: accordingly on the 13th, the *Basilisk* stood out. At five o'clock, P.M. Pomare left the *Basilisk* amidst the cheers of the crew, to whom she had greatly endeared herself. She was received by Lord G. Poulett* with every mark of honour; the *Basilisk* returned to Paputa, to prepare for sea, while the *Carysfoot* conveyed her and her suite to Riatea.

* It would be impossible to convey an idea of the popularity of Lord G. Poulett among the lower orders; and, if his lordship is inclined to erect a little kingdom, he has nothing to do but to land at the Society Islands. All are so disgusted at the present state of things, that any change would be welcomed: how much more one that would establish the firm, fair rule of England! It seems to be deplored that she has not already claimed what is hers by concession to Vancouver—hers, as owned by Liho Liho as a counterpoise to the enormous empire America has taken. The whole people would march down to receive Lord George, and the army (save the mark!) is his to a man.

CHAPTER VII.

ISLANDS OF THE SOCIETY GROUP

EIMEO.—LEGEND.—THE FLAG OF FRANCE.—MISSIONARIES.—NATURAL STRENGTH OF TAHEITE.—VALUE AS A MILITARY POSITION.—TRADE.—THE TREATY OF 1842.—NEGLECTED RIGHTS.—THE MISSIONARIES.—LEGEND OF THE VINE.—PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.—POPULATION.—GOVERNMENT.—HUAHEINE.—RIATEA.—INTERVIEW WITH POMARE.—FIRST LAND CREATED.—BORABORA.—CONFERENCE PROPOSED.—THE MEETING.—THE PRAYER.—THE MESSAGE.—EFFECT OF MUSIC.—EXCITEMENT.—ROBOTOE.—CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY.

And inland rests the green warm dell,
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the sabbath-bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide.

* * * * *

Come, listen how from crime this isle was won.

R. DANA.

THE Island of Eimeo is about twenty-two miles from Taheite; the nearest points of their respective reefs are not more than eleven miles asunder: beautiful in their outline, as the cliffs show out, mellowed by distance, each, standing like a jewel set in its calm deep blue sea, is plainly visible from the other. As Eimeo belonged to Pomare, it was included in her

cession to the French, and at the period of my visit the French flag floated near the church, though they had not thought any military occupation necessary. We ran quickly from Paputa Harbour in the steamer, and passing Cook's Harbour, entered Taaloo Bay.

Eimeo is a twin-sister in beauty to Taheite; the cliffs assume more height near the water, and present a pretty ruined, battlemented appearance, swathed and twined with tree and creeper. At the entrance of the bay, upon whose smooth surface the steamer and her paddles make the only ripple, shoots up, as if to be admired, a picturesque peak; graceful as Saracenic column wreathed in verdure half-way up, it stands out in clear relief against the blue and cloudless sky. In its centre is a large round hole of legendary fame. Oro, the dreadest idol of ancient Taheitean mythology, before he took his place as god, was King of Tah Eimeo; and if, as god, he brought wars and strife, as king he acted the same wild part. The terror of his island subjects, the scourge of his neighbours, it seems odd they should have invested such a fellow with a godrule of immortality. During his reign, however, he once paid a visit of peace to his neighbour, the King of Taheite, and they had a great cocoa drink together; so long did they keep it up, that even Oro was beaten, and he fell

asleep on the hills. Hardly was he comfortable when news was brought him, that the King of Bora Bora had made a descent on his kingdom, and was already returning home with an immense booty and many captives.

Oro started up in no good humour; he swore, he jumped, and, seizing his war-spear, hurled it, with a fell curse at his own distant island of Eimeo: it struck this rock, pierced it, and the point made a frightful mark on the broad stone that lies modestly nestling amidst shrubs and limes.

On the other side of the bay, as the steamer advanced, fresh beauties appeared every instant; the great depth of the many valleys, the cold grey of the peaks, and the blue clear beams mingling in indescribable loveliness; on our right, boldly prominent, stood the fine stone church; it told of peace, of truth, and holiness; by its side, in waving breeze-made folds, was the flag of France. Why, with your base followers —immorality, and atheism—are you here? Was not Europe enough to scourge—was not Asia enough to conquer—that you must, like the insidious working of cruel disease, harrow and grope till you taint this fair soil?

The settlement is scattered about in the groves, and the voices of the occupants were generally the

first notice of our vicinity to an abode. The missionary, Mr. Simpson, has a very pretty bungalow; it stands in a cleared space, and an avenue of bread-fruit trees leads to it; the whole is neat and pretty. He has much influence here, and is married to a sister of Mrs. Pritchard. A picture, or rather print, of Mr. Pritchard was sent to Mr. Simpson, shortly after Mr. Pritchard's expulsion from the island; this was hung up in his room, and the natives all flocked to see it, many sitting down and looking at it for hours. "Be quiet," they said, "be quiet. Pritarde is behind; he will soon come forth, and all will be well again."

As a counterpart to this, we were told that a chief had received two pictures of Lord Nelson and the battle of Trafalgar, from some naval friend. They had long been much prized, but now, for some good cause, their backs are turned outwards, and their beauties, as not suited to the times, are carefully veiled.

Mr. Henry, the oldest missionary in the islands, is likewise a resident here, and in his declining years, must grieve bitterly, that the good seed he planted in the days of his youth, is being so rapidly uprooted and overtopped by the trees of worldliness and frivolity.

Mr. Bell, a young Englishman, has got a large sugar-

manufactory here, but now all his works are suspended; the men whom he employed are either in the camp or else will not work until the question of their freedom is settled. Our stay was very short: a large crowd accompanied us to the beach, and it was really touching to see the fond respect they showed to their pastor. Here, as among all the islands, the chiefs were conspicuous in the crowd, from their superior size and bulk: this applies to both men and women.

The French were first led to see the great value of the harbour of Taheite and the benefit that would accrue to them from its possession, in 1845. An untoward deed first gave them a pretext for seizing the sovereignty, for to call it a protectorate is a farce. They now have possession for ever, for supposing the natives did make a bold stroke, and expel them, they would return, and in time overcome the strongest opposition. They are much too wise, however, to venture on open war; already Papeite is strongly fortified, sufficiently so, we saw by land, to resist any sudden attack of the natives, and more works are in process of erection; when these works now commenced are finished, no power on earth will be able to take it. With but one pass, easily held, in the rear, and with sea-defences natural and arti-

ficial, all the force of England might attack it openly without any hope of success. At present, the natives are, no doubt, sincere in their resistance, and if attacked would resist manfully; if boldly led, excited as they would be, no doubt, by the women, they would fight nobly. But this the French do not wish. Time will tire the natives out. Indolent, and constitutionally lazy, they will grow weary of a prolonged resistance; some will be bought over by the usurpers, till at last their quiet possession will become a matter of course. In thirty years the natives will be as thoroughly French as France could wish; then the mild and light rule they at present propose to establish, will be changed, and the full weight of the yoke will be felt by the poor natives. Not that Taheite can be of much value for its productions; the quantity of land is inconsiderable; and sugar and arrow-root could be its only manufacture, which, for European consumption, could be procured much cheaper elsewhere; but as a military position, its value was hardly calculated when no remonstrance was offered to the seizure of it by the French. Placed in the middle of the Pacific, from it, as from a centre, privateers and armed vessels can depart in every direction. Midway between Australia and the coast of America it can intercept all

trade: the shores of New Zealand can be swept by its cruisers, and the coasts and their traders kept in continual alarm. All repairs can be made in its dockyards; it possesses a harbour where the largest vessel may safely be hove down and repaired; and thus refitted may issue forth and seize, or retreat to safety if attacked. It will afford safety to all prizes captured; and as it abounds with provisions of every really needful sort, can never suffer from actual want. Those who will read the injury we sustained from the operation of the same causes from the Isle of France, between 1792 and 1810, will see that my picture is hardly overdrawn. In the event of war, it will become the rendezvous of every loose fish and vagabond who is willing to risk his life to realize a rapid fortune, and its capture, it is to be feared, would be no easy work.

At present there is a considerable trade from Sydney and New Zealand in British manufactures. This the French are already endeavouring by every means in their power to suppress, and already all vessels engaged in the coasting-trade between the islands are compelled to sail under French, not protectorate colours. Already too, the missionaries are beginning to be embroiled with the authorities: the Governor refuses to acknowledge any who have arrived

since 1848. There is in the authorities, perhaps, no active wish to convert the natives to the Romish faith; but they feel that the missionaries are too deeply wound up with Pomare and her rule, for their influence to be favourable to the present government. This influence is already much on the wane; several laws which supported it are altered. Formerly, the missionaries alone could perform the marriage ceremony, now it is only a civil contract, and the natives can marry and be divorced as they please. Bathing and dancing also were strictly forbidden by Pomare's code (or by the missionaries, for with them it originated); the French abolished the prohibition, and have legalized what was almost the sole employment, and certainly the greatest enjoyment of the natives. That these amusements lead to immorality none will deny, but the policy of having so rigidly forbidden them, without substituting other and better occupation, is open, in my opinion, to much question. The present Governor avails himself of the wording of the treaty made with Du Petit Thouars in 1842, which says, "The English missionaries shall continue in their labours without molestation." This, he says, applies to those already on the islands, not to any who shall arrive subsequently.

Another most stringent law, newly enacted, is one

by which anybody guilty of political conspiracies shall be tried by a court of three officers, from whose sentence there is no appeal. The justice to be expected may be conceived, as each member of the court receives ten dollars a-day, derived from the fines imposed.

Papiete, though no longer in a state of siege, in fact formally declared not so, is under rules as strict as if the enemy were indeed at the gate, and a surveillance, as vexatious as it is unnecessary, is exercised. It seems singular, that a spot pointed out as demanding our protection by priority of discovery, similarity of religion, the presence of our missionaries, the deep deep sense of loyalty entertained towards us by the people, should have been allowed to drop away without a remonstrance. England gave a vast sum to emancipate slaves, she has already, in pursuance of that plan sacrificed merchants, colonies, trade, and commerce; yet here, where living souls are also concerned, she looks apatheticaly on, nor will she cast her one sufficient word into the scale; and the warm-hearted savage, who has been taught to love us, to admire us as his bright example, as the embodiment of all Christian virtues, finds, at last, all this but tinsel. As he says, "You gave fine words, for you thought there was gold here; now there is

none, you speak the truth and appear as you are." I will not add the rest of what they say.

On the missionaries it is dangerous to touch; but with all humility I would beg they might be first examined at home to see if the preacher is fitted for his task, is really and truly able to preach and expound the Scriptures to the unlettered savage. Those who are about to enter on the task, I would seriously ask if they are willing to do their duty; there is more necessary than mere preaching and expounding; their lives must be a bright example; and with religion they should teach some of those arts of civilization and utility that will profitably and innocently occupy the leisure hours of a people whose bodily wants nature supplies without the necessity of labour. Some employment, amusement even, should be substituted for the total idleness they are almost doomed to. And let them not relate to the world such very exaggerated stories of hardships and dangers; the untruth of these makes many doubt the truth of any part of the account. That the first pioneers underwent much there is no doubt, but that those days of difficulty have passed is as certainly true. There is a story at Eimeo, of the introduction of the vine, that reminded me much of the idea many natives have imbibed of Christianity,—that to be really and truly

religious, it is necessary to be morose, sullen, silent, and to merit heaven hereafter by making earth a hell. The story runs thus:—"Moons, many, many of those pale, gazing, moons ago, the vine was brought to Eimeo and planted. The god said,—'So good is this, I shall give it you instead of the bad fruits you now have.' Up it grew; tendril succeeded shoot, and then the leaf modestly slipped forth; at last the fruit appeared in heavy clusters. The natives saw the fruit and ate it eagerly; but found it sour, so sour! The planter said 'Wait, wait.' 'All other fruits are ripe long ago,' said the impatient natives, 'why not this?' 'This is the last, because the richest, and the best.' They waited as long as native patience could endure, until, at last disgusted, they trod it to the earth and killed it, saying, 'Give us our own again; if bad, they were always ready, always ripe.'" Show them that all the goods of earth were sent to be enjoyed, that the moderate and lawful enjoyment will bring its reward on earth, and they will wait and grow strong in their faith; seeing so many proofs of God's goodness in the present world, they will long for a fuller knowledge and a more perfect enjoyment of His presence in the next.

Nearer to the coast than Taheite, is the romance-haunted Island of Pitcairn, the refuge of the crew

of the *Bounty* after the mutiny. For many years, all traces of this island was lost, and its subsequent re-discovery has already been often told. The natives were removed to the Island of Taheite, but disgusted at the immoral manners of the people there, entreated to be carried back; this was done, and they now inhabit their paltry island in content and quiet. Considerable alarm was felt by them at the possession of Taheite by the French, lest they also should be included in the act of seizure. Their fears were happily relieved, and they are now under the English flag, nor has her gracious Majesty any more devotedly loyal subjects. In February, 1847, they were visited by a man-of-war, who found them in much their usual state. The island is described as about four miles and a half in circumference, of a rich alluvial soil, capable of much cultivation, and rising, in the highest part, twelve hundred feet above the sea. There is a bad anchorage in Bounty Bay, but vessels touching ere mostly stand off and on. Like the other islands of these seas, the stones, down to the very water's edge, are clothed in verdure, and the spray of the surf showers over the green leaves on the iron-bound coast. The people spoke of the kindness shown to them by the vessels that had visited them, with truly tropical warmth of gra-

titude; and my informant says it was sweet to his own loyal heart to hear these simple-minded people inquiring, with earnestness, after the health of our beloved Queen, and if all prospered at home. The total population of the island is about one hundred and thirty-four souls; sixty-nine males, and sixty-five females—all natives of the island, save three Englishmen and one Taheitian woman, who came in the *Bounty;* she must now be close on eighty years of age, and is the widow of Young, one of the mutineers. Of the Englishmen resident, George Nobbs seems the chief. What a romance his life might furnish forth! He exercises the offices of clergyman, schoolmaster, and doctor; and all spoke of him with respect and gratitude. He teaches the doctrines of the Church of England, and exercises all its rites. His school is well constructed, and learning under his mild rule is very popular. As doctor, he does his best, administering the physic of which he has the charge very judiciously. They seemed in want of books and paper, and also of a boat; for though possessed of several canoes, the want of tools had prevented their making a boat. These wants were liberally supplied directly they were made known to the squadron and merchants at Valparaiso. The oldest inhabitant, after Young's widow, is Mary

Christian, daughter of Fletcher Christian, now in her fifty-third year. Byron has immortalized her as the Maid of the South Seas.

The island is visited yearly by about fifty vessels, nearly all of them American. The people are not so healthy as their simple fare and life would seem to warrant, and consumption, influenza, asthma, and fevers, are prevalent. They feed principally on vegetables, meat and fish being only allowed one day each in the week.

The form of Government at Pitcairn's Island is simple, and well adapted to the necessities of the people. There is a leading man, or magistrate, who is elected on the 1st of every January, by the majority of votes. All males and females above eighteen are entitled to vote, and married persons even before that age. Some of our theorists might take a lesson in universal suffrage from the savage: two committees are chosen at the same time, the one by the magistrate, the other by the people. When there is a dispute, a jury of seven is called, to whom the matter is referred; the most votes decide the point at issue, and the decision is final. Fletcher Christian, grandson of Fletcher Christian, of the *Bounty*, was magistrate for the year 1847.

It was with eager eyes, after long days of rapid sailing, that we saw the various outlying islands of

the group of the Society; but decrees of the higher powers settled we were not to go into Taheite then, so our lot was a glimpse of some lofty peaks, said to be the high land of Taheite, and known to be eighty miles off. The Admiral, however, proceeded in another vessel, and it was my good fortune to be included in his suite.

We were soon among the other islands, and the *Collingwood* was left to cruize about, while the steamer with the flag visited them. She first went into Huaheine, where the French had established a blockade with an armed vessel. The flag, however, had been cut down by the Queen Arüpiu-piu, and had not been put up again. The natives had abandoned their settlement and retired to the other side of the island, where, they say, they will hold no communication with the invaders.

A meeting was held to inquire if the island had ever been tributary to Pomare, and the chiefs spoke well, denying any right she ever had over them, much more her right to sign them away. Huaheine is a reef-girt island, as fertile and beautiful as any, abounding in supplies, with a harbour secure and easy of access. It has a fine church, to which the natives still resort on week-days. The Queen was away at Riatea with Pomare, but is full of fight as a

girl; she rallied her followers during Pomare's wars, and when they gave back before the enemy, she swam on shore with a musket in her hand from a canoe, where she had previously been firing artillery, and led them on, saying, "Turn, dogs, turn: if you fly, the roots of the faes be your lot, the women and dogs shall eat the fruit." Pomare is her heir, for she has no children.

The steamer afterwards visited Riatea. Riatea, Tahah, and several small islands, are enclosed within the same reef. Less lofty than the others, their mountains are more barren and rugged, but the valleys between them are beautiful in the extreme. Tomatoa, or as he is now called Arüpae-pae, "the king of troubled times," reigns in Riatea. The steamer went into Euteroe Bay; the natives, however, had nearly all left the settlement and retired to the valleys, which they have fortified. The residence of Pomare was in a bay called Opoa, about nine miles off; the bay and valley have been given her by the king. Tapoa and Tomatoa came and paid their respects: the former, the most famous warrior of his day, is a man of gigantic stature and strength; his arms are out of all proportion to the rest of his body, seeming rather like huge muscular thighs than arms. All indignantly denied the right of Pomare to rule them.

The parties then left for the foot of Vaion, where the Queen was on a visit, and she was at last found on a small island, with her mother and two children, neatly dressed in black silk gowns, cut in the native fashion, and Panama hats. Pomare Tani (her husband) sat by in a seedy dress of dungareen, smoking a cigar, and seemingly quite indifferent.

PORTRAIT OF POMARE.

A meeting of the chiefs was arranged to take place in an hour and a half. Old Arüpiu-piu was present, resolute as ever. She had been over to Huaheine and returned, anxious to see the British chief. The audience was a solemn one for the poor Queen, who, however, bore all with meek resolution, and totally

disclaimed any authority having ever been exercised by her or her father over the islands of the Leeward group.

Her house was good, and she had a large suite of followers, who maintained all the respect her position then demanded. The Kings of the islands inveighed

RESIDENCE OF POMARE.

against the blockade, and the consequent loss of trade, and of fees, which latter France has paternally appropriated. The Island of Riatea is the fabled heaven of the Society group, and the abiding-place of Oro, the great idol of the ancient people. They fancy it was created long before the other islands, and that they all came from it.

The huge *Leviathan* war-ship was now towed through the tortuous channel of the reef into the harbour of Matuhapa, in the Island of Borabora. For hours before we had approached it, the high double-headed peak had heralded its whereabouts, and now as we wound in, round islands whose edges were fringed by the deep blue and most tranquil sea, the trees fondly leaning over and offering their embrace, the peak, three thousand feet in perpendicular height, towered over us; but a kindly precipice he was, with cool caves and verdant hedges, covered with small tufts of vegetation; and, here and there, niches full of palm-trees; creepers, in clinging confidence, nestled about him, and only his head, bald and bold, rose up. Gentle to those who sheltered near him, but willing to stand up for his rights with tempest or storm. At his feet the plain stretched away on either side, thick with trees, and fringed with the silver sand: — all breathes of peace and repose.

But the settlement! Look at the pretty cottages! No more the woods echo to the childrens' shout! No songs now rustle among the palms! The French are here, and the people have sought shelter up beside this dear old hoary head. There is a church capable of holding the whole population, and near it the missionary's house, a pretty building with a garden and

enclosure. The chief's house, also, was a nice stone building; but now the French have fortified it, and an embankment and ditch surround it, where formerly neither fence nor wall was necessary. In this house was a considerable French force, and a war-steamer lay near to assist, as need might be. Nor were the natives wanting, for there had always been a party in the island adverse to their lawful King, and these had, of course, joined the French. The natives were requested to come in and hear the message sent to them, but expressed fear of the French, till they were assured that two officers should be sent to escort them safely. At seven, the officers left the vessel, and walked to the place where it was previously agreed they should be all assembled—a rivulet, which formed the boundary of the district in which was the settlement. However, not finding them there, they proceeded some distance further; the road was a mere bridle-path, the trees joined overhead. On one hand the sea, the sand, and trees to its very brink, which, as if tempted by the purity of its transparent waters, laved branch and leaf in its otherwise mirror-like surface. On the other, the eye sought in vain to penetrate the deep jungle, where tree and creeper thronged upward, as if anxious to pierce the gloom and reach the broad day above; if an opening oc-

curred, there frowned the peak, high up, high up, with his bald benign head, as if to catch the lofty breeze which waved about him, but passed high over us. At last the forms of natives, as they peered out of the woods and darted back again, showed us we were near the place of rendezvous, and turning a corner, we found about four hundred men and women assembled.

PEAK OF BORABORA.

The spot was lovely ; huge trees, like pillars, reared on high their green and massive roof; it seemed a cathedral formed by nature's hand, and the long vista showed the everywhere prevailing peak, a tower-steeple worthy the vast fane we were in. The greeting we received was most warm ; all pressed forward

and shook our hands; men and women tumultuously welcomed us, and many were the looks we got from beautiful faces, that would have encouraged an attack on the French, all unarmed as our little party was.

All were in their fullest suits, and the excitement was intense to hear what they were called together for; and after the hand-shaking and embracing process was over, they sat down. When told they must come in quietly and peaceably, there was a great fall of countenance, for the smartest articles of the dress of the most fashionable were swords. And it cost bitter tears to six small boys, who were furiously beating away at an equal number of drums of native make, but tremendous power. At last these were all hid in the bush; I am not sure that the boys did not remain true to them, and preferred the drum and the noise to all the other sights. All then knelt, and one of the native deacons delivered a prayer in a fine feeling voice, for the success of what they were about that day to undertake. May God's good blessing light upon it! They prayed for Victoria, the good Queen of the far-off land, who sent them the knowledge of God and his good word; and for the two foreigners who had come to protect them, and lead them safely in. The prayer was concluded by a hymn, in which all joined; and it was most impres-

sive as the anthem swelled up, and rose and fell, for their voices were harmonious, and the tune and words most beautiful; the orators warned them against the slightest aggression being offered to French or native, and insisted on implicit obedience to the English officers, who thereupon forming them into a procession of two and two, headed the party, and soon reached the church, where the Admiral and his suite were waiting. We excited more commiseration than we deserved, for the natives felt sure the French would adhere to their threat, and fire; in which case, as the foremost, we must have been killed. They had manned the embankment, and their native allies were armed and ready. The people filed into the church in a most orderly manner, each woman as she entered taking off the wreath and throwing it down near the door outside. The question as to the island being subject to Pomare, was asked and indignantly denied, for the Borabora men are the most warlike of the group, and once even Taheite had been conquered by them. They were then counselled to remain quiet to avoid aggression, and to continue religious and firm to their faith.

The Admiral then left the church, and, standing under a huge tree, repeated the message, so that the people of the French party might hear. Our band,

which had been landed and placed in the missionary's garden, now struck up, "Love not." Door, window and every outlet of the church poured forth its stream of natives; vainly the missionary opposed their entrance; his pallisades were stormed, passed, and all rushed to hear the music. They danced and shouted; the French party still held to their arms, and sternly frowned behind their walls; but on went the music; its strains poured out more potently than artillery. First the grasp slackened, then the weapon was laid down; a few more melting notes of that beautiful tune, and wall and rampart were scaled, and friend and foe dancing in desperate ardour together. Orpheus's part was enacted, and deadly foes joined hands in bloodless hurru-hurru. The old people soon after came out, and affecting was the meeting of friends and dear relations, whom politics and party interests had long estranged; they tenderly embraced each other, and then sitting down a little apart, covered themselves with their loose robes, lifted up their voices and wept. Still, as on rolled the music, even these arose, and, hand in hand, went near and listened. There were two fair girls whose meeting was most touching. They, alone, retired and wept, and could not be tempted to forget. Oh, woman! thou art ever the truest and most feeling!

The whole party begged to be allowed to visit the ship, and our boats were sent and brought them all on board; proper precautions were taken that there should be no hold for scandal. The tops, the yards, were eagerly mounted by the active fellows, while the girls and women danced and danced. There seemed no fatigue, no end to their joy. Food was liberally distributed; they ate and danced, danced and ate. Everything was shown them, and they expressed unbounded pleasure. At last they were made to leave, but even then the girls danced on; nor was it till the seamen actually lifted them and carried them into the boats, that they would cease. I need not say Jack was too gallant not to do it with all gentleness.

> "Take her up tenderly, lift her with care,
> Fashioned so slenderly; young and so fair:"

for many were very pretty, and excitement lent a radiance to their looks that enhanced their charms.

In the evening all retired to their camp, and there, even though but a few hours had elapsed, parties were singing the whole scene in extemporaneous verses; and we heard, set to tunes they had but that day learned, how the Frenchmen came and talked, but directly the Englishmen came, they sneaked back;—how the Englishmen,—in fact, how *we*—were

wondrous men, and all for them was a future of bliss.

But fainter and fainter grows the outline of that sunny island: its songs have died away; the peak long makes a bold stand on the horizon, but lower—lower yet it sinks. The ship cares not: what to her are isles or enchantresses? On, still on: through wave, through water: our destiny is ever—onward.*

We passed the small low, unfrequented island of Rorotoe. The conversion of the natives of it was almost miraculous, for they were remote and little thought of: but God, who cares for the meanest blade of grass, and forgets not to nourish it, gave them to

* It is wrong to ridicule any people's fashions, and on a scene which, in spite of one ludicrous part, was so very solemn, and at which the natives showed so much feeling, I should indeed be sorry to produce a laugh; but as it is a trait in the savage and exemplifies his love of finery, I give it. Several of the people were most ludicrously dressed. Mateo, who was regent during the king's absence at Riatea, alone was properly attired in a white shirt and trowsers. One high chief had on a light leather stock and a loose flowing dirty dressing-gown; another, a mariner's old jacket and nothing else; another, a horse-artilleryman's coat, which pinned his arms back, and, worse than a strait-waistcoat, prevented all motion; others wore paper cocked-hats; and one, a thing like a boat, made of paper and tappa, on his head; he excited general admiration among the fair sex, who were dressed in their usual way, except that the island seemed to have yielded up its freshest, gayest flowers to garnish forth their heads.

drink water from the wells of salvation. Many years ago, an epidemic raged there most fatally; so much so, that two chiefs resolved to abandon their homes and seek an asylum more healthy elsewhere. They launched out into the ocean, and, by good fortune, reached one of the low islands, which, in long groups, stretch away north of Taheite. Here they heard of a wonderful thing that was being told at Taheite; for the natives of the various islands have much intercourse: and so wondrous was the account, that they launched their canoe, and reached Taheite. Astonished at the order and regularity which had succeeded war and savage habits, seeing the good conduct and purity of life of the missionaries, and hearing the truths now first poured into their listening ears, they became converted, learnt to read, procured teachers; and returning to their own island, which once they had fled from, but now were eager to revisit, they brought the glad tidings of great joy, and ever since have been truly sincere, converting and exhorting all; nor are the natives of any island more attentive or, seemingly, truer believers.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEXICO.—SAN BLAS.

DECLARATION OF WAR.—RUINS.—THE FIESTA.—COSTUME.—BIRDS.—ALLIGATORS.—ACCIDENT.—MAZATLAN.—VISIT TO THE MINES.—BEAUTIFUL ROAD.—ST. SEBASTIAN.—COPATA.—ITS ORIGIN.—DIFFICULT ROAD.—PANINO.—DESCRIPTION OF THE VILLAGE.—THE MINE.—MODE OF DRAINING.—WAGES OF THE MINERS.—MINING PROCESSES.—PREPARATION OF THE ORES.—PROFITS.—EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.—NATIVE VETERINARY ART.—SAIL TO THE NORTHWARD.

Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal.

SPRAGUE.

WE visited San Blas, one of the sea-ports on the Coast of Mexico. It is a low, green spot, formerly of much trade; remaining, like most other Mexican places, exactly as the Spaniards left it, if we except the effect of years upon it. On our arrival, news had just been received of the declaration of war with the United States; a small cavalry affair had raised the spirits of the people, and fancy already painted the "Malditos Yankees" terror-stricken, and suing for mercy.

The place is a vast swamp, and having been overflowed during the rainy season, is so unhealthy as to

be deserted by all who can manage to get away. It is the sea-port of Tepic, with which it communicates by river. There are a few wretched houses near the beach, but the town itself is further up, on a pile of rocks, which rise out of the plain. It contains some handsome buildings, and the houses around the Plaza, which is nearly deserted and makes an excellent wild-pigeon cover, are as fine as any. The custom-house and governor's palace, built on the edge of the rocks, have a rich view of the green savannah, and the ill-tempered, wave-distracted sea, beyond. The ruins are very large, and now the brushwood and verdure, kinder than man, tries to grow over them, shelter them, keep them together, and hide them from those who would laugh at the town in its distress.

The present inhabitants live chiefly in rude huts, built within the old ruins; and, from all one sees and hears of Mexico, those huts are to the houses, as the present race are to the former. There is an estuary a little way off, which is one of the mouths of the Rio Grande de Santiago, and which has run a long course from its source in the beautiful lake of Chapala.

The rise and fall of the tide is not more than from seven to eight feet; the roadstead is bad, being much exposed to westerly winds; there is also always a

nasty swell, and in bad weather landing is impracticable. The watering is difficult, and the water bad; nor are supplies abundant.

During our stay, there was a grand fiesta, which all the people flocked in to attend; a dark, swarthy set they were, with their quiet, mild, soft-looking women. The fiesta consisted of dancing, music, and drinking, and continued two nights, a day and a half. Many pawned their swords, clothes, mules, saddles, everything, for drink and gambling-money. It was fearful to see their excitement; the music droned on, the mirth got wilder, louder; every now and then one rushed out into the air; but the quiet, pure, genial air was no place for him, and back, like a fiend, he rushed to drink and sin. It seemed the most savage of debauches, and had not the women, with that watchful care that ever makes them our guardians and saviours, hid the weapons, the fiesta would have finished by more than one funeral. This passion for drink is remarkable, for the Spaniard is without it, but the lower classes all over South America display it in a striking degree. I have met a peon returning from a town, and he would relate with delight the way he had spent his money. No regrets, no thoughts of his wife and children in rags — or of his own pockets emptied.—No! "Señor," he would say, "I

must work hard, gain so much, and then return again, and do as I have just done — *Carai!* what fun it was!"

The natives were certainly handsomer than any we had met with of late, and more lightly and elegantly formed. The costume of the men is very picturesque. They wear trousers with buttons down the whole outside of the leg; beneath are worn loose linen drawers slashed about in all directions with gold and silver; the buttons are always of silver, varying in shape and size, according to the wearer's taste and means. The hat is a broad-brimmed beaver, with a thick worsted wreath round the part which encircles the head, thus protecting the head where it would otherwise be most exposed to the intense heat: a slashed jacket and a handsome sash complete the equipment. They ride with a formidable sword, which is stuck in a place made for it in the saddle, so that the hilt comes up in front, and thus they present an appearance very wild and picturesque, but not speaking much for the quiet and peace of the country. The rainy season is from June to November; but as the population seems to be much on horseback, or muleback, and possessed of no property, except that on their persons, migration is not, perhaps, fatiguing. There is abundance of shooting,—deer, curasoes (*phiesan*, as the na-

tives call them), a red bird, called cheitulackies, which is very good eating, parrots, macaws, pigeons, racoons, quails, rabbits; but the wood is marshy and so thick with creepers as to be impassable without the aid of the large Mexican knife. A large tick is constantly caught; these, however, are but trifling inconveniences compared to the myriads of sandflies. When, unluckily, surrounded by a swarm of them, to sit, to rest, to remain quiet, was equally impossible: fire or tobacco-smoke they equally despised, and they assailed the whole body at once with sharp stings, so that the poor hands proved a most inefficient garrison to protect it.

Alligators abounded in the jungle, and one party who went out to shoot them killed, of large and small ones, fifteen. Another party followed, and these came to mischief. Three of us started with our servants and a large supply of all manner of things to eat and drink; and getting into a canoe paddled up the estuary. In the mangrove-bushes we heard the cries of all manner of curious animals, and picking oysters from the trees on either hand, we were at first as happy as possible. Now we landed to fish, but no alligator came near; we fired at several, but the bullets glanced off without any injury; it is only underneath their bodies that a bullet will pene-

trate. We had already made rapid retreats from several delightful spots for a picnic, for being attacked by rats one way, and sandflies the other, we found them to be no Arcadian bowers of ease. At last, in a desperate state of hunger, we resolved to cross the lagoon once more, and then, come what might, to eat. With fresh ardour at the hopes of a speedy escape from bites, and with great eagerness to eat the food we had brought, we paddled along, and were in the middle when our poor dog was observed swimming after us, and it was resolved to wait and take him in. I leant over and laid hold firmly of his neck, when some say the ship's chaplain, who was one of the party, took the opportunity of the excitement to hit his boy over the head with the paddle. Nobody knows. I say nothing, but that I found myself under water, and on rising to the surface, found the canoe upset, and all hands anywhere. There were sharks by hundreds, we knew, and two of the party could not swim. A pleasant situation, truly! However, we all landed in good time notwithstanding, minus guns, dinner, fishing-tackle, bait, and all! How the alligators must have laughed as they ate the bait at their ease, and admired, perhaps, the hooks! Months afterwards, one of the lost guns was recovered, and was found at full

cock. It was not mine; perhaps the ducking was an escape from a worse accident.

The savannah was much intersected by these estuaries, or short salt-water rivers; the roots of the mangrove-bushes on either side were full of oysters, which, as the tide fell, were several feet above water; they were of a good size, and if the quantity eaten was any test of the quality, that also might be pronounced good.

It was with little regret we left for Mazatlan, another port to the northward, in the province of Senora. The country here was like San Blas, the town better, and enlivened by an active bustle and a look of increasing commerce. American men-of-war were here waiting orders to commence an attack on the poor Mexicans.

The principal amusements were playing at bowls; nine-pins being an illegal game: some one legalized it by using ten. The Americans, perhaps, caused more amusement than the bowls; but they had so many good qualities that it would be wrong to be hard on their peculiar phraseology. After a short period spent in boating, and looking about, the people all came to see us, so there was no trouble given us in the way of beginning acquaintance.

It was with great pleasure I accompanied the

Admiral to see some silver mines, situated at Panino, in the Sierra Madre range, not near the Californian gold district, but in the long range which stretches N. and S. in the form of a bow, touching on the Columbian Cordilleras at the end of the range. The road, at first, was a mere clearance through the dead dense swampy jungle, but gradually the ground got firm; mimosas and other trees took the place of the dank vegetation below, and air-plants, parasites, and creepers, astonished by their variety: cactus of fifty feet in height and thicker than the body of a man are frequent. By the path there was a profusion of mansineal apples. Parrots and paroquets chattered and unharmonized sadly; other birds, too, of plainer plumage and less noisy notes; but still bush, bush; man seemed to have passed by, made the road, and left. Three hours brought us to the village of old Mazatlan. In the jungle near it were three guns, brought from the coast for fear they should fall into the hands of the Yankees. It was now half ruined, but had formerly been a place of much importance, and was called the Presilio, from its large prison, which now looked as happy and gay as any of the other buildings. There was a fine church, or what had been one. A detachment of troops had just arrived, 600 strong; they were a

fine-looking set of fellows, marching down to resist the enemy who was menacing their coasts. No doubt! No. They were to set up some new President to overawe their own men.

At old Mazatlan we made a halt and a meal, and then again entered the beautiful but unvaried jungle. Here and there we came upon a ruined hut—ruined evidently it was, and of no use—man had allowed it to revert to nature and the birds. Occasionally a deer started across the road. If water was wanted, a small hole was made in the ground, and the water in a few minutes would ooze in and fill it. The Indians, a little farther north, amid their wild and trackless haunts, have no springs nor wells; but Nature, ever wise, ever provident, strews parasites about the woods, and full well the Indians know that wherever this plant shoots, by the tree to which it clings he will find pure water. For hours we rode along these woods, and at last, all of a sudden, quite unexpectedly, we entered into the pretty little town of St. Sebastian. It contains five hundred people and is neatly laid out, and has one or two nice handsome churches, and a look of good repair about it not common in Mexico. Don Allessandro, the Prefect, received us most kindly, and offered us every accommodation, a civility which his wife and daughters more cordially

repeated. There were some hot springs, to which we adjourned to bathe, and found a shed over a pond-like place, which was very hot to bathe in, and the water singularly nasty to the taste, yet abounding in small fish. It is used as a natural hot washing-tub by the inhabitants. On our return, dinner was ready; it consisted of many Mexican dishes—grease in all. There were capital Friholes, which are a species of bean, and form a staple dish at every Mexican meal. The ladies pressed us to eat, and insisted on our being helped first; all were most kind and well-behaved except one Mexican, who had been educated in England; he got drunk, was very noisy and uproarious, and was finally borne off struggling violently.

The Prefect, our host, was a Spaniard, and though a boy when he witnessed the revolution, regretted it bitterly, and said its ill effects were apparent daily. Our party was as much as the kind host could accommodate. We spent a gay evening, and were off early in the following morning, the Prefect riding with us part of the way; however, the pace we went at, by no means suited him, and he soon drew in; nor was he sorry, I am sure, when having passed the boundary of his prefecture, he could leave us with propriety. His horse, a hollow-backed animal, had a most curious bridle with a white front to it, which gave its face

exactly the appearance of an old woman, with a mob cap on; the figure was inexpressibly ludicrous.

St. Sebastian is famed for its manufacture of *muscat;* it is the common spirit of the country, and is made from aloes, large fields of which surround the town. Soon after passing these we began to ascend, and the steep path presently compelled us to slacken our speed. From a smooth and easy road it became one of tortuous ascent, a mountain mule-track.

> "And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
> Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path;
> Yet deem not these devotion's offering,
> These are memorials frail of murderous wrath;
> For wheresoever the shrieking victim hath
> Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
> Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath,
> And the steep path with thousands such are rife
> Throughout this purple land where law secures not life."

The sun was intensely hot, even the birds had wisely retired to the deepest shades, and we alone toiled on, toiled on, and all for pleasure. At last the summit of one tremendous hill revealed to us a pretty little village lying in its bottom, and that it was Copata, where we were to breakfast, was heard with much pleasure. We were shown to a large general warehouse, and in the back room were offered all manner of hospitality. The village which was scattered over

pretty knolls of greensward, consisted of above sixty houses, and a fine stone church: like all the villages in this part of the country it owed its origin to a mine. One was discovered in the neighbourhood, on the property of the Marquis of Panino, who brought people to work it, and the village was built by them. He also founded and endowed the church. Originally the keeper of a small grog-shop in Rosario, one speculation after another had succeeded, till he was able to purchase these mines. With grateful thanks for his good fortune, he had founded another church in Rosario. The church at Copata is built on an immense platform of stone; it is plainly but handsomely ornamented, has a fine peal of deep well-toned old bells, and is dedicated to the Virgin and St. Joseph. There were pictures of very fat angels blowing very small trumpets, all over the roof. Our host, who was the great man of the place, gave us of his best, which we received with gratitude, ate with appetite, and thanked him for most sincerely at our departure: the mines are now no longer worked, so the place is falling off in size and population, as the workmen naturally wander to where there is work. Still, however, from its position, as the pass through the Sierra Madre, there is considerable traffic. Though the vein of the mines is exhausted, many

of the people in the neighbourhood earn a subsistence by digging for silver on a small scale; a little ore is dug, broken with a hammer, and then extracted by the usual process of amalgamation with quicksilver. What energy there was in the old Spaniards! No hill escaped them; here among these glens and rocks, each hill bears traces of their research. South, north, and east, the votary of gold has been: frost and snow, winter's cold and summer's heat, were all borne, all overcome, so he could but hope for gold, more gold.

On leaving the village our real toil began. The road had certainly been accommodated to the mountains, not, as is often done now, the mountains accommodated to the road, for it twisted and turned, sneaked and wound about them, and only when no other possible course remained, went boldly over them. It was very weary work for the horses. The views were superb; at times the eye glanced down ravines and long verdant valleys where meadow and rock were mingled together in wild and beautiful confusion,—flowers, creepers, and plants of every beautiful and curious form. The parrot's scream, the quail's low plaintive note, was heard; the humming-birds and many other birds displayed their brilliant colours: one fellow, with a splendid long tail, looked beautiful even in this meet-

ing of bright plumage. There were pendent birds-nests, that no power of ours could reach, swinging about in the breeze, most charmingly cool to the poor anxious hatching mothers within; but admiration could rest nowhere, for the horses blundered and stumbled you on to fresh views, ever-varying beauties. The road was a path with nothing but a succession of holes in it, one horse or mule follows the other, and as each places his foot just where the other does, a patient following up of this system for many ages, without any repairs, has made the road like the spot boys prepare to play "egg in the nest" in. The peculiar mode of one following the other is destructive perhaps of free conversation, but encouraging to thought, and to a good survey of your next man's back and horse's tail to vary the other scenery. At last Panino appeared beneath us, and, after a long winding about, we got down to it, rode through the village, passed under a low archway, and in English with a Scotch accent, were bid kindly welcome.

The village of Panino, like that of Chapala, owes its origin to the mines near; it contains about eleven hundred souls, for whom the mines afford employment. The village, most beautifully situated on the side of the mountain, has a neat plaza and a pretty church. The *hacienda*, or house, where our friend,

who was manager, lived, was situated below all, and on a small plateau, all but at the bottom of the valley through which ran a noisy stream.

From the long open room built over the stables and stores, which served for dining, reception, and sitting room, the view was truly magnificent. Straight before the eye was a waterfall, whose waters fell in fleecy sprays on the bold rocks beneath, and then tumbling and enraged flowed by the house, their lesser noise drowned in the loud thunder of the fall.

On the left, the opposite side of the gorge rose up and up, its sides and ruggedness covered with a soft mantle of green, till it mingled with the clear blue sky. Above rises cottage on cottage, till the mountain and the sky closed all. Under your eye is the whole paraphernalia of mining, and the poor stream, unwillingly dragged out of its course to work for man, trickles tearfully down the rock, till it joins its freer neighbour, and both rush on, independent, happy, and sparkling. My observations on these subjects were made during a hurried toilet, and lovely though the view was, it was left without regret, for a plentiful dinner, enlivened by the very pretty daughter of the host. He had married a Mexican, who really worked like a horse; household duties occupied all her mind.

The party consisted of several others, relatives and friends of the host.

The following morning was to be dedicated to mine-seeing, so after dinner, cigars, talking, &c., we retired to our couches. The party being large, great shifts had been resorted to, to find house-room for all; and selfish as we were to grumble at our own hardships, how much greater were probably those we had inflicted on the family who so kindly received us. I can only say my bed was pretty to look at, covered with a neat variegated counterpane; but, except the pillow, there was nothing else but boards. It might have been much worse, and, not being tempted by a too luxurious couch, we were up early, ready to see everything. We were kindly shown every part of the mining process, and for that purpose entered the mine preceded by wild fellows with a tallow candle stuck in their caps. Each of the company also carried one in his hand, and commenced a march one after the other. The shaft was about six feet high, and fourteen wide, with a foot of water at least in the centre of the path; this I discovered by stepping into it, and successfully splashing my neighbour. Every now and then there was a narrow plank to be crossed, which covered a black, bottomless abyss; above, also, were

holes, passages, and galleries, dark, dismal, like a robber's cave scene in a play. And thus tramping on, daylight and the world shut out, and a fearful noise before, spite of the good company I was in, it seemed all a mistake, and that a great delusion had led us to a dungeon whence there was no return. At last we arrived at a big round place, where mules were turning wheels, men were shouting and yelling, and whips flacking like guns. This was necessary, we were told, to keep the mine clear of water, and the fact was proved by huge buckets of hide appearing, whose upsetting splashed those near most distressingly. A steam-engine would doubtless do much better, but fuel is very scarce, and it would require an engineer at a large salary to keep it in order. The mules were hopeless-looking animals. Lima, they say, is the Inferno de los Boros, but this must be the seventh Hades, if there are degrees below.

After a sufficient look at this, the end of a large pole, just protruding from a black hole, was pointed to, and putting the foot in notches one after the other, down we went. As rest was allowed us novices, boys and men passed us by with all the ease of long custom, each bearing on his shoulders ore, that hung by a strap round the forehead in a basket; each had his light, and as they passed with or without

the load, one way or the other, shouts and horrid yells were got up for our peculiar benefit. At last, after endless work, painful trial of nerves, and a wish only to be well out of it again, we arrived at a place where a wretched copper-coloured fellow was working away with a crowbar, and a bit of black stone was handed up to be inspected. Due admiration was expressed, and then the process of climbing, descending, ascending, splashing and stumbling, passing narrow planks, and the rest, was again gone through; but this time there was a pleasant object in view, and at last I emerged, rather to my own self-gratulation and surprise, into the open air, determined never again, save for some most vital purpose, to enter a mine.

The workmen in these dismal regions get four reals, or one-and-tenpence a day, wages, but the day is only from earliest dawn till noon; all work performed afterwards is extra. Half the wages are paid in money, the rest in a ticket which is taken at the store, and any eatables required given in exchange; but deductions are made for wasted hours, so it is nominal pay only. The men who bring the ore from the mine, get so much a load, one dollar per cwt., and a premium on the quality. Watchfulness is necessary to see where they dig it, as they will cut pillars or supports away without thought to obtain ore and

save trouble. This recklessness is fruitful of accidents. They generally carry from eighty to one hundred pounds weight at one load; several join together to dig and carry, and divide the profits. On coming from the mine they bring it to a shed, there an account is taken of it and it is weighed; they must break it into pieces of about five or six pounds or smaller. Generally the ore in Mexico will yield one pound of silver for each three hundred pounds of ore; but here, the three hundred will not yield above six ounces, yet it pays well; worked by the rude native machinery with water-power so handy, there is little expense, and the poor ore also is less liable to be stolen or concealed. The pieces, when dug out, are put on an inclined plane of wood, which leads to an enormous stone box, in which twenty or thirty huge posts of heavy wood, weighted and shod with iron, are pounding.

There is a huge wooden roller close behind them on their upper end, which has large chocks in it, on the principle of an organ barrel; as it revolves by the water-power to which it is attached, it lifts the heavy rammers, as the chocks meet them, which, lifted as the roller revolves, fall again as it goes on, and thus pounds the ore in the trough beneath. The fresh stones are continually falling down the inclined

plane as the small ones find their way out. When pounded, these are carried to a circular basin of brick, in which a stone, whose shape fits the round of the basin, is dragged round by a common water-wheel. Water is added, and here the ore is reduced to a black mud. The wood of which this and all the other things are made, is called *tepinuaxi* by the natives, and is dark and excessively hard. The tree producing it seems a species of mimosa, and is very plentiful.

When experience shows that it is ground enough, it is laid in heaps of five or six hundredweight each, in a flat brick enclosure; about fifty-six pounds of quicksilver are then sprinkled on each heap, with salt to expedite the process, and the whole is trodden very much by mules if the quantity is large, or by men if not. And after this has been done, it is again put up in circular heaps to remain till ripe, when it undergoes another treading. The mules that are much used to tread it, are found, at their death, to have particles of quicksilver in the joints of their feet. The ore is next put into a large wooden trough, into which much quicksilver is poured, and water let in, men stamping it about all the time; a small sluice is then opened from the trough, which leads into a flat tile-paved gutter, the tiles overlapping, and

along whose length (some eighty or a hundred feet) quicksilver is quickly strewn. The washing continues till nothing but quicksilver remains, and the whole of the mud has run off; the quicksilver from all parts is now collected in basins of hide, and weighed. The quantity of quicksilver lost on an average does not exceed one-fiftieth of the quantity used. It has now the appearance of thick dirty quicksilver, and is upset into a conical-shaped bag, which hangs over the huge repository of quicksilver. As it is poured in, the quicksilver drops in showers from the pores of the bag, and it is shaken and beaten with a stick till hard, then made into curved wedges, six of which would form a perfect circle. Into these shapes it is compressed, and assumes the colour of Chinese tin, and the consistency of wet sand. It is then placed on a grate, covered with a metal bell; the quicksilver that remains in it, drops as it melts (which it does more easily than silver) into a condenser below, and the porous silver or plata pena remains. This is sent to Durango to be stamped and assayed, and then exported, or sent to be worked up as required. The mines here are said to net 25,000*l.* a-year of profit.

The vat of quicksilver afforded much amusement: the weights, &c., were floated in it, and in the evening, when filled with water, it offered a commodious,

though somewhat public, bath, for the hacienda is built so as to command a view of the entire work, and thus prevent theft. In the evening a dance was proposed, and Maximina's pretty eyes sparkled at the idea. The room was not large, and had a brick floor. At nine, the company were assembled; the music was a harp and guitar. Fails pen, fail words, to tell the result of that merry evening. After hours of dancing, laughing, and fun, there were but four of us left, C. and myself, pretty Maximina, who was as fresh and handsome as before, and her father. One man who had been silent, lively, gay, noisy, boisterous, by turns, how sat in a corner asleep, with a cigar in his mouth; all the ladies had retired, and so had the rest of *our* party. We had barely concluded a friendly supper with our host and got to bed when the remorseless guide awoke us to be off. It is due to ourselves to say that the ladies were all up, and bade us kind adieux, with many wishes for our return. Mr. O'Callaghan, our Irish guide, said, "The fair-haired girl will think of that day a long while; she has not often such admirers."

The road was very beautiful, and all that; but I found the grass very soporific, and lay down to sleep whenever there was a halt. The dance, on a larger scale, was repeated the next night, at St.

Sebastian; and we were all merry and happy. What was wanting in splendour was made up in good will; and if there were no diamonds and no costly lace, there were eyes far brighter, and tresses whose glossiness outshone the richest silks. With a wish to appear to advantage, I had been to the barber's; he was sitting on his counter playing *monte*, and with a polite request that I would join in the game, said, "Soi ocupado,—and can't shave." Our Mexican of English education again exhibited his powers of suction, and being again conquered, succumbed, and fell asleep in a corner.

For the last five or six miles of the journey, one of the best horses of the party, on which the Admiral rode, flagged considerably, and on reaching St. Sebastian it was found that a sun-stroke had given him a locked-jaw; his eye was dim, and he was convulsed all over with nervous twitchings. His groom, a native, commenced a cure, which perfectly succeeded: the saddle was girthed up as tightly as possible; chillies, wrapped in rag, were set on fire and held under his nose; in an hour and a half, during which time, fresh chillies were constantly burnt, the blood began to flow, clotted at first; then freely, and the bit dropped; quicksilver was put into his ears. In half an hour, the quicksilver came

out at his nostrils mixed with blood and phlegm, and he was walked up and down for several hours, when he ate a warm mash, and the next day was as well as ever.

The early part of next day was spent in sauntering about the town of St. Sebastian. The barber, on a second visit, was teaching dancing, he himself playing the fiddle. After many regrets and kind speeches, we left, and reached Mazatlan late in the evening, when, after a further stay of some time, and sending our remembrances and some small presents to the owner of the mines, we sailed for the northward.

PRESILIO SAN BLAS.

CHAPTER IX.

CALIFORNIA.—CAPTURE OF MONTEREY.—CAPTAIN FREMONT.—HIS ATTEMPT ON MONTEREY.—INTRIGUES.—SKIRMISH.—DISCOVERY OF CALIFORNIA.—VICISSITUDES.—RIDES ABOUT MONTEREY.—THE LASSO.—THE MISSION.—VOTIVE OFFERING.—THE TRAPPERS.—THEIR DRESS.—THEIR HABITS.—DISCIPLINE RELAXED.—PROVISIONS.—DEPARTURE.

Look on yonder earth;
The golden harvests spring.

SOUTHEY.

On the morning of the 16th of July, 1846, after a long voyage, we were becalmed off the coast of California, in the bay of Monterey, and, towards the afternoon, anchored amidst a crowd of American vessels of war. To our astonishment, we found that they had only a few days before taken possession of the place, hoisted the American colours, and planted a garrison in the town.

Monterey is an excessively pretty place, with very much the appearance of an English park; large trees stand in grass, all open and unenclosed; plantations of fine firs and oaks. The village is a straggling place, built of stone and whitewashed, with red tiled roofs,

to most of the houses. It occupies the angle formed by the head of the bay; at the northern extremity

MONTEREY.

is the church, a large yellow building, which is all that remains of the original *presidio*. The government-house is a long, two-storied building, in the middle of the village, now occupied as barracks; and the custom-house, a large building at the head of the wharf, has been used for the same purpose by the Americans. Many of the more respectable inhabitants had left on its occupation by its new masters; but others, and they not a few, were very glad of it, for the Mexican rule had become intolerable; nor could it protect them from the Indians, who lately had grown very bold in their aggressions. The war of the United

States with Mexico no doubt justifies them in seizing any part of her territory they can; if the war itself be justifiable, is another question; but for a long while they had been secretly intriguing for California, and that in a time of peace between the two countries.

In the latter part of the summer of 1845, Captain Fremont, of the United States topographical corps, who has for the last five or six years been employed by his government in surveying the country between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, made his appearance at Monterey with five or six trappers, and waited upon General Castro, governor of the department, whose leave he asked and obtained to remain for a few weeks on the banks of the River Sacremento, in order to recruit his men and horses after his long overland journey. Having purchased a few supplies, and had an interview with the United States' consul, he returned to his troop, who were supposed to be near San Francisco. He was not again heard of till October, when, with about thirty-five followers, he encamped about fifteen miles from Monterey. On hearing this, Castro sent orders for him to go away, to which Fremont replied, he might come and turn him out if he could; but he would not go. On this Castro collected some Rancheroes and Indians, and marched to the attack. Fremont retreated to the

hills, and throwing up a breast work planted a twelve pound howitzer he had brought with him from the United States, and still asserted he should resist. Castro, however, collected two hundred men, and advanced so boldly, that Fremont thought it best to decamp with his men during the night; and, causing them to separate into parties of two or three, eluded the pursuit of the Mexicans, and retired to the northernmost parts of California. Previous to his retreat, however, he managed to get on board the American merchant barque *Moscow*, and with the assistance of her crew, captain, and boat, to spike the five or six brass twenty-four pounders which were lying unwatched and uncared for in the old battery, on the southern side of the harbour's mouth. In April the United States corvette *Gyane* arrived here from the Sandwich Islands, bringing a lieutenant in her who had lately come from the United States through Mexico; he landed and immediately set off in search of Fremont, whom, after a long chase, he found nearly in the Oregon. The two returned towards San Francisco, and encamped on one of the branches of the Sacremento river. An American vessel of war at San Francisco established a communication with him—supplied him with several articles he needed, and perhaps armed some of the many

men he raised. The news of a probable rupture with the States now reached California, and the natives thought the opportunity favourable for declaring their independence, and seeking the protection of some foreign power. The governor of the department, De Los Angeles, who fully concurred in these sentiments, summoned a meeting of deputies from all parts of California to assemble at Los Angeles on the 15th of June, to consider which of the great powers they should solicit to grant them protection.

Castro, however, who for many years had appropriated as much of the revenue as he could lay hands on, saw that under the protection of another Power the profits of his post would melt away, and, therefore, used all his influnce against the measure, and partly through his personal influence, partly by threats and intimidation, succeeded in preventing the deputies from Northern California from attending; the meeting, therefore, never came off, those most eager for it wisely saying that, it was a step which could only be taken with the concurrence of the whole.

On the 29th of June, a man named Ede, formerly a Mormon prophet, with about ninety followers, had seized General Vallego, in his house, at Sonora, near San Francisco, had plundered all the

arms and ammunition there, and likewise two or three brass guns he had bought from the Russians when their settlement at Bodega was broken up. It is said Vallego, the governor, was not at all unwilling to be thus incapacitated from resisting the attack which he foresaw would happen between the Mexicans and Americans; he also rather wished for any change in the government that would bring settlers and trade into California, for he possessed large property in the valley of the Sacremento, which would rise proportionably in value. Be this as it may, Ede met with no resistance; he hoisted a flag with a bear and star on it, and issued a flaming proclamation entreating his countrymen (Californians) to rally round him, offering them protection, and recapitulating the many grievances inflicted on them by the Mexicans. On hearing this, Castro sent out three parties to disperse this gang, one of which met Ede's party, and immediately attacked them. The Americans, for such they were, retreated into a wood, and opening a fire on Castro's people, soon emptied two or three of their saddles. The Californians invited them to come out and fight it out fairly on the open ground; a request Ede refused. The bear-flag, however, soon came down; for Commodore Sloat arrived at Monterey in the Savannah. Having heard

of the declaration of war with Mexico, he first endeavoured to persuade the people to seek American protection; but, failing in that, he summoned the town to surrender on July the 9th; and there being neither arms, ammunition, guns, nor any thing belonging to the Mexican government, he took quiet possession of the town the same afternoon. Another vessel took possession of San Francisco; the bear-flag was hauled down, and Mr. Ede subsided into his former situation of a trapper in Fremont's corps. Castro fled with a small force, vowing all manner of foolish things; he subsequently remained very quiet. California made a small struggle, but soon subsided into quiet rule, and now is as Yankee as can be.

Of the former history and discoverers of California little is known. The honour must rest between Cortés and Ximenes the pilot. However, in the year 1535, Cortés caused two vessels to be fitted out at Acapulco; he gave the command of one to Bezerra de Mendoza, of the other to Hernando de Grijalva. Grijalva sailed, and discovered an island, called St. Thomas. Mendoza was murdered by his pilot Ximenes, who assumed the command, continued the voyage, and arrived at an island called Santa Cruz, where there were fine pearl-fisheries. The Indians, however, attacked them, massacred Ximenes and many of his men, and compelled

the rest to return to their ship and abandon the place. They at last reached Xalisco. The description they gave of the richness of the country, of the pearl-fisheries, the inhabitants, and their civilization, so excited the conquest-inflated Spaniards of Mexico, that Cortés himself fitted out an expedition, and sailed from Guantepei with a large force, perfectly equipped, and furnished with every necessary for forming a settlement. Arriving at Santa Cruz, he disembarked, and sent the vessels back for the remainder of the expedition, which had not been ready at his departure. Only one vessel ever returned, the rest were wrecked or lost. Cortés and his band meanwhile were starving; the savage inhabitants cultivated no land, but lived by hunting. Twenty-five of the company perished, and the genius of the great commander alone preserved any discipline or order among the others. He at last embarked in the one vessel to search for the rest, and, after hardships and dangers too long to recount, found one of them, floated her, repaired her, and at last returned to his followers with provisions. Having refreshed, he voyaged on, and discovered the coast of California. Being shortly afterwards recalled to Mexico, urgent affairs there demanding his presence, he left Ulloa in command of the settlement.

In 1596 Sebastian Vazycaino sailed, by order of the

viceroy of Mexico, to found a colony in California. His orders were, to proceed from Mazatlan, across the Gulf of California, to the Bay of Santa Cruz, the spot formerly chosen by the Marquis (Cortés) for his colony. Vazycaino found the people so peaceable, and of such a quiet friendly disposition, that he called his settlement Bahia de la Paz. It was, however, soon deserted.

The same navigator returned some years afterwards, and landed the missionaries, who gradually became the rulers of the country. That they did immense good, none will deny, and the account of their rule is well worth the perusal. However, it passed away, and the country might almost be said to be ungoverned till the Americans seized it.

The rides about Monterey are excessively pretty; the old Mission of San Carmel, once the head establishment of the fathers, but now deserted, is about five miles from Monterey, situated amidst park-like scenery. At the distance of a mile and a half from the town is the slaughtering establishment of an Englishman. Hides and tallow are the great staple. The flesh in strips is hung, as in Chili, to dry, and so forms the chief sustenance of the poor. The establishment gives employment to about twenty half-castes and Indians, and the fat looks of some dozen

of curs bore testimony to the small value of animal food here. We saw two bulls let loose from a corral full, in order to be lassoed presently ; one disappeared in the woods, but was lassoed all over by the well-mounted fellows in pursuit. The other, on rushing out, was followed by a young fellow of about sixteen, on horseback, who, laying hold of his tail, by skilful management of his horse threw the animal right over on his back, where he lay half stunned. The road was good ; pine-groves, not over-crowded, clothed the eminences ; the bottoms were thick with underwood, and hills and dales, prettily thrown about, diversified the scene. Before the Americans came (and even since) the Indians frequently prowled about, and committed outrages of all sorts, stealing horses, to eat chiefly, for they say they are the best meat possible ; and frequent crosses mark that here, too, man is still the fiercest and wildest of animals. The residents describe them as the lowest and most degraded sort of savage ; nearly naked, cowardly, and treacherous. This is, however, the account of the enemy and the oppressor, for the Spaniards were never over-given to kindness to the conquered.

The Mission is beautifully situated in a small valley, watered by the river San Carmelo. The hills protect it from the keen sea-breezes, and from its

walls down to the river is what was once a well-cultivated, and is, even now, a pretty garden. The house is of a square form, with a high wall round it, entered by one gate. The church neat, and very prettily decorated, is in the southern corner; formerly it contained some good pictures. One, a view of the Mission as it was, executed by an officer of La Perouse's squadron: it is gone. There is one there now of San Francisco Solano landing amidst a crowd of Indians, with a fiddle in his hand, attended by some pale-faced virgins. In one of the side-chapels is a small statue of the Virgin, with three cannon-balls on her head — a votive offering from a person who was three times saved from being shot by the interposition of the Virgin in an attack on the Mission by the Indians.

The vast lands of the Missions have long been sequestered; and even this Mission no longer belongs to the clergy; it was exchanged, by the last occupants, for a house in the town; the present possessor, a Californian, makes money by the sale of the vegetables and fruit of the garden, which are much prized; they consist of potatoes, peas, and other vegetables common in England; fruits also of the common sorts. The whole country abounds with game; deer were plentiful, quails in flocks, and so tame as to destroy all

the sport of killing them ; * hares were numerous and fine ; there was also a peculiar sort of grey squirrel, which burrowed like a rabbit, in numbers together ; they are called *ardillas* by the people, and are much prized for eating, both by natives and Indians.

During our stay Captain Fremont and his party arrived, preceded by another troop of American horse. It was a party of seamen mounted, who were used to scour the country to keep off marauders. Their efficiency as sailors, they being nearly all English, we will not question. As cavalry they would, probably, have been singularly destructive *to each other*. Their leader, however, was a fine fellow, and one of the best rifle-shots in the States. Fremont's party naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works. These men had passed years in the wilds, living on their own resources : they were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence in long file emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode a-head, a spare active-looking man, with such an eye ! He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard, and

* The quail is a very handsome bird, with a crest which it can elevate or depress at will, and a beautifully shaded breast. They fly in covies of fifty or sixty, and perch on the trees.

have been with him through all his wanderings : they had charge of two baggage-horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty-nine of them are his regular men, the rest are loafers picked up lately ; his original men are principally backwoodsmen from the State of Tennessee, and the banks of the upper waters of the Missouri. He has one or two with him who enjoy high reputations in the Prairies. Kit Carsons is as well known there as the Duke is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long loose coat of deer-skin, tied with thongs in front ; trousers of the same, of their own manufacture, which, when wet through, they take off, scrape well inside with a knife, and put on as soon as dry ; the saddles were of various fashions, though these and a large drove of horses, and a brass field-gun, were things they had picked up about California. The rest of the gang were a rough set ; and perhaps their private, public, and moral characters had better not be too closely examined. They are allowed no liquor, tea and sugar only ; this, no doubt, has much to do with their good conduct, and the discipline too is very strict. They were marched up to an open space on the hills near the town, under some large firs, and there

took up their quarters in messes of six or seven in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. One man, a doctor, six foot six high, was an odd-looking fellow. May I never come under his hands!

The party, after settling themselves, strolled into the town, and in less than two days passed in drunkenness and debauchery, three or four were missing.

> "Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke,
> And sorely would the Yankee foemen rue,
> If subtle poniards wrapt beneath the cloak
> Could blunt the sabre's edge or clear the cannon's smoke."

They were accordingly marched away into those wilds of which they seemed much better citizens. In justice, however, to the Americans, I must say they seemed to treat the natives well, and their authorities extended every protection to them. One of the gang was very uncivil to us, and threw on us the withering imputation of being Britishers, with an intensity of scorn that must have been painful to himself; on inquiry he was found to be a deserter from the Marines. In fact, the most violently Yankee were discovered to be English fellows, of high principles, of course. One day returning from a ride a party of us were galloping hard in pursuit of a jackal, when a man rode up to us, an ill-looking little old fellow, and asked us who we were, adding, "I

came up thinking you were Mexicans, to stop you; as you are not, you may proceed." Fancy the fellow, six to one!

The butts of the trappers' rifles resemble a Turkish musket, therefore fit light to the shoulder; they are very long and very heavy; carry ball about thirty-eight to the pound. A stick a little longer than the barrel is carried in the bore, in which it fits tightly; this keeps the bullet from moving, and in firing, which they do in a crouching position, they use it as a rest. California produces abundance of *asmites* or natural soap; it is a root like an amaryllis bulb, and, as far as my experience went, about as useful for washing. It is here universally used, when soap is scarce. Firewood may be cut without any payment, and spars for little or none: they are fairly good, but very heavy. Water can be obtained at Monterey from wells: there is no other. These wells are private property, but the supply is abundant. The beef was excellent, and furnished to the ship at eight shillings the hundredweight. A live bullock cost nine dollars (thirty-five shillings); it weighed on an average four hundred and eighty pounds. Sheep were five or six shillings a-piece, fat and large; hay was brought in packed and dried for eight shillings the hundred and thirty-five pounds; potatoes, eight

shillings for twenty-five pounds. Other vegetables were peas, beans, &c. The price had risen enormously, of course, owing to the large demand made by an influx of two to three thousand men. No other articles could be bought; the shops contained nothing, as the principal trade was formerly carried on by vessels, which came here to exchange their general goods for hides and tallow, and a prompt barter was carried on.

It was with little regret, and no idea of the hidden treasures since discovered, that the anchor was weighed, and we under sail for the Sandwich Islands.

CHAPTER X.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—BYRON'S BAY.

OWHYHEE. — ANCHOR IN BYRON'S BAY.— TRAFFIC WITH THE NATIVES. — THE WATERFALL.—DANGEROUS FEAT.—GRACEFUL AGILITY OF THE WOMEN.—VISIT TO THE CRATER.— THE ROYAL STEWS. — REST AND REFRESHMENT. — EARLY START.—THE CRATER.—THE DESCENT.—THE INTERIOR OF THE CRATER.—REFLECTIONS.—THE RETURN.—ACCIDENT.—STATE OF THE ISLAND.—PRODUCE.—CAVE.

"The anchor dropped, it lay along the deep
Like a huge lion, in the sun asleep,
While round it swarmed the proa's flitting chain
Like summer bees that hum around his mane."

THE master had reported the ship's position, and soon two lofty round peaks loomed up high in cloud and air—again, as we rushed on, to disappear in their fleecy couch. They were Mouna Rua and Mouna Rea, the two mountains of Owhyhee, or, as it is now called, Hawai: this is, whatever they may say, a Yankeeism. In a hundred years they will swear these are not the Sandwich Islands; as ludicrous things have occurred,—Rocky Mountains to wit; but be it as it may, these are now the Sandwich

Islands, and this particular island the natives call Owhyhee. In the afternoon we ran along the weather side, an abrupt, iron-bound coast, which, though pretty itself, sets all visitors at defiance with its surf and rocks: at sunset we lay off and on. After sunset the clear bright reflection of the volcano of Kerama was plainly visible on the dark showery sky, —now brightening up, now sinking down, with fitful gleams: hid behind the lofty mountains, it was only the reflection that was visible, and that died out of sight as the moon rose up in stately beauty and eclipsed all minor lights.

On the following day we anchored in Byron's Bay, about three-quarters of a mile from the river's mouth. It received its name from Lord Byron, the naval captain who visited it in the *Blonde,* in 1825. On shore the low hills with their green trees that girthed the beach, rose up and up with gradual ascent, at first bare and red, till Mouna Rua's top, eighteen thousand feet high, lay covered with snow. The effect of height was much lost in the distance, and Mouna Rea, with its crag and rock, looked more lofty and imposing. Nearer, woods, waterfalls, and beauty, told of the tropics and their luxuriant vegetation.

The ship was soon surrounded by about two or

three hundred canoes, full of the noisy natives. They came off with fruit, vegetables, fowls, ducks, goats, pigs, turkeys, geese, and green and fresh eatables of all sorts. So, not to the eye only, was the sight fair -- our salt-meat-accustomed palates throbbed at the expected feast; our old tortoise even (a tame one on board) woke out of his sleep, left his corner, and wantoned on the fresh food, till he could eat no more. The excitement among the natives was tremendous: hundreds came merely to look at us; they had never seen so big a man-of-war, and when asked if certain hours were not enough for visiting, they said, "No; we can never look enough; all day and all night are not long enough." The market alongside baffled description: here, a man had swum off with a large live pig; his legs resting on a pole, and he quite uproarious at the aquatics. There were fellows with fowls and turkeys, swimming along on two bits of wood; the animals, the very pictures of despair, dropped their heads and wings, and ceased to prune their feathers, far too hopeless for that. Then, the outside people, seeing the rapid sale of those nearer, seized their wares, and dashing over the sides of their canoes, rose at the gangway with their stock-in-trade, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, guanas, fowls, pigs, goats, all ready for traffic. Everything seems made to swim in this place.

The people had no clothes to wet, and their well-oiled bodies held no water; two shakes of the head cleared their thick hair, and they were dry again.

There is a bar across the mouth of the river, but it is seldom difficult to pass; the landing is up it; it runs in a deep channel of rock and tree, and you must leap as best you may to a rock, in order to land, assisted by a native, who offers his strong arm. A pretty grass path leads to a long straggling set of houses: the foreigners are few. There is a missionary, who is much better lodged than his Master was; one great shop, that sells all things; and a doctor, who abuses the climate, and says he is ruined. There is a fine large church, a native house, but it is now sadly out of repair. The beach is excellent for hauling the seine; ships can water with ease, and provisions, fresh ones at least, are abundant and cheap.

One of the greatest attractions was a waterfall, about three hundred yards up the river. It needed not the feats done there to make the fall of the Wailuka, or River of Destruction, worth looking at. The river ran for some hundred yards or so in rapids, over rocks and stones, the banks, crag, and precipice, two hundred feet high, whose rudeness was softened and refined by tendrils and creepers, that hung down to the foaming water, which illnaturedly jerked them as

it rushed by. A huge rock divided the stream, one half of which dashed petulantly on, and met a noisy fate down the fall; while the other, of a milder, gentler nature, ran along a channel of solid rock, and fell in one heavy stream a depth of about twenty-five feet, joining the rough waters below. A little turmoil succeeded the junction, then they flowed quietly on, like brothers, arm-in-arm, till they fell again, and soon were lost in the salt waters of the ocean.

The great delight of the natives is to go down this fall. They sit in the channel I have described: they utter a shout, a scream of joy, join the hands gracefully over the head, and, one after another, the girls of Hilo descend, emerging like sea-nymphs in the eddy below. The figure, as it gleams for an instant in the body of water, appears, to those standing below, quite perfect, and the gay shouts and laughing taunt to follow, has led to the death of many; for there is some secret current that not only drowns, but carries away the body too. The feat was attempted by three of our men, but none, I think, did it twice.

The descent of the lower fall is a lesser feat, and the sensation of going down it head foremost delightful; even that, however, is often fatal; and during our stay here, a man was lost merely through making

a false step from the bank. The surprising agility of the women especially, baffles description. One will sit by your side on the high bank, and remain so till you throw a stone into the water, with all your force, then down she jumps, straight as an arrow, her feet crossed, one over the instep of the other, and emerges with a laugh, holding up the stone. On first attempting to rise to the surface after going down the fall, the water seems, from the force of the current, to be matted overhead, and it is only by striking out into the eddy that you can rise; this the girls manage to perfection. They kick out their feet both together, and replaiting their hair with their hands, they float about the edge with a grace that is beautiful to see. Then the water is clear and blue, not cold, frosty, half-thawed. As lazily one watched the stream, down dropped from the ledges overhead, and cut the bright water, what soon reappeared, a man or woman. These ledges are fifty or eighty feet high, yet none seemed to regard it as a feat, and the merry laugh told you it was done but to surprise the European. We appeared contemptible in our own eyes, as we skurried from the rain with our umbrellas; but we soon yielded to wiser teaching, threw care away, got wet and dry again without minding it, swam, and enjoyed it as much as they did.

As a proof of their wonderful dexterity in swimming, I may relate, that on one occasion a vessel was capsized thirty miles distant from Kani,* one of the islands, with nearly a hundred and fifty persons on board. Several were drowned at once; the rest boldly struck out for the shore. One woman reached it after swimming thirty hours, bringing with her the body of her husband, a white man, who had died from exhaustion several hours before.

After some trouble, horses and guides were procured to visit the crater of Kerania, and, with our good chief, the merriest and pleasantest of the party, we left Hilo (the native name of the place) a pretty strong company. Our baggage was carried in large gourds, strung in neat nets of native line, and each gourd was carried on a pole between two Kanakas—all men are called Kanakas here;—it is no parade of my two or three words, but what each calls his fellow. We had pretty good horses, brought originally from South America: they have multiplied immensely, and are fine, large, powerful animals; wanting, perhaps, in

* This island of Kani was the spot on which, according to their traditions, the canoe rested, containing the three or four persons who repeopled the earth after the Deluge. This legend would disprove the assertions of those who state that the Deluge was a local affair, confined to the shores of the Mediterranean.

bottom, but stronger and better made than their progenitors.

After leaving the village, the road passed the king's fish-ponds. These are a great source of revenue, and are a species of stew, in which only mullet are kept. These animals, when small, are caught in hundreds at sea, by nets. They are then placed in enclosures of coral, through which fresh water flows. The sea has an entrance to the stew, but the escape of the fish is prevented by the walls. After some time spent here they are transferred to fresher and still fresher water, till they are fit, in five or six weeks, for these stews, where they attain a size and fatness that makes them unrivalled as fish. The *taro* is planted in the stews, or, rather, the stews are taro-beds, and the fish feed on the insects and roots.

Turning inland, all traces of habitation were soon lost, and the road wound through woods where the path was a morass or large plain, with grass struggling up amidst masses of lava, which told frightfully on the unshod feet of the horses,—the Kanakas, at their long swinging walk, readily keeping pace with the animals we rode. The ferns were beautiful, and of many different kinds, from the tree-fern to the smallest and most delicate of the species. The pheasant-like cry of the tropical birds was the only sound

that disturbed the deep silence of the woods, which were of the densest vegetation,— creepers matting together trees which were already over-crowded. A couple of orange-trees, the only ones on the island, shaded a couple of huts, the only habitations we saw for several hours. We would gladly have refreshed ourselves here, but the oranges being unripe, the *ohia*, a species of eugenia, a pale red-coloured fruit, shaped like an apple, but very insipid, was offered instead. Water was refused unless payment was made, so we went on, and obtained the boon from kind Nature, who presently tempered the heat of the burning sun with drenching rain. The Kanakas looked so happy when the rain came down! They were not wetted, their dark water-proof coats, of Nature's providing, well smeared in oil, turned it off, while we carried a load of wet things, that the sun afterwards dried, hard and uncomfortable. Eight hours of this brought us to the half-way station, a large hut built for travellers, with two or three others near it, filled with natives. A large inclined plane or guard-room bed was the only furniture, and on this our party were soon stretched; each had a native kneeling over him, kneading away at his body. This is the great luxury indulged in by the chiefs, and it is said to be an excellent restorative after fatigue, a capital digester

after excessive eating, and, in fact, a panacea for all bodily ailments. *Lami, lami!* or *Rumi, rumi!* is certainly a delightful process. Commend me to a cool mat, a soft breeze, and an operator skilful in this kneading, who keeps time with a song, like the droning of a mighty bumble-bee.

We had brought cooks with us, but they sat by the fire, and the natives did all the work, laying before us a capital spread of potatoes, fowls, turkeys, &c. Then more *Rumi, rumi!* and cigars, and so to rest. How the natives managed I cannot imagine; they had run all day, and sat singing this same drony song, and looking at the fire all night, yet they started fresh at daylight. As we all lay about the room, some of my comrades must have been unconsciously practising for the diggings at California, by the way, they scratched, scratched at themselves.

At daylight we started, many with woeful faces, and tales of musquitoes. There were beds of berries by the wayside, like large currants, buccinum, called by the natives *ohelo*, very insipid; but the day was hot, and there was nothing else, so the march was a rush from one bed to the other, abusing the crater for being so far off. Still plain — nothing now but plain — the woods are all behind; even the sandal-wood groves are passed; and now the eye sweeps up to

Mouna Loa, and still no crater. The misty rain prevented smoke being seen; but here is a vast, round place, like an enormous gravel-pit; it is the famous face, and these huts we are to live in; they stand on the edge of the pit, which it requires some time to believe is so wonderful; however, it *is*, and time convinces you of it.

The crater of Keränea, or Lua Pele (Pele's Pit—she is the goddess of the crater in their ancient mythology), is about thirty-eight miles from Hilo, in a south-westerly direction, and on the ascent of Mouna Loa, one thousand nine hundred and seventy feet above the sea; the entire circumference is about twenty-seven miles; of this, one portion, a lake of perhaps three miles in circumference, was in action at the period of our visit, and at night, from above, fire could be seen through the fissures, which here and there occurred over the whole bottom. The lava rises gradually till it overflows the crater; then pouring in a stream, of miles in width, over the lowest bank, it flows down the slope to the sea, and subsides again to its usual depth. The overflow is a frightful visitation, but, as it generally runs in one direction, that part of the island is avoided, and abandoned to its ravages. The overflows occur about every fifty or eighty years, and the track of the last is now a vast plain of solid lava, extending to

the sea, in many parts three miles in breadth. It levelled forests, melted rocks, cleared all in its progress, and pouring into the ocean, heated it for miles, and killed thousands of fish. Wilkes, in his Exploring Expedition, has accounted for it satisfactorily, no doubt. Ellis, the missionary, gives a pretty and pleasing account. I do not think Cook mentions it.

After a short rest, we commenced the descent, in the lightest clothing, armed with poles, and attended by guides. An abrupt descent of two hundred feet brings you to the top of the second basin, within the first; and six hundred feet more to the bottom, which is a plain of lava, broken into masses, running here, in ridges, like a crested wave suddenly arrested and hardened; there, in deep gullies of lava. Here and there are curious masses, as if the wind had sportively twisted the hot lava up, and there it had become fixed. Each of these bears a name: Kamahema the King, is one; poor Pele, whose rule the missionaries have overturned, another; and so on. Over these we scrambled and jumped, avoiding the frequent blow-holes, from which the pent-up demon below breathed up hot sulphureous breath. Occasionally the surface creaked and cracked with fearful warning.

After two hours' toil, we reached the part actually

in action. The first view was disappointing: it seemed like the sea as represented at theatres, and caused a dizziness that prevented a just appreciation of it, so near; then, it looked like a cauldron of lead, with Dives floating on its surface; for huge boulders of unmelted lava eddied about. Now it spit up red lumps, now angrily bubbled, and the wind blew an atmosphere that nearly stifled us; and as the sea surged and rolled its angry whirlpools nearer and nearer, as if indignant at our intrusion, we hastily retreated, a precaution our guide had taken some time previously. Our shoes were burnt to uselessness, and so much sulphur had been inhaled as rendered the reascent no easy task. The lava is often found in light tangled masses, called by the natives Pele's hair. It clings about, blown by the wind. The mass of the plain traversed was volcanic glass, black, cellular, brittle, shiny.

Evening.—Before the bright moon arose was the time to witness it. Looking from the edge where our house stood, to the left, a little back (all the edges, in fact), were sulphur blow-holes, which at night emitted a steam that enveloped everything far and near; but below lay the crater, now brilliant and clear, like a very sea. Jets of lurid flame shot up here and there, in brilliant beauty, and on its further edge it beat

against the rocks like molten surf. A fearful thought! a vivid reality of the awful doom that Dives met, that we, so heedless, disregard! Each throb of the mighty

CRATER.

fire below seemed to come up hotter, hotter; as the eye rested it seemed larger, larger; and, as thought pondered, nearer, nearer; till the spirit shrank back from what it yet might feel for ever and for ever!

> "So writhes the mind remorse hath driven,
> Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven;
> Darkness above, despair beneath—
> Around it flame, within it death."

All over the plain we had traversed in the morning lay holes of fire, that looked like the watch-fires

of an invading army, quiet and slumbering now, but ready, eager, and anxious to destroy: anon they played up, and rolled about, as if revolving beneath in heathen hellish orgies; and a loud roar, as of thunder, shook the earth as we lay watching. It was very late before we retired, and a silence was maintained well suited to the solemn scene; to a sense of God's power so visible on earth. Near the huts, and at the entrance of the holes, are large sulphur beds, which contained all the water we had, and desperately bad it was: it has formed crystallines of every shape and variety. The natives even now entertain a great dread of *Pele*, and never eat her berries, the *ohelos*, without offering some to her: they say she seldom appears now, as she is not anxious to destroy the people in the war which would ensue with the missionaries if she did. Formerly sacrifices of pigs, and even of human beings, were often made to her, and she is getting unruly, they say, as none have been made lately. As we left she was still boiling and burning, and the rain covered her with a deep wet mist that hid all from our sight. Strawberries were plentiful about our path, but very tasteless. The road back was marked by the invalid horses of the party, which were left behind quietly grazing, and the cavalieros had to walk; the rain

poured in masses, yet the distance was done in one long day by all. The Kanakas pressed on because the next day was Sunday, and the observance of the Sabbath is enforced by a heavy fine. The Admiral's mule broke down some way off; and in our endeavours to return and assist him, I had a practical demonstration that there is no truth in the proverb of "a spur in the head being worth two in the heel." My horse resolutely refused to return, and in the fight that ensued we broke through a fence, and as he fell back, my spur by some unaccountable accident gave him a wound on the head. The horse made off to the jungle, and I had an opportunity of walking home much bruised; however, all was soon forgotten in watching the girls going down the waterfalls, and laughing at others who were worse off than myself. The cook, who accompanied us, wandered loosely about, nearly killed by the bites of the insects, and arrived half dead two days afterwards.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands in general are not nearly so fine as the other natives of the Polynesian Islands, the chiefs excepted,—of darker and dirtier complexions, and covered generally with a nasty scrofulous eruption. Vice and corruption are fast undermining a race as fine as any; nor are the women nearly so handsome as those of the neighbouring

groups; they are smaller, not so well formed, and altogether now an inferior race. There are some exceptions, as we shall hear. The people are mercenary in the extreme; perhaps a little American in their notions; nor has loyalty formed a part of their education. The love of money was not confined to the male sex; and the jumping down the fall was more expensive to look at than Jenny Lind and the Opera,

> "Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams—
> The goldless age, where gold disturbs no dreams."

All very fine in poetry, but in these islands is as strong a notion of *meum*, and as true an appreciation of the value of silver, as Jew or American could wish.

The cultivated land about Hilo speaks well for the industry of the natives, as it had to be cleared of all the blocks of loose lava before it was capable of cultivation; and now there are rich meadows, well-filled fields, sugar-cane plantations, bread-fruit groves, and all abundantly productive. The interior of the island is quite uninhabited,—in fact, hardly explored. It abounds in cattle, which are the property of the king. They were first introduced by Vancouver in 1795, but lately wild dogs, and the reckless slaughter of them for their hides, have considerably

diminished their numbers; they are, however, to be preserved. The cutting of sandal-wood is likewise prohibited for a certain number of years, as the chiefs whose property it is, have been playing the story of the goose that laid golden eggs, and cut it nearly all. There is a very handsome wood, a sort of acacia, which the carpenters much use, called *koa*. The productions of the island are most valuable: sugar, coffee, indigo, tacca, from which arrow-root is made; these, except the latter, which is indigenous, have been introduced, and thrive well. Pele's hall of delight, called Paicorü, is a wonderful cave, of enormous size, but it was not seen by us; it seems a volcanic channel through the living rock, and, of course, is rich in its tales of horrors and demon revels. Large blisters of lava are said to be the drums her attendants played on during the orgies; but now the drums are silent, and moaning breezes alone run through the still and deserted cave.

There is a strong police at Owhyhee, whose principal duty seems to be not the prevention of offences, but rather to wait till a fault is committed, to impose a fine, and take it to the judge of the district.

The run up the lee-side of the island is beautiful, and showed us waterfalls, valleys, and scenery of ever-varying grandeur.

CHAPTER XI.

HONOLULU, CAPITAL OF WOAHOO.

DISCOVERY.—CAPTAIN COOK.—SUPPOSED PRIOR DISCOVERY.—NATIVE SOVEREIGNS.—HELPED BY AN ENGLISHMAN.—ORACLE.—GOVERNMENT.—OFFICE OF PREMIÈRE.—POPULATION.—PRODUCE.—WOAHOO.—BUILDINGS.—FURNITURE.—NEWSPAPERS.—MISSIONARIES.—EXPENSES OF MISSION.—INDIFFERENCE TO THEIR IDOLS.—FACE OF THE COUNTRY.—INVASION.—BATTLE.—THE TARO PLANT.—REMINISCENCES.—THE YOUNG PRINCESSES.—THE FORSAKEN ALTAR.—NATIVE DANCES.

How beautiful are these! how happy they
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal down to look where nought but ocean strives!
Even he, too, loves at times the blue lagoon,
And smoothes his ruffled mane beneath the moon.

BYRON.

THE Sandwich Islands were discovered by Cook in 1778, and he gave them the name in honour of the Earl of Sandwich; his long intercourse with the natives enabled him to write an account, which even now is better and more trustworthy than any other. His subsequent death at Kuakakoa Bay is matter of naval history. The spot is still marked; and one old native lady is shown, who says that, as a little girl, she

remembers Captain Cook, and used to sing to him. The various ships visiting have repaired the cocoa-nut which marks where he fell. Wilkes says, the natives pointed out the spot, which was on a rock, the most convenient for landing of any in the vicinity, as it is somewhat protected from the surf by a point of lava. The top of the tree, he says, is in the museum of Greenwich Hospital,—an appropriate disposition of it, calculated to recall the memory of his deeds to the minds of the thousands who see it, and inspire in them the feeling of a proper pride, that their country appreciates so remote a memorial of their distinguished countryman. Nor his country alone: the world at large owes him a vast debt. He has by his methods, his invention and care, robbed distant voyages of nearly all their danger and disease; his improvements in the small details are incalculable, and are as worthy of praise as his vast research, his energy, and his talents. Lono, as the natives call him, is still high in native history; and the stories of his arrival, now legendary, are collected in a pretty book by the missionaries.

Though by no means inclined to yield to Spaniards the prior discovery of the islands which Humboldt hints at, the American historian of the island asserts that, in a Spanish vessel from Manilla taken by Anson, there

was a large group sketched in the chart in pencil, which gave Cook the idea of the existence of these islands. But in the charts in the galleon taken by Anson, and they were the best and latest they had, there is no mention of any of the islands Humboldt assigns to other discoverers.

He says, the Sandwich Islands, New Guinea, and parts of New Holland, were all discovered in the first half of the sixteenth century; and that Cabrillo, Sebastian, Vazycaino, Mendanez, and Quiros, discovered Otaheite, in Sagittaria, &c.; and that Gaetano discovered one of the Sandwich Islands in 1542. Now, the maps of the galleon would have been sure to have some of these marked. Cook himself mentions no tradition of any former discovery, and some such would have been sure to have existed among the natives. The account of the islands published by an American missionary, supplies such a legend, partially. It says, that a vessel was wrecked at Pele, a small bay, in Hawai; and from the only two people who were saved, the captain and his sister, remaining seated on the ground, with their heads bowed down, the natives called the place Keelon, a name which it now retains. These two intermarried, and their descendants now live in the person of the governor of Kani. Even this, however, can prove no

knowledge of the discovery, as the vessel was wrecked and none returned to tell the tale. So, after all, it may fairly be said, Cook did discover it.

Cook mentions that the natives had two bits of iron which were much prized; one was a piece of hoop of a cask, another like the point of a sword or some weapon; but this might have been obtained in a thousand ways — a waif of the ocean, or wreck, or brought gradually from island to island. The fact of their not being in the charts, is sufficient evidence in my mind; for had they been known, from their situation directly in the highway across the ocean, with regard to California and even Mexico, they would have been points of vast importance to the Spaniards.

It was, at the time of Cook's visit, under many chiefs; each island of the eight larger had its chief; one even had several. Kemchamaha the First, the present king's father, began a career of conquest: sometimes beaten, he always managed ultimately to succeed; till he left to his son the undisputed sovereignty of all the islands. In these wars he was much assisted by an Englishman, who did great execution with a musket, the first one on the island.

J. Young, whose descendants are now high chiefs, was the only one saved of a vessel, wrecked on the coast in 1789. Several others, as they swam to the

shore, were killed by the natives, with darts and spears; he alone escaped: all seemed to miss him. This enraged the natives so much, that they sprang into the water to dispatch him; but, though fat, he was an excellent swimmer, and evaded them so well, that at last they gave it up, let him land, and welcomed him as a god. The king gave him his *maro*, the cloth that goes round the middle, and thus rendered his person sacred. He accompanied the king in his wars, surrounded by a guard of strong Kanakas; one of whom acted as horse, and bore him on his shoulders; he did the artillery, and pinked off an opposition warrior who was making himself very active and conspicuous on the opposite side. Thus he went on, from conquest to conquest, till all the group was under his rule, and he fixed his capital and seat of government at Honolulu, in the island of Woahoo. The missionaries were received, and the whole group converted to Christianity,—not, however, before they had encountered and overcome many obstacles. At his death he was succeeded by Liko Liko, who came to England, where he died. His younger brother, who was born in 1816, ascended the throne as Kemchamaha the Third; his name was Kani Keaouli, which means *Hanging in the blue sky*; but he assumed the other name, common to all their

kings, which means, *The lonely one.* He has no children, though he has been married several years: his wife, Kalama, is twenty-seven years old.

The genealogy of the king has been carefully preserved, and his authority in former times, and consequent power of conquering and uniting the whole of the islands under the rule of his family, was confirmed by an oracle. The King Ouvaia, moons, moons ago, had many sons, among whom he intended to divide his dominions, when a head appeared in the heavens, and said, "Who among the kings of the earth has behaved well?" All the people cried, "Kaihilo is a just man." "Let *him* reign then," said the Oracle; and from him this dynasty is descended.

The form of government it would be utterly impossible to describe, for it is an enigma that baffles explanation. It is a mixture of the old native with modern grafts. Native rulers, native chiefs, English and American odds and ends; missionaries interlopent, Yankees dictatant, and anomalies triumphant—that, perhaps, would puzzle even themselves to explain. The king has associated with himself in the government, a female chief of high rank. This new part of the constitution began by Kemchamaha the First, at his death, leaving his kingdom to Liko

Liko, but associating his mother in it with him. The present *première* is Kekanhuli, who is forty-eight years old; she has but one son, but his sex prevents his succeeding, so the office devolves on a female of the family. Her official duties are, to carry into execution all the business the king wishes to transact; to be his peculiar councillor; to receive and to deliver to him all accounts of property; all she does is considered as coming from the king. The king has the power of veto on her acts and decisions, and, in return, none of *his* are legal till sanctioned by her. These seem contradictions. There is a legislative council of chiefs, —trial by jury,—in fact, all the old native structure of feudal government is plastered over and repaired by foreign workmen. Every chief is entitled to the labour of each Kanaka on his property, for so many days during the month, and to a certain tithe on his profits; this cramps the energies of the labourer, and as children but increase the burden, few marry, and fewer still are prolific when married. The *toten ouriis*, or natural children, increase in number, and crime multiplies to a fearful extent.*

* Wages in the islands are very low, varying from twelve to thirty-seven cents a day, or two to three dollars a month. Few of the natives are artisans; this is principally, in fact almost entirely, in the hands of foreigners, but any pottering, lazy work they do.

The population of the whole group was reckoned to be 200,000 in 1778. By the census of 1836 it amounted to 108,579: since then it has decreased from ten to fifteen per cent. The wars of 1803 and 1804 devastated whole districts; the deaths are now calculated at 6,838; the births at 3,335; and nearly seventy-five per cent. of these are natural children. As the tax increases for each child, marriage is bondage, and unless the laws are ameliorated, it is to be feared the native population will disappear. There has been an attempt to jump at once from the extreme of barbarism to the height of civilization. The chiefs were too powerful a body to be touched by the missionaries who framed the laws; so as they, the missionaries, only owed their existence to them, they allowed them to retain many of their old savage privileges, and an incongruous constitution, without effect, and without force, was imposed on the whole. It is to be deplored that the poor king has not fallen into better hands, for he is but a puppet and most completely managed by his foreign ministers.

The group is abundantly fertile, and produces maize, wheat, rice, potatoes of two sorts, yams, bananas, arrow-root, beans, peas, melons, pumpkins, cabbages, onions, radishes, lettuces, grapes, pine-apples, passayas, oranges, lemons, figs, strawberries,

gooseberries, cucumbers, olives, tomatas, cherymoyas sugar, coffee, mustard-seed, cotton, indigo, silk, hemp, cocoa, tobacco, ginger, turmeric, kukeir-nut, cattle of all sorts, poultry, horses, &c.; wet and mountain taro and other tropical productions. The fine plains are capable of vast cultivation; the people willing to work; all nature beautiful; it wants but a good government—it may be native or foreign—but let it be honourable and just, firm and equitable.

A vessel, the size of the *Collingwood*, is unable to enter the inner harbour and must anchor outside at some distance from the reef which surrounds the island. The harbour has a long channel, and is accessible only at certain times: even then care is necessary, and unless the vessel is handy and well managed, it must be towed in.

The appearance from the roads of the island of Woahoo is hardly pretty; the hills, bold and lofty, are naked and barren: like a coy female she shows a cold exterior, but on a nearer approach, displays numberless attractions. The vast plain rises to cliffs which are shrouded in almost perpetual rain, and the town presents a mixed mass of huts and the pretty bungalow residences of the numerous foreigners.

Woahoo was the last island of the group that made any great resistance to the rule of the present dynasty,

and was added, after a great fight, which shall be described when we reach the ground of the action. It is a large straggling place; the foreign residents are numerous, chiefly Americans; and there is an affair called a fort which contains little besides some very uncomfortable prisons. The king has a stone building of tolerable size for a palace, but it consists chiefly of reception-rooms, his majesty principally inhabiting a large native hut near; the dwellings and habits of his forefathers being much more congenial to his taste than hot, civilized rooms, straight-backed chairs, and tight coats. There is a capital inn or two, some doctors' stores, and every civilized appurtenance, even lawyers in plenty. The houses are scattered about in clusters here and there mingled with clumps of native huts, which in their outward appearance are like roughly finished haystacks, being merely grass raised on a light wooden frame. These have one large room inside, half of which is matted over; the rest is heaped several mats thick, according to the means of the occupants. All their cooking is done in the ground, and their only articles of use are calabashes: they have them of every size, and excellent they are, adapted to every species of work. They serve for tubs, clothes-boxes, tureens, but are hardly strong enough for seats, as I learned by frequent practical

experience. They are cut in halves, and so fit over each other as lids or bottoms, according to their size. With a little training during the growth of the fruit they will form excellent bottles. Knives are used, but fingers do most of the work, and very pretty fingers they are,—at least, the women's. The high society is composed of the diplomatists and merchants, the missionaries, and the white Kanakas, or ministers, each of which is at daggers drawn with the other, and a newspaper war is perpetually raging between two journals that are published. One is in the pay of the government, and the other a paper got up among the residents. In these the truth of the description of newspaper animosity, as depicted in "Martin Chuzzlewit," is fully illustrated. The editor of the government journal is an American; he has a store where books are sold, and a very pretty wife, and he holds some anomalous situation under the government. The stores sell everything; a trade is kept up with China, and the Hudson's Bay Company have an establishment. The missionaries are Americans, and it would be wrong of me to speak lightly of those who, at all events, are the successors of the worthy fathers who first shed the warm light of the Gospel over these islands; but the great interest I feel for the natives, and my heartfelt desire for

their well-being, leads me to deplore much that the missionaries have done; and happy, indeed, should I be, to hear the grave aspersions they labour under disproved.

The bitter persecutions, even to death, of natives who for conscience sake preferred to die, rather than betray their Roman Catholic faith, and the undenied monetary dirtinesses they are accused of, are grave charges indeed! There is a very large church, a fine stone building, which speaks well for the people who raised it. But in another portion of the town now stands a Roman Catholic cathedral; and I fear much the congregation of the one tends daily more and more to the other. Of the Abbé, who is at the head of the Roman church here, no eulogy would be too high. Their schools are excellent, and they invite scrutiny; there is a seaman's chapel, with reading-rooms attached; the minister of it is most zealous in his endeavour to rescue the many sailors, without employment, from the vice and debauchery held out to seduce and ruin them.

The late Queen of France was the great mover of the Catholic missionaries in Polynesia, and yearly devoted a certain portion of her means for that purpose: they have now about twelve thousand converts;

one hundred schools; three thousand pupils; nine stationary priests, not including missionaries. The amount said to be collected for the missions to this ocean, in the catholic world, was, in 1841, 633,254 francs; 2,752,214, in 1847,—a vast increase: it is divided as follows:—

Missions in Europe . . .	fr. 278,174
„ Asia	954,155
„ Africa	155,813
„ America . . .	886,171
Polynesian grant, not including Queen's gift	309,404
In management	32,184
Printing	210,162
Surplus	559,403

The difficulties of converting the natives, and the triumph of burning their idols, has been much dwelt on in missionary accounts. Cook, however, who, as the first visitor among them, saw their faith in its most palmy days, says that he met with little respect, even among the priests, for their idols; and his sailors actually carried off many in sight of the priests, without their raising any outcry. Subsequent visitors to the island, before the arrival of the missionaries, often purchased the idols from the temples, and the natives did not seem to set much store by them, not even demanding a high price for them. The respect of a nation for its religion must

always be in proportion to the seeming probability or perfection of the religion; and, in a future chapter, I shall mention how strong was the predisposition of the islanders to any faith, however foolish or ludicrously profane, which a white man taught.

The missionaries were by no means the first who taught the natives Christianity. They were the first who regularly began, but former visitors had told them of a purer, higher, faith; and at all events their idols were lightly looked upon even by themselves at the time of the arrival of their new teachers. They were rather in the normal state, and, having tasted of the vices and experienced the wants of civilization, were much inclined to be led in any direction.

By the treaty with France, the Roman Catholic missionaries are admitted to an equal share of all benefits with the Catholic ones; this is an advantage they profit by,—and, from the talent of their members, it is to be feared, not without considerable advantage. Most earnestly is it to be hoped that, by strict purification of themselves, and more strenuous exertions towards the natives, the teachers of the pure Gospel will endeavour to regain the ground they have lost.

The Numeni valley, at the *débouche* of which the town of Honolulu lies, is very fertile, and is, for the

most part, well cultivated. A ridge of high rocks runs the whole length of the island from north-east to south-west, abutting precipitously on the sea at the south-east, but gradually running into smooth round hills at the north-west. The soil of the plain between the feet of these hills and the sea, enlarged by deep ravines, is rich and generally well-cultivated. The rocks are volcanic, lying in a long ridge, steep of ascent, and scarcely a foot wide at the summit, sending out long spars that stretch far into the plain,—the steep sides thick with trees, which soften their rocky sharpness with tropic verdure. The Numeni valley, as it stretches inland, gradually narrows; it contains many pretty houses, hid amidst flowering shrubs and wild overgrown gardens, from whence the roof of a native hut peeps out and enlivens the road; the cemetery also is here, and the young trees and plants within its enclosure, already foretell the quiet it will one day afford those who, relieved from this mortal load, may come to rest here in hope. Gradually the rocks close in, and the pleasant house of the king is seen to occupy a pretty spot, embosomed in trees. There is another almost within the splash of a waterfall, which not selfishly seeking to hide itself in a lone glen or sequestered valley, here refreshes the garden in a quiet lonely

manner. Now the road creeps under trees; avoiding the thicker clumps, it winds about, kindly revealing fresh beauties of wood and sea scene. A short ascent, and the precipices, here hardly higher than the pass, just open to allow a passage, which, twisting and clinging where it can, goes down the precipice into the valley, on the other side of the island. The Paie, for so the pass is called, was a post of great military importance during the earlier days when war was common; here the independence of the island was lost in a grand battle. About the year 1790, Tamehameha invaded the island, and the king assembled all his forces to resist him, near the Pearl River, away to the west. Tamehameha advanced to meet him, and defeated not only him, but some allies who had come over to assist him, and Tau, King of Tani, and Mekan, his allies, fell, imploring him to rally his forces and expel the invader. So the king again rallied his warriors, and took up a position in the Numeni valley: here he was further strengthened by Taiana, a warlike chief of Owhyhee, who had long been impatient of the yoke of the conqueror. Tamehameha attacked them, and, after a furious resistance, put them to flight; they rushed up the pass, hotly pursued. As the pass narrowed, they were crowded together, each frantically pushing on till they

reached the very edge of the precipice; here they turned to meet the less fearful death they had before fled from. Taiana fell like a hero; the king, who had fought well and retreated thus far with his face to the foe, died as a king ought. The conquerors then, with one tremendous rush, overcame all resistance, and two hundred people are said to have been driven over the precipice and dashed to pieces, for the depth perpendicularly beneath must be six hundred feet. The road, a mere goat-path, winds away to more broken ground on the right. Ellis says, "On reaching the pass," as the natives relate the story, "they place themselves on the spot, imitate the actions of Taiana, and say, 'Children, if foes attack you, do like me.' One seized my horse, off which a gust of wind nearly blew me, and ten or twelve others pestered me for money most uproariously. One old fellow, with a nobly savage head and look, who seemed in authority drove all the others away, then he put his hand on my knee, and in a low voice seemed about to impart some pleasing legend. Anxious to learn I leant down, and with much earnestness he whispered in my ear, 'Dollar, dollar, my friend.'"

The view from the pass is very fine. The district of Kolau is rich, and wilder and more primitive than the southern or lee-side; the inhabitants nearly all

flock to the vicinity of the town; but much land is cultivated here also; for the chiefs, who are the owners, say, "Let us make trees grow, fruit flourish, then the white man will think it rich and buy the land." To the left of the town a gallop amidst fields and *taro*-beds leads to the salt-pans. The taro, which is the staple food of the natives, is a vegetable of the size and shape of a turnip, but flatter, and more the colour of a yam; it is the *caladium esculentum* of botanists. There are two kinds: the dry mountain taro, which grows like any other vegetable; or this, which is constantly kept irrigated, or, more properly speaking, grows in mud. The leaves are broad and short, springing out of the top of long shoots: they form a capital vegetable, but it is too costly for ordinary consumption, as the plant is propagated by their means, for when cut from the root they are merely planted again. The leaf applied to the skin, or sucked raw in the mouth, raises blisters: two crops are produced in a year. A square mile of taro-field will support fifteen thousand people. In default of this, for, like all good things, it has its ill-natured fits and fails occasionally, the poorer classes fall back on poe made of fern-roots, for there is little bread-fruit in the island. The salt pans, or rather lake, is very large; and the salt is collected

twice in a year : it forms no inconsiderable part of the king's revenue. In addition to the home consumption, which is large, it is exported to the north-west coast of America to be used for the curing of hides, &c. The road was good, and flat plain to the sea,—plain to the mountains. We passed the Pearl River, an insignificant stream,—passed the little village of Eva, where the inhabitants, who came out to look at us, all seemed scabby and had sore eyes. The most remarkable object was a goat, whose hind-quarters were paralysed and dead, and were merely dragged along by the forelegs; it had a healthy kid, and seemed as happy and free from pain as if its form had been perfect. To the right of the town stretches out a wide and very fine plain, and even now my heart fires as I remember the many gallops we had over it. Messmates mine! do you remember the brook—the mud wall, whose height was woefully diminished by aspirants to follow the little black? In my mind's eye I see you now, madly galloping. Then the perils—oh, poor bones! However, the plain was a fine one, and the horses capital ; they galloped, they leapt, or if they would not, there were means of making them, and there were plenty to choose from. The plain stretched away for miles ; there was the king's bowling-alley,

where his gracious majesty indulged in that pleasant game with his chiefs; there was the pretty mission-school with its enclosed playground; and, when tired of galloping, you arrived at Waikiki: under its cool cocoa-nut trees there was shade and a large village. Off here was the old anchorage; better than the one at Woahoo, but farther from the town, therefore less convenient for supplies. To the left are enormous marshes where are pigs, and wild ducks for sportsmen.

Returning late, it is probable you will meet the whole world of the island;—fat, huge chiefs on small horses, men, women, galloping about; for the ambition of every person is to have a horse, and, unlike most wishes, it may generally be gratified. If you are lucky you may meet the young chiefs and princesses. Their education is a good work, and they bid fair by their intelligence to be worthy members of society, and to do their duty well. It is interesting to see these young people whose fathers were savages, brought up as they are; the princesses are ladies, and one or two are pretty. Berenice and wild little Emma Rooke, in their neat habits, and pretty caps and mounted on their well-appointed horses, would shine anywhere. Behind the lower portion of the town is a high round hill, which stands out into the

plain; in the rear is an easy ascent over green downs: it is an old extinct crater, of which there is no legend of its ever having been in action. On it is a sort of battery with a gun (no great defence), but from it the view is very pretty, and embraces a wide extent of country and sea. On the plain down near the sea is the old Morai or Herean, as modern Hawaians call it, a large enclosure, about two hundred feet long and eight broad; the walls are made of loose, irregular blocks, about eight feet thick and ten or twelve high. Cook describes it in his palmy days when offerings smoked, priests feasted, and men, they say, supplied cooks, carcases, and consumers.*

The dances of the natives, having been long forbidden, are now almost forgotten, nor would it be much regretted if they were so entirely. It seems that one or two still enjoy great celebrity for some remains of these dances, and we met a large party of natives and others entering the large hut of a chief Meuhohono, where they were to be performed. There

* One day I was sitting there, and I asked my old landlord who built it. He said, The good man who once lived in these islands. God, said he, wanted a temple, so each man took a stone, and it was done.—There were then as many degrees of zeal as now; the chief zealots, I suppose, brought the large stones, while others, more lukewarm, sauntered down with very small ones.

we found two ladies of a certain age, dressed in the same way as all the natives, and the same as the Taheitians: they were sitting on the mat; before each was a large sheet of tappa or native cloth. The side nearest to them they gradually plaited up, and fastened round their waist. Several people struck up a chorus, and they kept time by an undulating motion with their fingers, their arms outstretched before them, and themselves joining in the song. The chief himself seemed to direct all, and beat his hands in time; this was repeated with short intervals, occasionally rising to great excitement, then dying away low and slow; but beyond this there was nothing. The song was that low plaintive one that seems to tell of love and faith, but certainly merits no translation. The eager looks of the wild spectators, and their intense enjoyment, seemed the best feature of the scene.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHIEF'S SCHOOL.— VISIT.— THE SCHOOL-ROOM.— THE SCHOLARS.— SCHOOL ROUTINE.—CAPACITY OF THE PUPILS.—A GALLOP.—GOOD COMPANY.—FEATHER-DRESSES.— SINGULAR CEREMONY.— TAPPA.— ROYAL AUDIENCE.—KING VISITS THE SHIP. — THE DESCENT OF THE PARI. — SPORTING. — DISTURBED REST. — REMOVAL OF A HOUSE. — THE AMERICANS. — BOAR HUNTS. — FEASTS. — ACCIDENT.

The gentle island, and the genial soil,
The friendly hearts, the feasts without a toil,
The courteous manners, but from nature caught
The wealth unhoarded, and the love unbought.

BYRON.

THE chief's school affords one of the most gratifying sights at Woahoo, and reflects infinite credit on its conductors. Most truly do I hope Mr. Cork and his kind wife will reap the full benefit of their constant care and unwearied attention, and that, in the future conduct of the young chiefs, their charge, we may see the good seed producing a worthy crop. The building is a nice clean roomy house, situated in the airiest

part of the town; it is built round a patio or court, planted and neatly kept: the different apartments open into it, and a broad low roof keeps off the sun.

On my first visit I was shown into the sitting-room, —a nice cool place for sitting in on warm days, breathing of the flowers, which strove to look in at the windows, and full of those nameless elegances which mark the abode sacred to pure, refined woman. We were courteously received by the head-master and his wife; and two of the elder pupils coming in, were introduced to us. On being requested, they played and sang. The younger of the two, Berenice, was strikingly handsome, with the rich classical beauty and dark luscious eye that in Europe marks the Jewess. They were nicely dressed. The books on the table, the most approved works of modern literature, formed the subject of conversation, and they supported it well, showing much knowledge on all useful subjects. We paid a visit to the school-room, which is a separate building, a little apart; and a more quiet, orderly set is seldom seen than were assembled there,—from the great full-grown man, to a tiny urchin of five, whose eye wandered more outside than inside his book. It is a good-sized room: each pupil has a separate seat and desk; the master sits on a raised dais at one end. The walls were hung

with black boards and charts; and texts of Scripture here and there reminded the students of higher duties. There were plenty of well-chosen books, and one large painting of a fountain, supplied by an abundant river, with a native standing underneath, inscribed "Water Army." It was the symbol of a temperance society, into which they had enrolled themselves some time previously. There are thirteen pupils in all, the children of the highest chiefs. The Princess Berenice Panaki is the daughter of a chief named Paki: he is, perhaps, the largest man in the world, weighing three hundred and sixteen pounds; he is six feet seven inches high,—really a giant, and, on the whole, a well-proportioned fellow. Nor does he appear anything very extraordinary among the chiefs, who are all immense men. Young Alexander Liluliko, the son of Kekuanoa the governor, by Kinan, a woman of very high rank, whom he married, is a very fine lad of about fifteen, and already promises well. He is heir to the throne, having been adopted by the present king, who passed over his two elder brothers. They will be governors of two of the other islands, and his little sister, Victoria Kamakalu, will be the future *première*. Subsequently, during my long stay of several months, I became more intimate with them, and the more I knew them the more pleased

I was with their conduct, and the way they were brought up and instructed.

The missionaries first originated the idea of this school, and it meeting with the entire concurrence of the king and chiefs, Mr. and Mrs. Cork, the former of whom had been some time resident on the island as a missionary, were chosen as master and mistress. A Mr. Douglas, who had had some experience in teaching in a school in the United States, was subsequently associated with them as assistant.

The school was founded in 1839. Every portion of a good education is taught, English forming their classic tongue, of course; and the whole is conducted in the English language, though the children, from early association, speak their own as readily. As little punishment as possible is used, confinement during play-hours being the one most usually resorted to, though there *is* a legend of corporal chastisement having once been applied with most excellent effect. Religion is made, as is needful, the groundwork of all, and the reading of portions of Scripture, with prayers, begin and close each day. They worship after the Presbyterian form, and attend church three times on Sundays, where the service is performed twice in the native, and once in the English tongue. The pupils rise with the sun, breakfast at nine A.M., dine at one

P.M., and have tea at six P.M., retiring to bed about nine P.M. Several of them told me the time allowed for sleep was ample. The master and his wife live and feed entirely with them, and the fare is good, plentiful, and neatly served. The school-hours are from nine to twelve A.M., and from two to five P.M., with a recess of fifteen minutes at the end of each hour.

Dr. G. P. Judd, the great man of the nation, the all-powerful minister, is their medical attendant; and the parents are unremitting in their attentions if any are sick. They are encouraged in all healthy exercises, and ride and bathe constantly, riding well and boldly. Each has from two to six attendants, who are under the direction of John Li, a native, who has the nominal charge of the school. Intimacy with the rest of the natives is as much as possible prevented, for fear of their imbibing their superstitious ideas and vices. The masters say, that in all the early parts of their education they are exceedingly quick, but not in the higher branches; that they have excellent memories, and learn by rote with wonderful rapidity; but will not exercise their thinking faculties. They could multiply four figures by four, in their heads, giving you the amount with great quickness, and with a correctness that put many of their catechisers to the blush.

Mr. Cork's salary is two thousand dollars a-year, for which he supplies books and food. This sum, to evade the rascally treaty forced on the poor king by that big modern buccaneer, Du Petit Thouars, is paid by the missionaries, to whom the king repays it privately.* The whole establishment is worthy of all praise, and I hope my good friends there are as happy, and progressing as well, as when I last saw them galloping up the pretty valley. The king takes a most friendly interest in the school, and often regrets that he himself had not had the like opportunities, imploring the pupils to profit by their advantages.

But away,—no more school. Up, up to the Black Valley. Some surly dog has built a wall across the road; but the little black can clear it, let any follow who can. Up, up! wilder, wilder! The rocks, as if eager to repulse the rash intruder, close in more and more, and rising perpendicularly, threaten to slide their green covering of *tuas* upon his head. The path is a bed of fir-plants, and the cavelle-nut showers down its useful berry; but it is a long gallop before we reach the famous fall, which comes from high up, from the region of mist and rain, where dwells the hoohoo bird, the royal feather store.

* The king is bound to pay an equal sum to Catholic and Protestant teachers.

The fall is a singularly beautiful one, and furnishes a legend of unholy love and its romance: how ill fortune befell the guilty pair, and they sought a death in the fountain, thinking it sweeter to perish together than to live apart. The low moan of the wind is their sad death-wail, which still lingers about the spot of their devotedness. But the Marama is high in the heavens, and there is life, active gay life, below; why linger here midst sighs and solitude?

The ball of the minister of foreign affairs was very gay: chiefs in tight coats, looking hot and blown, chiefesses, very much as if in prison in their white dresses, and the poor king excessively bored with himself and his minister, who stuck close to him. Everybody was there: shopkeepers of all sorts, for all are good society on this side the Horn, and all foolish scruples concerning the indispensable requisites for a gentleman must be laid aside by him who would enjoy himself. The ball at Moun Keileke (or the Silk Mountain), which is the residence of the minister of foreign affairs, and received its name from the profuse clothing of that material which was used on the birth of the little *première*, was on temperance, or rather total abstinence principles, not at all to the taste of the musicians of a gallant Danish frigate who played. Drink was therefore furnished to them. The

young chiefs did not dance, but looked very happy and pretty. There were several other balls, one on board the vessel I had joined, which, not being conducted on temperance principles, nearly led to a great mortality, from the odd roads people took to return home. One man preferred an evening's walk on the sea; nor did it occur to him that he could not swim. But the gaieties were great, and the company, except that one half left because the other half came, were kind and willing to be pleased.*

Cook and subsequent collectors have taken to other lands most of the really beautiful feather-dresses which formerly were the grand gala and ceremonial clothing of the chiefs. All that are now left are collected, and kept by the lord high chamberlain as a sort of regalia. They are formed on a species of mat, about the same fabric as the canvas ladies work on; upon these are sewed the beautiful yellow feathers of the hoohoo, a small black bird that has but one yellow feather under each wing, and

* No man at the Sandwich Islands is allowed to enter the settlements without trowsers; it is curious to see them as they go out: down they sit, off go the trowsers, which they tie round their necks, the upper part hanging gracefully behind. Yet on Sundays they endure pain in order to appear fully dressed, even to shoes and hats: it must take away much of the rest proper to that day.

occasionally a few red feathers, small and delicate. The whole forms a very handsome dress. There is one, the famous robe of state of Kemchamaha the First; it took nine generations to collect feathers enough, and was finished for his reign. He wisely told the people to let the birds go when deprived of the few feathers required, and not, as formerly, to kill them. They are caught with bird-lime made of Pisonia. Even now ten feathers are taken as taxes in lieu of a dollar. There is in the collection one very ancient dress, ornamented with several hundred human teeth; there are also long poles covered with the feathers of the *Melithreptes pacifica*, which are the distinguishing badges of royalty, and borne before the king on public occasions. Wreaths of these feathers, which are very handsome, all the ends of the feathers being in the centre, and presenting nothing but the beautiful yellow outside, are now occasionally worn by the richer natives; but the prevailing wreath is of flowers, or the rich newly peeled nut of the Pendanus.

Formerly the king had to take part in a ceremony which was no safe one. At the beginning of each new year he entered a canoe before dawn, and paddled out to sea. Returning with the dawn, he was received by a large crowd of his people: foremost

stood the three chiefs of highest rank, lance in hand. Directly he landed one after the other of these, according to their rank, threw their lances at him with all their force; the slightest awkwardness would have been death, for the aim was unerring; the first the king caught in his hand, the other two he parried with it; the lances were then deposited in the temple. Kemchamaha was frequently requested to forego this dangerous game, but he said, "No, he is unworthy to protect others who cannot defend himself. I can catch as well as I can throw."

The native cloth is still much used here,—in fact, still continues a good article of dress, and its many different sorts are universal as coverings at night as well as for other household purposes. The secluded valleys yet often resound to the *tappa* hammer of the prudent housewife; it is made from the bark of the *Mones papyrus*, which is torn off the tree in long strips; the outer rind is then peeled off, and the strips laid in water. The hammer used for beating is like the square-razor-strop now in use, but with grooves along it differing in size on the four sides. The strips of bark picked small, after sufficient soaking, are laid on planks and beaten till they form the cloth, which is afterwards coloured and variegated at the taste of the maker. It is

most easily torn and much warmer than calico or linen.

The brown tappa, for it is naturally white, is made by laying the strips in banana leaves; after lying two or three days it is beaten up with them, and then suffered to lie again, and then again beaten up; it thus imbibes the colour. Other colours and patterns are stained with different vegetable dyes, as the maker fancies.

An audience was granted by the king, which was duly attended. The rooms of the palace were good and well furnished, the floors covered with native matting; and on the walls were some pictures, presents from the King of Prussia. A guard of three men and two officers, of different corps probably, as they all wore different uniforms, presented arms at the gate; several others did ditto round the Hawaian royal standard. The secretary of state for foreign affairs received us at the head of the entrance steps. His uniform was a blue coat with brass buttons, a crown on each side embroidered on the collar, and nankeen continuations. He conducted the party into a room where was the king, Paki, Young, Kekuanoa, and others; the minister, Dr. Judd, the attorney-general. The king understands English well, but will only speak through an

interpreter. His dress was cosmopolitan, being a mixture of the uniform of various nations and services. The interview, no doubt, was pleasing to all parties; it certainly showed the superiority of mind over matter, for the one who ruled was, all king as he was, the most insignificant looking person of the party. The royal party afterwards visited Her Majesty's ship, and inspected her, expressing much pleasure at the sight. The king was accompanied by a large suite, a newspaper editor, &c.; in fact, all the necessary attendants for royalty; and a flaming account of the visit afterwards appeared in due time in the *Polynesian*.

We had a Sandwich islander in the ship with us, and he was held in high consideration. He got horses, and evidently was a great man; doubtless his tales of travel threw a considerable light on the heretofore darkened minds of the poor deluded natives. Contrary to the generally received opinion of the natural desire all savages have to return to a wild life, he expressed considerable contempt for the manners and habits of his countrymen; and, in spite of their persuasions, resolutely maintained his determination to return *home*, for so he called England.*

* The law of the islands forbids all emigration, and the captains of vessels are obliged to obtain permission before they can

"Now breathes the dawning in the East, and cometh in the day,
The sun upriseth he, Great God, how beauteous is his ray!"

He had not appeared, but golden shoots behind the mountains warned us to hurry, if we wished to avoid his heat, and we were off and in the woods before he could catch us. At the Pari, however, he met us in meridian splendour, and, cowering from his ray, we rode on. The descent of the Pari on the further side, on horseback, is a feat the king alone performs; but perhaps the faint trace of royal blood in our veins preserved us without accident, as the party reached the bottom in safety, and wandered on across the plain which stretched far and wide. The view from the plain below is magnificent, and then the fine height and precipitous forest-clad mountain present a beautiful appearance.

We had come to shoot, and, under the auspices of a native guide, blundered about the country, floundering into mud-holes, stumbling over rocks, abusing the guide, and hunting for a path till evening, when we reached a very wretched hut on the borders of a lake of about two miles in circumference, and belted

enter them as sailors, and to enter into securities for their return. They are much valued for boat-work; the Hudson's Bay Company employ many; whalers also find them most valuable auxiliaries.

with bulrushes for yards and yards round; a capital view therefore was obtained of flocks of ducks in the centre, which seemed as safe from our reach as the philosopher's stone. Some of the party, who were of energetic habits, procured a canoe and sallied forth. After a long and patient paddle, like adder darting from her coil—like tiger on the prey, they uprose to fire (with powder only, they had no shot); one topple, a few violent reels, and they found themselves struggling in the water, which was only two feet deep, and the mud beneath, fat, slimy, and adhesive to any depth. The ducks quacked loudly, and flew away over the heads of us idle and careless ones, and the result was that our brave comrades had to be got out and carefully washed before supper.

The inhabitants of the hut withdrew to one end, and we retired to the mats to sleep, after a meal which was enlivened, or rather enlightened, by a travelling white, whose conversation was very amusing, and whose departure was much deplored, as several articles were missed at the same time. But what a night of woe! The people had left all their fleas, who, glad of a virgin soil, did work away most vigorously. The change of food to them must have been charming, for a more woe-begone set than the natives never fleas regaled upon. The light, flimsy *tappa*

covering was soon kicked into holes; every kick was a momentary gratification, but as the leg bounced through the paper-like fabric, it was seized on and bitten, and, in frantic efforts to get back, the coverlet was torn more and more, till we were a fair mark, open and unprotected. The rain which came on caused fresh torture, for fresh hordes, before out sporting in the moon-beams, flocked in for supper, till we were over-peopled, and emigration took place to the barren, rugged bodies of the natives. The coolness outside was delightful; so slipping out, I left the vermin to their broils, and lying down by B——, who was fast asleep in the rain, passed a comfortable wet night after all. The fleas of Woahoo are an energetic race. They travelled here in a cask from San Blas, and, landing, retired to the woods, till they were numerous enough to sally forth; they then turned on the lice, who rather interfered with their legitimate field, and, having exterminated them, now rove about, bite, grow fat, hop, breed, and thrive just as they please, — so says, at least, the legend.

After some desultory shooting, we journeyed on and gained the sea; from the beach to the perpendicular spine-like mountains that traverse the island, scantily covered with grass and wild flowers, extended a plain of lava. Here were plovers in plenty. We recrossed

the mountains at another pass, where the elevations were less considerable, and turned our faces to the town of Honolulu. All day long we rode on, passing village after village; then leaving the horses, we reclined on mats in the cool huts: fair girls *rumi-rumiing*, or fanning off the flies, or under groves of cocoa-nut trees, assuaging a never-ceasing thirst with the milk of the nuts, which the ready natives with pearly teeth tore open for our refreshment. Oh, it was a feast! Melons, pines, bananas, cherymoyas, cocoa-nuts, all fresh, cool, and ready: appetite and thirst satisfied in turn, with a canter between to cause circulation and assist digestion. There was an awful chattering in a grove hard by, and, dropping our fruit, we galloped to see the cause. From the high quick tones it seemed some deadly feud must have arisen: but no; it was some hundred people assembled to move a house. Poles were forced under it and manned well; then talk, talk furiously and away it walked, till the owner was pleased with its position; and instead of putting a garden round his house, he put his house into a garden. All the small creeks are carefully walled in as fish-ponds, and form a great source of revenue to their owners. The country on this side is very richly cultivated and thickly inhabited.

After hard exercise, the American inn or mansion-

house offered us abundant food: there were an early dinner and a hearty tea. The victuals at each were excellent, but the rapid Americans, who composed the principal part of the guests, had finished before our napkins were adjusted. They are a fast people,—fast in trade, pleasure, eating, drinking, travelling; all are done at a rapid steam pace. "May I trouble you for so and so?" The coveted dish disappears, and soon is seen hiding itself amidst others, spoiled of the much-desired delicacy. It is over; the cloth huddled up, and now the smoking goes on at the same pace;—the chair swung back, the heels high up, an attitude thoroughly American; whether considered an easy, or a graceful one, let them decide; stories and jokes fly about too rapidly to be heard or caught. They are a spry race! Mostly whalers or merchant officers, they have run everywhere; Jacks of all trades, masters, perhaps, of none; still they thrive, and must gain, as their lavish expenditure must have some source.

The English are now almost entirely ousted out of the South-Sea whale fishery, and of the three or four hundred vessels employed in that trade, which annually visit these islands, not a twentieth part are English. The old and practised hands, who have served a life-long apprenticeship at the whale-fishing,

complain bitterly of the number of unskilful people who now pursue it. The whale is a wary animal, and from the numbers that are badly struck and wounded, and that subsequently escape, they say it is rare to get the sport that former years afforded.

The mountains and uncultivated portions of the island abound with pigs, which have run wild for many generations, and have multiplied exceedingly; they are both large and fierce, and the shooting of them was excellent sport. Equipped as lightly as possible, with knife and rifle for weapons, we used to sally out. The huge marsh covered with bulrushes, which stretches half over the plain of Waikiki, was capital cover; the rushes were much laid by the wind, and most laborious was the toil. Perhaps when heated and tired, and all hope of sport gone, there was a rush, and then the quick paddling of feet showed the *poua* afoot, and escaping down the numerous runs they have. When closely pursued, or wounded, they would show furious fight, and dogs, hunters, and natives were often scattered before them. Some were of enormous size and grizzled with age; they showed as fine tusks as the boar of Germany. On the mountains the sport was more open; they are generally to be found wherever the tec-plant *

* The tec-plant root is eaten by the natives, baked; it is very

(*Dracæna Terminalis*) grows, and each of us frequently killed three in a day. Our victories, however, were by no means gained without toil or bruises; nor, occasionally, without our trespassing too near the habitations, and mistaking tame pigs for wild ones.

The feasts we held on the bodies of the slain, which we usually took to the nearest village, were worthy of record: the savage dissection of the poor animal, the summary divisions, the fights for the pieces, the gluttonous eating and the subsequent fun, were, I fear, as savage as the spots of the celebration. My enjoyment, however, was, perhaps happily, stopped by a fall, an accident from which I did not recover for some time. It necessitated my remaining on shore, and I became the inhabitant of a very pretty native hut, away from the village, and commanding a beautiful view of the Valley of Numeni; in front, at a small distance, ran a pretty river; the wide sea, with its reef, lay blue and cool on the left, and shade and other comforts were not wanting.

saccharine, and in colour like chocolate. Its leaves resemble those of the lily of the valley, and are the favourite food of pigs and cattle. They are used by the natives in baking, wrapped round the meat, to which they impart an agreeable flavour. The plant grows wild upon the hills in great quantities.

CHAPTER XIII.

ELEKEKE.

THE HUT. — CHILDISH BEAUTY.— GRACE. — OCCUPATIONS. — CONVALESCENCE. — THE MEDICINE.— LEGENDS.— THE VISIT.—WANDERING MINSTREL.— HIS HISTORY.—HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.— HAPPY OLD AGE.— THE 'CAVA DRINK.—HAPPY IDLENESS.—SYMPATHY.— THE UNCONSCIOUS WINNER.—LOVE OF DRESS.—POE. —FAVOURITE POSITION AT MEALS, ETC.—THE MEAL.—REGRETS.—DEPARTURE. —THE CAROLINES.

" So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple,
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple,
The baby-roses in her cheeks ;
Then away she flies." TENNYSON.

EVEN now, writing in other lands, with other scenes, and other hopes around me, my gratitude is strong to those who so kindly nursed me during the hours of pain and suffering. Nothing could have been greater than their unbought kindness. My hut was one large room, and a curtain across divided it into two when required. But the greater portion of the time was passed under the large overhanging roof, or down among the trees by the river. The landlord was a noble old fellow, and as fine a gentleman as a chief

ought to be: three little girls who lived with him were my nurses, and they in turn had people to wait on them. It is a difficult thing for pen to describe beauty, more especially when it has become a thing long passed; and bright as the fancy may picture, and vivid as is still the recollection, pen and ink are too matter of fact for any such vision to subside into. The eldest, Elekeke, or the walking one, was quite a child; such a one she was as poets picture angels, a very Undine without her soul. At the age of eight years, she was, perhaps, as old as a child in England of eleven, and all untamed as Nature made her. The old couple into whose hands the children had fallen, for they were no kin of theirs, despised education, and except a few lessons the elder one had had from a French missionary, who was attracted by her beauty, they were ignorant of all learning or creed. The few words of religion they had thus gained, she had woven into a creed of her own, which, mixing with legend and superstition, had become a faith as curious as it was wild.

Elekeke said the Kanakas loved to learn to read, because it taught them how to make money. "And do you not want to read?" "No, no, there is the bright sky, there the rivers; the flowers are fresh,—I want no more."

Elekeke—for the others were but attendant nymphs on her—was very fair, almost amounting to what the natives call *poponree,* and her hair was thin and beautifully fine. She had eyes that started, flashed, gleamed, and would have been hurtful in their very brightness, had not the soft white in which they were set, and their voluptuous swimming, tempered them to all maidenly beauty; then the long eyelash, which, drooping, veiled their lustre, was so fine and glossy that all the cutting flash was forgotten, and a love for what was so dovelike and soft succeeded, till again the flash came, but only again to subdue and delight. Her complexion was a clear brunette, whose well-marked veins showed the healthy blood coursing with wild pulse all over; the mouth, a bower of roses concealing beds of pearls. The springy bounding step, the coquettish wreath of fresh flowers, the neat dress, which showed a foot and ankle that neither shoe nor stocking concealed, yet turned and chiselled like a Grecian statue,—such were the fairy forms of my attendants, and, wake when I would, there they sat; for while one or other watched, the rest slept around on the mats; the feather-fan was playing over me, and the active kind eye inquired if there was a want, that it might be instantly satisfied. Occupation they had none, save to pass away time, and really they did it

merrily. The very kitten about the house, though a cheerful, lively creature enough, was quite eclipsed by their playful glee. Now they danced, leaped, or sang; each hour was happy, and at eve the fun was faster, the sports more lively, as if envious of night, when they must lie down and be quiet. The woods were explored for fresh wreaths, and each day more fragrant and brighter-hued flowers decked their heads: every day was a *fête;* they toiled at pleasure, still were always pleased.

We soon became great friends; and though the old lady secretly, I think, held me very cheap, as despising her cookery, still she shewed it only by concocting worse mixtures; and when I yielded up a wound to her especial healing, even she became gracious and friendly.

The love of flowers among the natives amounts to a perfect passion, and they will go any distance to get a peculiar sort of blossom for their wreaths.* When I was better, many and many were the lounging picnic walks we had up glen and valley in search of fresh and sweet jewels for the *racs* or wreaths they loved. Then choosing out a deep shade, they would sit and weave them.

* The *Teearii,* or *Morinda Citrifolia,* a flower like a large white jessamine, with a powerful scent.

"And the snowy orange flowers,
And the creeping jasmine bowers
From their swinging censers cast
Their richest odours, and their last."

At times they sang or told some story, let out the tales of their neighbours, commented on foreign habits, or, with fear and many looks behind, and creeping closer together, told of old times and savage gods, and frightful vengeance. This mode of treatment effected a cure sooner than medicine could have done; — and were convalescence to be always as sweet, methinks I would be always getting better, always recovering.

Of a morning my house was a levee, and weighty were the discussions that passed. Every article was examined, and yet nothing lost. Elekeke used to say, "Once Kanaka used to be a sad thief; his heart was big for all he saw; but now—no." The reason appeared to be the undefined dread of stealing anything that had a written name upon it. This seemed a check on stealing more strict than taboo of old. Pictures were a vast fund of delight, and they would look at them most intensely, and then exclaim, with a gesture of impatience, "Why do not they go on? why do they all stay still?" The map used to give them great offence. "Miti, very good that; but, soon the Kanaka will learn to make a map; then he will put England very small, and Hawaii very large."

All their dates appeared uncertain, and seemed to depend upon some other event: for instance, Zepa, the landlady, was born when a cocoa-nut tree, that now shot up some sixty feet, was planted; and Elekeke herself dated her birth from a large pile of wood Kekaanoa had made in Waikiki.

The levee over, there was the bathing; then lounging about, the chief exertion being to evade the sun, that shot his rays now here, now there, with fiery heat. The physic, which a medical man who attended me so liberally ordered, was always a subject of contention, and was drained as a great gift from me by various visitors.

I was for a long while too ill to move; but directly pain ceased, there was a calm sense of enjoyment, a sense of the pleasure of mere existence, that was delightful. And thus passed day after day, until the only pain left arose from the conviction that it was sadly sinful thus to waste precious life.

> "Oh let him seize
> From pleasure while he can! The scorching ray
> Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease;
> Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
> And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away."

My horses were a constant source of amusement. On these the young ladies, mounted astride, but all

covered most decorously with multitudinous folds of printed calico or linen, would ride out, and, from the appearance of the animals at their return, it was more than walking they had been at. But whatever amusement presented itself, whatever pleasure allured, one of the faithful three never left me; and at last Elekeke drove away the rest, and herself assumed the whole sovereignty over my person. Her legends were endless, and her fund of pretty nonsense inexhaustible. One day a very ugly child came, and seemed to have lost its protectors. I asked her who it was. She said, "One that comes." This is a delicate phrase for a natural child. She added: "Ah! once there were no ugly children in Hawaii. No, no. You see that kelo-tree; well, when the people were good, one day Passa, the mother of the islands, who lived on earth then, saw an ugly child; so she took it, dug a hole, and planted it; up sprung the kalo-tree, so beautiful, shady, and useful; and Passa said, 'All ugly children, if buried, shall produce a tree, if the man is good who plants them.'"

When the ability to go about returned, it was not long before my rambles were renewed, and with my charming little companion, many and many were the delightful hours passed in sauntering and idling. She was always gay, always cheerful; and it was,

indeed, a treat to hear her gay ringing laugh as we wandered about. Now she essayed to teach me her own soft words, now danced along as careless of the future, as happy in the present. Sometimes we went and paid her old grandmother a visit; she lived in one of several huts near the beach, about three miles out of the town towards the Pearl River; and on their meeting, each sat on the ground and cried; and then after a few minutes of the droning song Elekeke bestowed her present, which she never omitted to bring, and departed. These visits were not frequent, for she was not fond of either crying or remaining still, and her laughs and romps were redoubled after these short periods of probation. At other times we bathed. No chilling waters these, but for hours we reposed in the clear cool stream, she earnestly engaged in catching shrimps, whose legs were wrung off, and the rest eaten whole. In this I joined at her earnest request, but never could like them, spite of the sweetness they imbibed from the grace of the gift, and the consideration that her pretty hands had caught them. Sometimes taking our food with us, we wandered up the valley; and while she and some companions wreathed flowers, I read, or tried to read, for I fear the eye was more on them than on the page. Oh, it was a pleasant

life! nothing to do, nothing to think about;—to get well one's only wish. One evening, returning from a rather longer ramble even than usual, we strolled along the beach, and at last sat down under a large tree, which sheltered a cluster of two or three old and dirty-looking native huts: presently we heard a tune, dismally played upon an old French horn, and Elekeke jumped up and ran to listen, while I more slowly followed. On some earth-mounds on the other side of the house two old men were seated, the one hale and hearty, a wiry-looking old fellow; the other bent with age, and his long hair flowing gracefully down behind: there were some native girls listening most delighted, among whom Elekeke was already seated in pretty attention, while the old man poured out his strains. A huge chief woman gave me room beside her on a mat, and when the *aroka* had been returned, the old player, at his comrade's request, continued the tune; after it was over he addressed me in English, and said, "My companion and I are old messmates, sir, and he says his own music does him more good than the native *heoocoree* (songs)." On entering into conversation, he said he was a North American Indian, who had left his country years ago, and supposed himself to be the last of the race (of pure

blood, at least)—a race (the Yankoos) who had once roamed lords of vast lands, one of the most numerous and powerful of the native tribes inhabiting the country now known as New Bedford. He told me several of their legends; that the nation who could once bring twenty thousand warriors into the field was now extinct: the fatal fire-water defeated the brave, whom war and strife only nerved to fresh vigour. He left his land early, he said, and had been kidnapped on board a whaler, which brought him to the South Seas; there he deserted, and had wandered about, tossed here and there,—now wantoning in peace and idleness, revelling in drunkenness and debauchery, now assisting at some bloody outrage. He had been one of the actors at a dreadful tragedy enacted in the islands of a far-off group, the Caroline Islands; and described the massacre which took place at Raven's Island, in which two English vessels, assisted by a body of islanders from the neighbouring island of Ascension, had made an unprovoked attack on the natives, who resisted as well as club and spear can resist shot and powder. At the end of three days the last remnant put out to sea in a small canoe without provisions or water, preferring to trust the fickle ocean rather than cruel, remorseless, civilized man.

Curiously enough, I had visited the same island on a former cruise, just after the massacre. After the invaders had thus cleared the island of the men, they destroyed a rude temple and departed, intending to land their auxiliaries, and return to make the island their abode. The women were left. On the return of the party they found each woman had tied another to a tree, and the last had destroyed herself; they were but just in time to save the others from starvation. Some of his accounts were surpassingly horrible; and I fear it is but too true that deeds are daily committed among these beautiful smiling islands which vie in horror with any that the history of recorded crime can produce.

On one occasion the son of a missionary, a man of real piety, at Taheite, fitted out a brig, armed her, and, assisted by a number of natives of Borabora, made a descent on one of the Figie Islands, drove the people into the mountains, cut down all their sandal-wood, burnt their villages, and made off. This man now enjoys a capital position at Taheite. Another man, who had a high mission from a European power, had amassed the greater part of his wealth by an expedition scarcely more honourable. My old friend concluded his tale by putting his arm affectionately round the stout lady's neck, saying, "I came here, sir,

shirtless; found old White, who had been my messmate years back, and this woman, who has married me. She has wealth and a good heart; and now, quite tired with roaming, I hope to die here in peace." His older and weaker companion had arrived here when a boy, and had passed forty-five years on the island. He had fallen under the notice of Kamchamaha the Great, as he called him, who had made him a chief. The ceremony is performed by putting on him some portion of the clothing from his person, which it is death otherwise for any to wear. When his old patron died, he had been neglected. It was strange how he had identified all his ideas with the natives. "Ah, sir! this civilization is the ruin of us. All want money, sir; money they must have: our daughters and our wives are no longer our own; they must have money, and there is but one way to gain it. It is a sad curse, civilization: formerly each was willing to give, so none needed; now he who has, keeps, and he who has not, wants. What the poor man earns is taken from him, and they say it is all for our good."

Our conversation was interrupted by the woman calling the old man in to bed. And after he had lain down on the mats within, a cup of *cava* was handed him, which he said was his nightly potion, and without which he could not sleep. The cava now is forbidden

to the natives by law, but much is drunk, and of a worse sort than formerly; for as it is not allowed to be cultivated, it is the wild herb that is used, which is stronger and more deleterious. The plant is a pretty creeper, and the drink is made from the root. It is extracted by merely crushing the root in water, and then squeezing it with the hand. The liquor produced resembles in taste, appearance, and smell, ink-powder badly dissolved, and produces more the stupifying effects of opium than drunkenness. Some say it is a most healthy thing. Cook, however, speaks of the dreadful effects of it as visible on all who indulged in it. Leaving the poor old man asleep, we walked home, my companion playing through her closed hands prettier tunes than those she had listened to with such delight. She said the old man was *eru nui nui*, an old chief, and had long been Taboo.

Certainly it was a delightful life — the hut sounds low, but it was neither low, dirty, nor small; a cool breeze always nestled about it, fanning, protecting us. In front, about fifty yards off, lay the river, where the family—thanks to my example, for bathing is half prohibited—used to spend half the day. There was a large slab of rock which jutted out over the stream; up this the three little girls would run, keeping time to a noisy song, and jump in hand

in hand to the tune; then emerging nearly to the middle, like a stick that is thrown, in most graceful symmetry (for these three were very Graces), with a saucy toss of the head they threw back their streaming hair, and then such games! such shouts! pursuits, flight, diving, and screams of gay, hearty, ringing laughter! Oh they were a happy set! and when tired would come and sit in the sun as idly occupied as even their lazy natures could wish, combing their hair, which in its silken glossy beauty seemed to need no such care; anointing their bodies with oil; bathing to cool themselves; sitting in the sun to get dry; eating and sleeping. The day was one busy round of doing nothing, yet much too short for the amusements they found in perfect idleness.

My old landlord was a staid, steady fellow: he had a small room—how he got into it I never found out—where he passed hours of the day, and emerging in a great hurry, rushed about wildly, then darted in again. Through the open door he used to gaze furtively at an old pair of epaulettes which were on a coat of mine that was hanging up: often I caught him looking at, once actually touching them; each time he slunk away, and that once rushed into his place, nor returned till Elekeke told him I wished to see him; when this huge fellow, who could have taken me up

and eaten me, came up trembling; nor could all my assurances convince him I was not vexed. As we got better acquainted he would come and sit by my easy chair for hours, stringing beads, unstringing them, counting them, and baffling my ideas altogether as to what he wished to do. If I sat quietly, or seemed low spirited—for all have their low moments, and though the world sees the flash, the sparkle, hears the light joke, and feels the influence of the light heart, still all, however well it may be concealed, have such moments, and those who have the fewest feel them perhaps the most bitterly—the sense of loneliness; the deep deep shame for talents wasted, for opportunities lost, for insults perhaps (ah! bitterest of all!) unrevenged; and the small voice of conscience lords it then, stifle it how we will at other times,—then the old man would look at me, stay his active fingers, and sympathy as strong beamed in his dark face as in that of a white man or lordly European. Elekeke would stay her romping, and, leaning her head on the arm of the chair, be as still and heart-moved as a vainer heart than mine could wish. One day the old fellow startled me from my fit, and with a triumphant wave of his hand darted to his own hut, which stood twenty yards off in the same enclosure, and returned

with a board about a foot long, with eight or nine holes in two rows on one side. In the other hand he carried a handful of small round pebbles; these were adjusted in the holes, and he challenged me to play. Seated on the mats in the shade, fanned with the feather-stick to keep off the flies, the girls looked on with intense interest;—he took up some of the pebbles in his hand from one hole, and shaking them as he seemed making some deep calculation, he deposited them somewhere else; I did the same, and, after a severe game of half an hour, was declared a winner,—"*quien sabe*,"— how or why? He carefully went over the game again; there was an animated dispute between him and the girls on the play, and they all evidently had more respect for my talents afterwards. "*Akamai oc Akamai*,— clever, clever you!" was the praise from the little attendant, who with her gentle kindness never left me.

Poor Oani, my landlord, had certainly something on his mind one evening, for he several times put his hand on my arm as I sat, but it was too much for him, and he could not reveal it. At last, with a blubber and a spirt it came out: — he must leave me and go and mount guard at the palace. All the eve he was preparing; first, he put on his trowsers and came out, walked about a little, then retired;

appeared again without trowsers, but his sword tripping tremendously, for he had no eyes but for the weapon. Then his coat! Oh how light of spirit now!—he had forgotten me, his heart was in his dress. Presently he observed I was in much pain; his coat was off in a moment, and in his old costume he came, and sat and kept the flies off, singing the drone-song, and really wrapped up in my grief. I now planned an excursion for him, which took him away while my servant transferred the coveted epaulettes to his coat, and replaced it as before. I had lain down for the night, and was far away in the land of dreams, when suddenly a figure rushed into the room, and for a moment I thought my time was come, but the loud "*Aroke, aroka, e ate oc,*" convinced me that if I was to be murdered, it would be done kindly. I soon found it was only my landlord, whose gratitude could not be restrained when he had discovered the gift, in which he was arrayed. He said he had just looked at his coat, one last peep before retiring, and had seen what I had done. "Oh, you in pain thought of me,—me, a poor Kanaka! oh, good *nui, nui, miti tata!* you have made me young." In the very early morning there he was again, looking proud, very proud, but as tight and uncomfortable as need be.

My meals were always brought to me, dressed after my own fancy; for, except as a trial, I must confess the native food was not to my taste at all. They were always offering me delicacies of every sort, and their pleasure when I liked them, which I tried hard to do, amply repaid the unwilling swallowing one had to go through. The landlady was most skilful in culinary horrors, and she often applied cures to my arm too, that startled all the preconceived ideas of my regular *medico*. The natives were always eating: after bathing, away they went, a short hunt among the calabashes; and there they were hard at work. After they had slept one or two hours at night, they got up and ate, never very much at one time, but pretty well every two hours. The main part of their food is *poie* (poe); it is the taro, or rather the poe here used is made of the taro-root, for paste made up of any root is poe. The root is baked in a native oven, then brought out peeled, and allowed to cool and dry. Sometimes in this state large lumps of it are just packed up in leaves and buried under ground; in this way it keeps a long time, and forms a supply in times of scarcity, or when the bread-fruit is out of season. When wanted for use, the quantity required, generally about enough for a week's consumption, is placed on

a large flat surface of stone, and a man with a stone mallet, which he uses with both hands, beats it, and kneads it about, mixing water with it every now and then, till every lump is pounded, and the whole is of the consistency of paste. This requires much labour, and it is several hours' hard work to make a calabash of poe. When made, it is put into one of the large calabashes of the country, and allowed to stand two or three days, till it has a slight acid taste, and it is then fit to eat,—of a yellowish tinge: it is not disagreeable, but mawkish. The quantity they eat is wonderful.

It is curious the habit all natives of warm climates have of crouching. Give an Eastern a job to do, and he puts it on the floor to be more handy; give it to a European, and he places it on the table or on some raised place. There is, perhaps, a more natural boldness, more fearlessness, in the inhabitants of temperate climates; or, it may be the cringing which seems inherent in coloured men, and which stamps them a lower, meaner race. The custom is so, however, with all tropical people; in fact, all savages. These people spread their calabashes on the ground in the centre, and squat down, their feet only touching the ground, and the body resting on their hams. The whole foot is on the ground too, so that the body

cannot rest and throw the balance more forward, which would, to us, make the position easier. This is the constant attitude, and it seems as easy to them as a chair to us. After walking, running, or exercise, if they seek rest, down they go in this form; more convenient than portable camp-stools, they bear theirs always with them; nor do they sit otherwise at their meals. They eat raw fish, for I never saw any cooked; meat baked in the native way, and curious specimens of native delicacies, the result of the long labours of my landlady in the dirt and darkness. Seaweed of various sorts, particularly that short, green, slimy stuff which, if you have ever jumped on rocks where it is, you must necessarily remember from the fall it occasioned. Salt also in plenty, and a gourd-bottle of water, often in requisition, completed the display.

Suppose them seated round. Elekeke seizes a mackerel, about a foot long, and grasps it by the middle with her left hand, the two last fingers curled back—and such a pretty hand it was! the fingers so taper, down two of which the faintest dots of tatoo ran,—naughty girl! it is forbidden, but she says it was done up the Black Valley, before she knew the missionaries. Well, the head of the fish goes into

her mouth, down come her teeth like a portcullis, and the fish is put down again without its head. And now the two fingers, the first and second of the other hand — the rest held in by the tiny thumb — dip into the poe; back she throws her head, her loose hair streaming, her mouth open, her hand revolves about to keep the stuff from falling, and fingers and all enter, and come out again clean; and so she feeds; — it is soon over; then a wash, and the pleasures of the hour are resumed.

Cards were a great amusement, and a species of whist the staple game, save that each played against the other, and there were no stakes, and no bad play. The laughing play of the girls, and the stern, resolute play of Oani, were infinite fun; the way he clenched a trick with a king, his despair as it fell to an ace, and his utter blindness to the sad way the girls cheated him — how successively his knave, king, and queen had fallen to the same ace, were each quite amusement enough for this indolence-producing climate. As my thoughts now recur to the hours I thus spent, I will own that it causes me great regret, that I, neither by example nor precept, ever tried to teach them better things: content, because their ways were all quiet and soft, I gave sanction to their faults by my consent and example; and can

only hope, that since I left they have taken to more industrial pursuits.

At last my arm was well enough to allow the removal of the very uncomfortable gutter-like affair I had worn so long; and resuming my duties, we soon bade adieu to the place where so many idle hours had been spent. I avoided all leave-taking with my native friends, but poor Elekeke, sitting on the beach, was the last object I saw. As with a fresh breeze we left the harbour, gradually the view melted into one mass,—houses, trees, green fertility, all mingled together. On, on sped the ship, kicking, surging, rolling, as if pleased at her freedom; and soon a small speck, far, far astern, was all that was left to our outward senses of the pleasures and joys of months. As dinner was announced, and a descent to eat it shut out the speck, a small choke in the throat told of regrets, sorrow, and a sense of distress. But we were about to visit Taheite again; and in bright plans for the future, the memory of the past grew faint, until it disappeared altogether, as, "Land! Oh, that's Eimeo!" was shouted from the deck.

On our way, we touched at a small group of islands directly in the passage between the two groups of Taheite and the Sandwich. The Caroline Islands are a low small group, set like emeralds, in the centre of

the reef, which, breaking the force of the ocean, causes a perfect cloud of spray, within which they lie calm and beautifully green. They consist of eighteen or twenty small islands, and were inhabited by about fifteen persons who had emigrated from Taheite, at the representation of the missionaries, who procured them a passage. They refused all offers of assistance, saying, they were in want of nothing, and gave us fruit and cocoa-nuts.

The passage to Taheite was long and wearisome. I was no longer in the *Collingwood*—no longer enjoyed the almost steamer-like certainty with which she went from place to place; but at last the anchor dropped, and again Paputi bloomed by our side—but sad was the change!

CHAPTER XIV.

TAHEITE.—SECOND VISIT.

TAHEITE: SECOND VISIT.—PROGRESS OF THE FRENCH.—FORT TAKEN.—NATIVES DELIVER UP THEIR ARMS.—SORROW AND RAGE.—PLAN FOR SETTLING ON THE ISLANDS.—THE LEGEND OF ANORO.—THE LEGEND.—TATOOING.—THE DANCE.—EXACT TIME.—INCREASED ATTACHMENT TO THE FRENCH.—FESTIVAL.—REVIEW.—BOAT-RACE.—ANECDOTE.

"To burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island, at the gateways of the day.
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.
Droops the heavy blossomed bower, hangs the heavy fruited tree;
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea,
There, methinks, should be enjoyment, more than in this march of mind,
In the steam-ship, in the rail-way, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

* *

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the grey barbarian lower than the Christian child;
I to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

TENNYSON.

Alas! a sad change had come over Taheite since we left it. Nature, more verdant than ever, bloomed fairer and fresher, but the chain was riveted, the people had surrendered, the return of Pomare was expected; the French now no longer fearing foes at home, were fortifying themselves most strongly, and their authority bids fair to resist any attacks that may be made against it. Foremost, suffering under its metal load, was the beautiful little island of Mootoolitti, on the reef; once all trees and bowers, now loaded with battery and gun; once a cool retreat, now a pugnacious offender. The lamb has become a lion, and Pomare from the beach may gaze on the works of art with hardly such bright eyes, methinks, as erst while she gazed on festooned flowers, on glade and green, on which a stream of moonbeams played in soundless, soulfelt harmony.

It was not any victory that had done this; where the natives had fought, they had generally been little worsted. No; time had wearied them out. In several attacks they had pressed the French hard; on one occasion had actually seized the Euranie fort, taking its grassy bastions at the rush: then, oh then! had they but had knowledge, and turned the guns on the shipping, the island had been their own again. In another assault from the other side, they

had driven them behind their lines, and would have seized them had not a chief fallen, whose dead body they would not pass over. Then the ships opened a tremendous flanking fire, and drove them back. By firing at night from the hills on the town, they had kept the garrison marching and countermarching, so that a very few days more would have wearied them out; but there they stopped. Time wore on; there was no hope of foreign assistance, so they were fairly wearied out, and at last the French seized Fatawa fort by stealth. Not our poor valley that had long been lost; but the upper fort, the rear of the three camps—the key of the island. A French chief offered to lead the French to it; a renegade gallant party were selected, and one by one, at noonday, they were hauled up the face of the rock into the fort. The natives in garrison left it, seemingly paralysed, for they made no resistance, and shortly afterwards the chiefs tendered their submission, saying, "Now the key is stolen, it is no use keeping the box locked." The path by which the natives ascended to it had been always before deemed impracticable.

One of my earliest walks was to revisit Fatawa. There was a broad road to the right, but that led to the new French fort at the crown rocks. My path was little worn, bush and tree how grown! I

reached the poor little ruined church. Why so ruined? Yes! here was the fight; here brave old Toma Phor fought nobly; he did as he said he would, and drove the French back. By that peculiar way the natives have of communicating intelligence, a way I never could learn, they heard of the march of the French to attack the valley, and took their stand here. Many fell on both sides; and at last, finding that each step gained left but a fresh fastness to assault, the French retreated with no small loss, and one officer high in command severely wounded. Poor Toma Phor, however, under pretence of a meeting, was entrapped into an ambush, bound and banished to Tibouai, whither, also, his pretty daughter accompanied him. His staunch adherents were prisoners at Paputi, and Paaway, the maid of honour, had given up politics and taken to washing. A small house was prepared for the queen, who refused to return to her own, it having been put to so many and such various uses.

The day after our arrival, the people marched in from Papineau, to deliver up their arms. They came in in procession: first, a chief, bearing the protectorate flag; then three women, two widows of chiefs, the third, a chief in her own right; then followed seventy musketeers, two and two; noble, strapping

fellows they were, and seemed able to eat the little puny French soldiers, who stood looking on; after these came a crowd of both sexes, of all sorts and ages. They marched to the Governor's house, and said, "We are come in, and are willing to abide by the French protectorate." Bruat demanded their arms; they said, "We have brought these," and seventy disabled firelocks enriched the conquerors. He said, "I must and will have all." The people separated, and it was piteous to see how sad and sorry they were; many, with tears, shook our hands, exclaiming, "It is not your faults, you would have fought." Others, more outrageous, said, "They are liars, the English; had our mountains been gold, and our ground silver, we should have had help enough."

The missionaries, also, were beginning to feel much straitened; already the effects of the opposition to them were sadly operating; their mission at Papawa was deserted, and the house was empty, save Pomare the First's chair, which was stored up, as a relic, I suppose. The bad season had set in, which continues from December to March; hard breezes and almost incessant rain.

One of the nicest lounges at Taheite, was at the house of a celebrated lady named Teyna; a few years

ago, she had been one of the most beautiful women at Taheite; so much so, as to cause considerable jealousy in the royal breast of Pomare, whose husband gave her a silk dress, for which Pomare banished her to Eimeo. She had returned during the disturbances, and, though no longer young, such was her goodness and intellect, that her house was a delightful lounge. She was in fact the Madame de Staël of the island, and her graceful manners, perfect features, for they were classic and chiselled as Phidias's statues, and her really superior intellect, drew about her the *élite* of the place. Her house commanded a beautiful view, and, deeply embosomed in trees, was deliciously cool at all times. At the entrance hung a Spanish hammock, and if that was occupied, there were mats with pillows of sweet moss strewn plentifully about. She declared *Poon Fou-fou* bad, so the conversation was a lazy, pretty light talk, which, not distressing the intellect by excessive tension, left full play for fancy and romance. On one occasion, we had been discussing the expediency of deserting her Majesty's ship, and making up a party to locate ourselves on one of the numerous uninhabited but beautiful islands that strew this ocean. The scheme was seriously discussed, and more than one of us, who held civilization cheap and home

ties as little binding, entertained serious intentions of doing it.

> "Men without country, who, too long estranged,
> Had found no native home, or found it changed,
> And half uncivilized preferr'd the cave
> Of the soft savage to the uncertain wave."

God in his great mercy threw obstacles in the way of these wild plans, but Teyna said, that though they, the ladies of the party, were to toil and do all for us, still, if a fresh pleasure came in our way, they should soon be forgotten; and again the question would be asked, "Who hath accomplished the work of Anoro?" Our curiosity was roused by this allusion. Fresh cigars were lighted, and all called on her for the story. It is impossible to give it the charm she imparted to it, as she reclined at full length upon her mossy pillow, her delicately tatooed hand supporting her face, and the prettiest foot just showing beneath her gown of blue and white.

"A long while ago, ah, long before the god came, there was a great chief, and a most cruel one he was. He loved poe, and faes, pigs, and fowls, but men, young men, were his most coveted food. He ate them all day, till at last his district was cleaned out; for all whom he had not eaten had fled, and he was fain at last to put up with thin old fellows, very tough, and who made more bother about being killed than they

were worth; at last even this poor food failed, and he grew thinner and thinner; his life was a burden to him, and he wandered about not knowing what to do.

"One day he wandered farther than usual, and discovered a valley, into which he had never penetrated before. Quietly, silently, he crept along, and, peeping through the bushes, saw *such a young man!* Such beauty, such lusty manhood, and such plumpness! He returned home, and immediately despatched his attendants to bring him up for supper, then lay down to wait for the expected feast. But hour succeeded hour, and his appetite grew keener and keener, till he fell sick; and when the youth Anoro did make his appearance, he could not eat him; so for fear of his escaping, he was condemned to cut a bush down, which by the force of his magic grew thicker the more it was cut. Anoro toiled on; for, like a true liege-man, he was anxious to do his lord's behests: but vain was all his toil. The more he cut, the more the bush grew; till at last, quite exhausted, he threw himself on the ground and bemoaned his hard fate. A soft hand pressed his shoulder, and, looking up, he beheld a girl who surpassed in loveliness all his most brilliant dreams. 'Come, take heart,' she said, 'the work is easily done,' and with one blow the bush fell, cut to

the ground. It was the bad chief's only daughter, and this was their first meeting; but morning saw them far on their way to the mountains, all sense of danger forgotten in the deep, deep passion of love. Up rose the chief. What! his brightest, heart's best jewel gone — and his last and precious meal too! Shouldering his club, he pursued the fugitives: by his magic he knew their route; and they would soon have been retaken, had she not changed her lover into an island, and herself into the sea, and eddying, clinging round it, strained it in her warm embrace. The chief was fairly puzzled; he returned home, forgetting them in devising fresh cruelties, which he exercised on his subjects. The lovers now resumed their natural shapes, and, disdaining all magic, loved on and enjoyed themselves in a most natural manner. She worked, made tappa, procured food, cooked, and did all; and while he lay looking at her, and praising what she did, her happiness was complete. But soon he turned away, or if he looked there was no kindness in his look. Day by day he grew more tired: the poe was not sour enough; the faes overdone; the mats were uneasy; nothing went right. Harder still she toiled, day and night she worked, but nothing would please him. So at last, with a dead feeling of fear, she proposed he should visit his friends. He kissed her, and hardly

regarding her last cautions, that as long as he permitted nobody to kiss his nose (the native salute) he was safe, he hurried away. As he walked along, all the wrong he had done his gentle love came back to his thoughts, all the toil and pain she had borne for him; and he half resolved to return at once, and show by his altered conduct how he still loved her; but he at length resolved to greet his friends first, and then return immediately. As he neared his home, all rushed out to greet him, and, turning his cheek, he received their salutes, with his nose carefully guarded by his hand. After the greetings were over he sat down to rest, resolving to return presently, for he felt that no kin were to him what she was, when his little dog sprang up and licked his nose. He did not leave that night. Weeks went on, and still the lovely valley held but one inmate, and she pined and pined for her plague; her life, her love returned not. At last she set out in search of him, and one bright morning reached a hut, in which sat two old women bemoaning their fate, that they could not go to the grand feast. She inquired, 'What feast?' and they said, 'To-day Anoro, the young chief, weds Matua, the fairest of the fair.' She retired and wept, but a cock who loved her ran to the temple, and as the ceremony began, said aloud, 'Who is this man?' And the hen answered

'Anoro.' And the cock said, 'Who hath accomplished the work of Anoro?' And the hen answered, 'The hen, the poor hen.' Conscience-stricken, Anoro tore himself away, returned to his love, and for years and years the valley where the reunited pair lived, was called the Valley of Delights."

Teyna and her two sisters, Peanon and Matua, were always kind, always civil, and a hearty welcome awaited us. The news of the island, its legends, all were discussed; and of an evening some round native game was played. The *doodoe*-nuts cast* a subdued light, and the pretty songs, the deep heavy scents of the Icarii, or the fragrant weed, another gift to these islands of the immortal Cook, all contributed their attraction. It was a charming life; and even the rain ceased to be an annoyance when it drove us to such a retreat.

Tatooing was performed by a man of great reputation, a far-famed native; he was a frequent guest; and with miniature hoes with sharp points at the edge, and a small hammer, any mark you wished was imprinted on the body. The artist rubbed the

* *Aleurita triloba*, the nuts are strung on palm-stalks and stuck upright; the top one is lighted, the burnt one knocked off as the next catches; these give but a poor light, and require constant attention; they are very plentiful in the woods.

arm or part with a mixture of charred cavelle-nut, doodoe-nut, and water; then the instrument was laid on and tapped, till after no end of taps, blood, and pain, and fresh stuff put on, he wiped all off, and there was the design neatly done in clear blue. The art is much lost, for the missionaries have discouraged it; but there are few even now that are not marked, though all knowledge of the mysterious arrangement of it, and of the different sorts peculiar to each class, is now lost. The men have the whole of their bodies, from just below their knees up to their necks, tatooed; the women the loins only: I mean those that were done under the old system. Now a few dots of faint hues under the lip, or on the hand, done in wild mood, is all they have; but no doubt each mark expresses something to the initiated.

After much difficulty another dance was got up, and great pains were taken to procure proper people, so that we might see one new to us. On the morning appointed I forced my way (for force was required) to Fatawa, where all had been open a year before; now the wild trees had shot up many feet, and the path, long unused, was closed and joined. Where the houses had stood, vegetation covered their ruins, as if willing to remove all sad remem-

brance of the roof-tree laid low, the hearth spoiled, the owner exiled. Our party had met in the bush some distance lower down; and bathing, feasting, eating and drinking, occupied the time till all was ready for the dance. By way of preparation for this, two forked sticks were put into the ground, and on them a long lance-like pole rested. A man ascended a tree with a short stick to resemble a spy-glass, and the following dialogue ensued with one below:—"What do you see?—whale?" "Yes, whale: oh whale! oh! five hundred barrel; back main yard, lower the boat!" and down he jumps behind a screen of green bushes. A man on all fours wriggling about now appears at the opposite side of the opening; the branches opened wider, and the man came forth at the head of twelve women: they were all young* and handsome, all chosen and dressed alike in white, with a wreath of a small and very delicate red bell-like flower. They advanced in line, foot after foot, each telling together,

* One of the women who led the dance was a very handsome girl, indeed, on our former visit; Eusore was a little playful wild child then; on our return now, not two years after, she was a full-grown and most beautiful woman. Several we had known before young women, were now comparatively old. The gallop of life is tremendous here, now that the restraints put on the people by the precept of their teachers and by the laws are removed.

their arms and hands all following the motions of the leader, quivering and moving in perfect time, and the position varying each instant. As he passed the forked stick he seized the spear and commenced a contest with the supposed whale; waving his lance, advancing, retreating, sidling; but each motion is followed by his train, and all in most perfect time to the music, the native flute and drum. It was wonderful, and the return behind the screen was a work that was marvellous: no step out of time, no one finger out of place.

The French burial-ground, already, alas! well tenanted, is a pretty spot, and they are erecting a chaste monument to the brave who fell on the field. From the number of crosses marked "died of his honourable wounds," the loss of the island must have been heavy. On the opposite side, dank and overgrown with ivy, the wooden tombstones mingling in the dust, is the English cemetery, as decayed as the love which once these sunny people bore us—for their feelings have much changed, and French words already mix in their talk. On asking some people where they were going, they replied "Ari promener," "I go to walk." The facility with which they engraft words is curious, not so much from the paucity of their own language, as from docility and a habit of imitating

whatever is presented to them. The band used to play of an evening in the large enclosure before the French Governor's house; it was a magnificent band, and crowds flocked to hear it. The native girls, no longer restrained by wholesome dread of missionary, used to assemble and dance in all the joyousness of recovered liberty; and half Taheite used to meet, saunter about, or sit and hear the *opope*, or band. The love of the natives for music is excessive; on one occasion a party were visiting the ship, and an old lady of high rank was acting chaperon to two girls; the band, as usual, was had up, and they all sat listening with intense delight; at last the old lady could refrain no longer, but starting up darted in, exclaiming "Hurru, hurru!" keeping time to the tune and assisting with unharmonious yells. One evening, at the opope, a native friend of mind came up and said, "Why do you not go and see Louy-Philippe; I got quarter dollar," holding it up, "because I went in and bowed to him. See; plenty more; go."

The seventh of January, the anniversary of the Protectorate, was kept with high feasting; and the natives, having quite forgotten the cause or their own ills, were all ready to enjoy it. The French had made grand preparations, and had sent a steamer to Eimeo to bring over as many of the natives as chose

to come. The dawn was ushered in by firing, and the rain kindly confined itself to Onfena and the high peaks, round which it stormed and blustered portentously. There was a grand review of the garrison, and a dirty slovenly set they were; after various manœuvres, they formed in hollow square, the names of the dead in battle were read over, and decorations distributed. There was boat-racing, the winning-post being a couple of buoys placed facing the shore: the natives had some fine whaleboats, which successively won; the winner, as he passed, bearing off the flag, which was renewed, each race, on the buoy. One was a most capitally-contested race between two boats from Eimeo: the one further from the buoy which bore the flag was a little behind; the bowman of the other, had his hand out to grasp the prize-giving banner, when his competitor, an active young islander, sprang at it, dived with it, and, though hotly pursued, reached the dense crowd of spectators, who soon hid him from all pursuit. The whole ground in front of the Governor's house was filled with piles of food; round the enclosure the natives had clustered; at tap of drum the gates were opened, and in the crowd rushed, seizing as much as they could, then as speedily decamped.

It had been the intention of the Governor to see

them eat, but this they would not wait for; each bore off all he could lay hands upon, and a pig in successive struggles was often torn to pieces: wine was liberally distributed—sad, sad injury! the natives often said "Frenchmen very bad, but French wine *nui, nui mité*—very, very good." There were abundance of other games,—climbing greased poles, which they did capitally, sanding their bodies so as to counteract the slipperiness of the grease—walking along poles which revolved when trod upon, &c.; but the prizes were good, so each game had plenty of players. The groves and glades were full of noisy parties, and feasting and revelry continued for two days; but all was spoiled by intoxication—the cursed spirit had done its work: civilization had taught barbarians worse than their own nature ever knew. We left soon afterwards, and, as I look back, I can fully believe and frankly own the missionary's most active enemy and greatest opposer is the white man himself.

The day of the fête Utami came to me in a very tight uniform coat: "You look well," I remarked. "No; I am very sick," he said; "I have been a friend to the English all my life, and now, as an old man, my tongue lies, and I have said I am French to-day. Utami goes home to die—tell the Admiral though my mouth is French, my heart, my

whole heart is English." (Poor fellow! he had known Bligh and the *Bounty's* crew.)

Fresh bodies of French missionaries are arriving: they belong to a newly-established society for the islands, peculiarly originating in France, and they have set up a store to undersell the English traders, whom it was much wished to remove; but as yet the natives cling to their older friends, though it is but fair to say they do charge most enormously.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NAVIGATORS' ISLANDS.

PASSAGE.—BOUGAINVILLE'S DISCOVERY.—TRAFFIC WITH THE NATIVES.—OBJECT OF THE EXPEDITION.—LA PEROUSE.—BOATS SENT FOR WATER.—BOATS AGROUND.—THE NATIVES ATTACK THEM.—DISASTROUS FLIGHT.—FATE OF LA PEROUSE.—HEAVY RAINS.—CORALLINES.—THE CANOES.—DISTANT VOYAGES.—HEAD-DRESSES.—LEAF-GARMENTS.—WOMEN'S DRESS.—THE CHURCH.—HOUSES.—MATS.—SCHOOL.—THE SAVAGE AT HIS ARITHMETIC.—WAR CLUBS.—OTHER WEAPONS.

The sea-spread net, the lightly launched canoe,
Which stemmed the studded Archipelago,
O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isles.

BYRON.

STILL west, still west; the sun rises behind us, hovers awhile over us in intense heat, and then lies down in his glorious couch before our rushing bows: dawn and sunset, daylight and moonlight, on we go. It was the bad season, and our passage to the Navigators' was one series of heavy squalls of wind and rain. The passage is usually one of ten days, but it was the morning of the fifteenth before we passed the island of Manua, on our starboard beam. On the same evening we passed Tootooilah, a long peaky island, and the next morning at daylight we

made the high land of Opolu. The group called the Navigators' consists of a cluster of ten islands lying N.W. and S.E. of each other, as all the other groups do: they bear respectively the names Opolu, Leone, Fanfone, Maouna, Oyolava, Calinasse, Pola, Shika, Ossamo, and Onero. Seven of them are small, but the three largest, Maouna, Oyalava, and Pola, are of a good size, and as fertile and beautiful as any in the Pacific. They were first discovered by Bougainville, who gave to the group the name they now bear, probably from the more extensive and extended navigation undertaken by the islanders, or from their better built and larger canoes.

Bougainville left Taheite 16th April, 1768, having on board a native named Aotourou, passed Oumaitia, the Isles of Bourbon, and on the 3rd of May, at daybreak, discovered land to the N.W. Aotourou did not know it, and thought it was the country whence the vessels had come. Before sunset three isles were distinguished, one much larger than the others; the longest side appeared about three leagues long: the isle extended two leagues east and west. Its shores were steep, and the whole appeared nothing more than a high mountain without valleys or plains, covered with trees to its summit. The sea broke violently on the shore: there were fires

on the island, some huts covered with reeds, and terminating in a point, built under the shadow of cocoa-trees, and about thirty men were seen running along the sea-shore. The two little isles bore W.N.W. corrected, and one league distant from the great one, a narrow arm of the sea lying between them.

At noon a periagua approached within pistol-shot of the ship, but the five men in her could not be prevailed on to come on board. Aotourou spoke to them in his language, but they did not understand him; on seeing the pinnace hoisted out they made off. Some others arrived soon after, and came near enough to make exchanges of yams, cocoa-nuts, bad fish-hooks, coarse stuffs, mats, lances, &c., for bits of red cloth; they would not accept nails, knives, ear-rings, &c., which the natives of Taheite had preferred. They seemed less gentle than these; their features were savage, and it seemed necessary to be on guard against cheating and cunning. They were about the middle size, active and nimble; the breast and thighs painted dark blue; their skins much bronzed; no beards; and black hair standing upright on their heads. The periaguas followed the vessels pretty far out to sea.

At six in the evening they again discovered land to the W.S.W. On the 5th, in the morning, this

proved to be a very fine isle, interspersed with mountains and vast plains covered with cocoa-nut and other trees. There was no appearance of anchorage, the sea breaking upon the shore violently. At six, another land was seen to westward: its shore ran S.W., and appeared to be as high and of as great extent as the former ones, with which it lay nearly east and west, about twelve leagues asunder. At its north-east extremity were two little isles of unequal sizes; the longitude of these isles is nearly the same in which Abel Tasman * was, by his reckoning, when he discovered the isles of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, those of Prince William, &c. It is likewise the same, within a very little, as is assigned to the Solomon's Isles: besides, the periaguas which were seen sailing to the southward, seemed to show that there were other isles in that part. Thus these isles seemed to form a chain under the same meridian; Bougainville named them, therefore, "L'Archipel des Navigateurs." Bougainville commanded the frigate *La Boudeuse*, and a store-ship *L'Etoile*, and the chief object of his expedition seems to have been to deliver up the Isles Malouines (Falkland Islands), and then to proceed to the East Indies

* Abel Tasman discovered Van Dieman's Land in 1642, and New Zealand.

by crossing the South Seas between the tropics. The frigates *La Esmeralda* and *La Lièvre* went with him to receive the Isles Malouines in the name of his Catholic Majesty.

They were subsequently explored by La Perouse in 1787, and here befell the first misfortune of his disastrous voyage. The *Astrolabe* and the *Boussole*, two French frigates of which he had command, sighted the islands in the beginning of December of that year, and Monsieur de Langle, the second in command, landed at a village on the Island of Maouna, with three boats well armed: the inhabitants received them in the most friendly manner, and lighted large fires to celebrate their arrival; they brought large presents of fowls, pigs, and fruits, and the boats returned in a short time to their vessels filled with presents rendered most acceptable as the scurvy had begun to attack the crews. They found the vessels anchored in an open roadstead, where they were exposed to the full roll of the ocean, and not at all sheltered from the strong prevailing winds. On the following day strong parties were sent to procure water, which they found in a small creek about a league to windward of the anchorage; the natives arrived in swarms, not less than two hundred canoes being counted, and opened

an active trade with the strangers. The women, who were handsome, were disposed to be familiar, but the men from the first were rough and violent; one went so far as to strike one of the sailors, who immediately threw him overboard, and his punishment excited no anger in the rest. After much trade, and having laden their boats with water, they returned on board, still highly prepossessed in favour of the islanders; and La Perouse, who was afraid to remain longer at that period of the year in such an unsafe anchorage, resolved to weigh. Unfortunately, as it turned out, he was persuaded by Monsieur de Langle to remain, for La Perouse seems to have felt that it wanted but a spark to ignite the fiery nature of the natives; this he had seen in the haughty, domineering tone they used in all their intercourse, and previous voyagers had represented them as the most fierce, haughty, and excitable of all the Polynesian races. Monsieur de Langle, however, had made an excursion round the coast, and discovered a very commodious harbour for boats, where there was a fine stream of water and every facility for filling the casks. He urged most strongly on his superior the necessity of a further supply of water, and the facility with which it could be procured; and represented the advantages to the crew

of fresh provisions, which were abundantly offered, and could be procured at the cost of a few glass beads. At last La Perouse agreed to prolong his stay, and, on the following morning, Monsieur de Langle, with two long-boats and two barges, well armed, left the ship; the boats contained sixty of the best men, and all who had any symptoms of scurvy were likewise ordered into them.

The whole were well armed, and the boats had their swivels mounted; the scientific gentlemen of the expedition likewise joined the party. On approaching the fine harbour he had so glowingly described, De Langle found it a mass of coral, through which a tortuous channel of twenty-five feet in width allowed a difficult entrance: his survey had been made at high water, and the tide had now fallen six feet, and still continued ebbing. The natives flocked down; and thinking, from the number of women and children among them, that no harm or treachery could be intended, he pushed in. The crowd gradually increased, till one dense mass of people filled the valley: they offered, however, no molestation, and brought supplies, with which a ready traffic was kept up. At last his boats were filled, and the casks embarked, but he found, with an oversight no sailor ought to have committed, that

his heavier boats were aground, nor could he hope to get off for some hours. The natives thronged round close to the boats, not being above their knees in water, and he ordered his men to stand to their arms, but on no account to fire without previous orders. Before, however, there was any intimation of it, or seemingly any preparation among the natives for attack, the long boats were inundated with stones, and their defenders struck down before a fire even could be poured in. Mons. de Langle himself was one of the first who fell, and was instantly massacred with clubs and spears, which now seemed to spring into the hands of the natives. His body was lashed to one of the bowsprits of the boat by his arm, to secure it for further indignities. Monsieur Bouten, who commanded the other boat, met no better fate, and after an ineffectual fire, the men abandoned her, endeavouring to escape to the barges, which lay further out. The second in command under De Langle, Monsieur Gobien, bravely resisted; nor was it till his ammunition was exhausted, that he sprang overboard, and succeeded in reaching one of the barges. The natives followed up their success by an attack on the other boats; but at last the party made good their retreat with the loss of their commander, Monsieur

Lemanon, the naturalist, and eleven men. The natives kept the boats, which they tore to pieces, hoping to find the treasures that had induced them to commit the outrage.

The barges, after a severe pull,—for they were much over-crowded, though they had thrown out the casks and gear,—reached the ships, which they found surrounded by canoes, carrying on barter, and perfectly unconscious of what had happened; the crew would have instantly fired on them, but the justice and humanity of La Perouse would not permit it. A canoe shortly joined them from the shore, when they dispersed with every haste and great symptoms of alarm. Nor did any reappear during their subsequent stay. A native who had incautiously remained on board, was confined and put in irons. On the following day, however, he was released, and jumping overboard, easily regained the shore. La Perouse determined to send another party to retaliate for the savage and wanton attack, but on calmer consideration, he resolved not. The intricate coral channels, and the heavy swell presented obstacles to measures of retaliation, and the mangrove-bushes, running far into the water, formed a cover for the natives, and facilitated their attack, that made the risk one not worth encountering. And

the loss he had sustained also weakened his powers considerably. He weighed and remained off the bay for two days more, and the natives, extraordinary as it may appear, attempted to renew their intercourse. At last he quitted the place, unable to obtain the melancholy satisfaction of recovering the bodies of his murdered companions.

The subsequent fate of La Perouse has been often the subject of poem and story. Much related of him, however, is fictitious, as his fate was never certainly known till a few years since. He was missed, and all trace lost, till an English merchant-vessel found the wreck of his vessel on Queen Charlotte's Island, or the French Isle de Recherche. Louis-Philippe gave a pension to the finder, the captain of the vessel, and, at his death, renewed it to his daughter.

Wilkes, the Cook of America, surveyed these islands, and gave a good description of them; but still, except the harbour frequented by whalers, they are little known, and club law is as prevalent among them as ever. We approached slowly with a very light north-easterly wind, which, dying away, allowed us ample time to look at the coast, and breezing up again carried us safely into the harbour of Apia, which is a long, narrow coral bay exposed from the

N.N.E. to N.N.W., unfortunately the worst points, and a heavy sea rolls in unchecked by reef or land; for the entrance in the reef is as broad as the channel in which vessels of any size are forced to lay. The island is entirely surrounded by a reef with openings wherever it is opposite fresh water, which the coral seems always to evade, and when brought in contact with it the insect dies. From Apia there is a passage inside the reef, but only available for canoes: our boats even grounded in low water. The soundings continue a long way outside the reef, deepening very gradually. A very large, high, and beautiful waterfall, seven hundred and fifty feet of fall, is the best mark; and, guided by it, the passage is open, for it is lost sight of behind the sides of the ravine in which it stands before danger is approached. The holding ground in the bay is bad, but there is an undercurrent which sets out so strongly that there is little danger. The bad season is the same as at Taheite, and is attended with hard gales and heavy rains; the climate is excessively hot, but to judge from the appearance of the natives, by no means unhealthy. We arrived in the beginning of February, and it rained almost incessantly during our stay. The rain was heavier than I had ever before seen: it seemed to descend in one solid sheet of water.

The shores adjacent to the bay were not so beautiful as the lovely islands we had left. The plain was wider and covered with wood; behind it rose rounded woody hills, but without beauty: they wanted the boldness which rendered the mountains of Taheite so surpassingly beautiful. The mountains are said to be volcanic, and rise to a height of two thousand feet. The green also was not that beautifully varied green the eye revels in with ever fresh delight, that comes to us in early spring alone, the young, fresh, light-green, tinted and shaded to every hue: it was more the deep green of ivy and evergreen which, as always with us, is little prized, perhaps, at least in the season when more brilliant verdure abounds. The bay at low water, however, was beautiful from the colouring and variety of its corallines, from red and faintest pink to spotless, purest white; glistening with the spray, it sparkled in the sunbeams between the showers. Undine might have made it her jewel-case; coy and frail, however, it pined, and lost all colour if removed from its native ledge. Our vessel was soon surrounded by canoes, laden with their various treasures, the natives shouting "Fackaton, fackaton" (barter, barter), with the tones of conquerors more than of peaceable traders. Their canoes were neatly

and beautifully made, and of all sizes, from the one which, guided by a boy, seemed to fly at each dip of his paddle, to a great sea-serpent, which, being too long to rise to the sea, dashed through the waves indignantly, flouting off the water, and plied by twenty vigorous arms. The bottom is formed of one tree hollowed out, to which are fastened upper planks by an increased width, or round bead, and secure holes which will not cut are made for the line of borou, which is used to sew the parts together. As the planks are not of sufficient length they are likewise joined by sewing, the ends having been cut into the shape of a capital M and W, which fit close to each other. A broader streak covers the whole, and an outrigger keeps what would be but a frail conveyance steady in the water. The outrigger is of light wood, and a small platform of palm-mats rests on the centre on a level with the gunwale, thus forming a place where any things may be carried otherwise too large for the small body of the canoe. The seams are caulked with a gum from the bread-fruit tree, and are tolerably water-tight. The fore and after end are decked over with a high arched cover, made of a wood sewn together like the rest of the canoe. A slight caulking of borou fibres is put between the

seams thus sewn; raised notches are left on the covering at either end of the canoes, and a high stern: these are adorned with large white cowries which are found at the Vavou Islands, and form a great article of commerce. With these the canoes are profusely adorned, and it gives them a pretty appearance. The voyage to the Vavou and Fegee groups, and even further, is often performed by these islanders, and they fully deserve their name of Navigators; no doubt, also, the Taheitians had been visited by them, for the description given of them by the natives to Cook will be found to be substantially most correct. Formerly they maintained a regular trade with their neighbours, intermarrying with them, and bartering their produce for cava roots and shells. The natives performed the voyage under an experienced old fellow, who knew his direction by the heavens, and by running from island to island the danger of the voyage was considerably lessened; numbers of them must, however, have been lost. During our stay there was a very heavy gale, of which I shall speak; and an American whaler picked up two canoes full of natives, who had been blown by it out to sea. In such a state of destitution were they, that they had consumed the mats which formed the sails. The

visits of Europeans, however, has lessened their intercourse with the other islands by canoes. There were some large double ones on the beach in houses, but rather as curiosities or relics than for any use they are at present put to. Their sail, of matting, is a very large triangular one, and, stretched on a yard, is supported by two poles resting one against the other at the top, in lieu of a mast. The natives are fine big fellows, but not so tall as the Taheitians, and of a darker and less clean complexion; their noses are flatter, and their whole appearance sterner and more forbidding: the hair is worn turned up, and attains a length in many which I dare not mention, lest my veracity should be doubted; being never cut, it is trained to stand straight off from the head, and its strength is increased by rubbing it with lime, and wrapping it in tappa.

A Samoan savage, *en papillotes*, looks a sad object; but see his head full-dressed, and few can match for savage splendour with a man, decorated with this ornament of nature's providing. They use a comb of the straight fibres of the cocoa-nut, which forms a sort of broom; with this they scrub the hair on the head, and pull it up, thus pruning it into grace; the ends assume a brown colour, and so proud are they of their ornament, that, in order not to discom-

pose it while sleeping, they use a stick on four legs as a pillow. The head resting against this, preserves the hair from pressure or disarrangement. They are beautifully tattooed, though many have donned a dress indescribably ludicrous. Some had one thing, some another ; one man had a red square all over his face, which, on his black skin, had a singular effect,—the mask of harlequin,—whose motley dress was hardly more varied or particoloured than this Indian's. Perhaps they were the parties the great Tatoo men learnt their art upon ; however, they were not to be joked with,—at least not on a subject of such importance as their finery. All wore knee-trowsers of tatoo, which has led to the supposition that they had seen strangers, and copied this custom from them before their discovery by Bougainville. This dress is a *titi*, or green kilt, of the *ti* leaves (*Dracæna*). The upper part of the leaf is woven round a twist of the same, and the lower part hangs down. This is tied round the waist, and hangs nearly to the knee ; it forms a perfect covering, and when fresh is not without grace. These kilts are renewed about once a-week, and weaving them forms one of the great occupations of the women. On gala days they wear very pretty mats, called *si sina*, made of the hibiscus, and others of a species of wild

flax, with the ends long and loose like sheep's wool carded out. These are much valued. They also use large robes of tappa, and ornament their necks with various things,—some with chilies strung, or fishes' bones, carved and suspended by plaits of human hair.

The women cut their hair short, and train it up; so it assumes the appearance of a helmet, and certainly neither adds to their feminine grace nor enhances their beauty. They wear the titi like the men, and frequently nothing more. The more decent wear ponchos of tappa. This is probably as ancient a style as any. Wallis mentions it as the dress of the natives of Taheite on their discovery by him. Sometimes they wrap large flowing robes round them. They are fine, well-made women, and generally handsome; but youth with them is soon passed, and then they assume an old appearance, which lasts a long time. The missionaries have taught them to use bonnets while at prayers. It was a fearful thing to see an old lady with a diminutive titi and a huge bonnet. They are of the antique, large sort in fashion among Europeans years ago; and those principally used are copies made by the natives, who plait excessively well. But as each successive pattern differs, now in one way, now the other, from the not handsome

original, I leave it to my fair readers to fancy what they have become by this time.

Apia is merely a collection of huts, scattered here and there in the bush about the bay. The landing is inconvenient, owing to the surf, which, always bad, is at times so high as to be dangerous. Trees skirt the beach, and under these the houses are hidden. The church is a large coral building, and near it now repose the bones of that good man, Mr. Williams, the missionary, who was barbarously murdered at Emarouza. His body was brought here and buried. The church is also used as a school-house; beside it, in pleasant situations, are the very commodious houses of the missionaries, with nice gardens.

The houses of the natives are built on *pics*, which consist of loose stones, collected and formed into piles from two to three feet high. The houses are rounded, but longer one way than the other; the beams and rafters made of the wood of the barren bread-fruit-tree, which the white ants will not touch; the roof, which rests on bamboo rafters, is thatched with the leaves of the sugar-cane. It curves from the top, and comes within four feet of the ground, where, on horizontal beams, it rests on strong upright posts. Movable mats are attached all round, and thus any

side or part can be closed or opened at pleasure. The houses during the bad season are in much danger from the wind, which often gets inside them, and forces the roofs off. Several were destroyed in this manner during our stay; by keeping their blinds well down, however, they may avoid it.

No hut is without a fire, which is unhealthy, producing sore eyes, and seems of no use, as they have separate cooking huts, where all their work is done. The floors are covered with numerous mats, and a fresh one is spread for a stranger on his entering: if not, it is a sign that he is not welcome. These mats are often remarkably fine, and of great value. The common sort are made of palm, plaited, others again of strips of flax. These are very neat, and the edges are often ornamented with red feathers, worked in with considerable skill; others are made of the hibiscus bark; some of the paper mulberry; but the finest of all are made from the fibres of the sugar-cane.

The natives plait with great skill, and readily imitate any pattern shown them. These mats are one of the great sources of wealth, and are considered *tape*, or property. The lap-mat is the finest; it is a small square mat, used for playing a game which is much in vogue. The mat is about two feet square,

bordered with red feathers. The game is played by several persons, each of whom has a small circular piece of cocoa-nut shell, polished, and often handsomely carved. One of these is placed on the mat, and the object of the game is to cut the piece neatly off, leaving your own in the spot. In their wars mats are the great spoil, and they are often transmitted from generation to generation as entailed property.

The church, which is built of sea-coral, was erected by forced labour. It contains, besides the stone to the memory of Mr. Williams, several others of missionaries and their relations. The school is well attended, and the natives generally seem most anxious for instruction. Not only children, but men, old and young, may be seen poring over their tasks. The school is on the normal principle; questions are asked and answered, and it is astonishing how quickly they calculate. They have generally slates now; formerly, when these were scarce, so anxious were the people for instruction that they used slabs of rock, blackened, smoothed, and framed; these, with pencils, formed of the points of the sea-egg, answered the purpose very well. They have tasks set them, which they are expected to do by the following day. Of an evening, when taking advantage of intervals of

fine weather, we went for a ramble in the delightful woods, the quiet of the grove was often disturbed by a ruthless savage, who would rush out on you, not armed with club and spear, but with slate and pencil, and thrusting them into your hands, make signs for you to finish his exercise or sum. The multiplication seemed always to be with the hardest figures, 7 and 8, and difficult to do without a miniature calculation on your fingers, or by dots, the savage looking on all the while as if he would eat you. It was very nervous work. It became a positive nuisance to me, for having, at first weakly complied, the fellows used to waylay me at all points, until my walks were weariful with sums, and my leisure was painfully passed in multiplication and division. There was one fellow with a noble head, who used to bring me regular puzzles. One day I finished the sum, much to his chagrin; and on returning the slate, I wrote an algebraical sum, telling him if he could do that he would be a man. For some time after this I was free, and began to hope my labours were over, when one day I heard a fellow hallooing after me. I stopped, and at last he came up, all breathless, panting, and puffing, ten others at least with him, and there I recognized my friend. He gave me the slate; said none could do the sum, and bade me do it my-

self, for he doubted if it could be done at all, as he had asked everybody in vain. I certainly was not prepared for this; to invent it was bad enough; however, I did do it, and used after that to have more puzzles in my walks than ever.

The girls' schools are separate, and equally well conducted. They sew well, and do a good many sorts of fancy work. Their kind and careful instructresses, our own good countrywomen, speak well of their capacities, and praise their docility. The rising generation wear their hair long, and are profiting in all things by the care and attention bestowed on them.

The making of clubs and the other sorts of carving they once excelled in, are still carried on, though now by far the greater portion of these weapons are made for barter only, and have never performed any warlike deed. They are unwilling to part with their war-clubs, which they value much. The carving was formerly done with sharp shells, but now the knife is the general instrument; and as they follow the old-fashioned shape, the new ones, except for the sake of convenience, are equally valuable and more handsome, They are made from the iron-wood, *casuarina*, which likewise furnishes their lances. These are long and barbed, and it is impossible to extract them from

a wound: the bore of the stinging ray is frequently used to point them. The iron-wood tree, or *ito*, as the natives call it, is a tree resembling a fir, of a dark funereal colour, and is always planted over the graves; it grows well and is a handsome tree: the wood is excessively hard, and sinks in water; after exposure to the air for any time it becomes as black as ink, and will hardly take the plane. They make other weapons of sharks' teeth, but the club and spear are their chief tools. The stone, which they throw with a deadly aim, is perhaps more dangerous than any. They formerly used a species of flaxen armour, but this is useless, now that muskets and powder form the general means of arbitration. They use spears furnished with several barbed points with much success in fishing, and hunting about on the reef, particularly by torch-light of a night, they caught many. The points were a little apart, so the fish became entangled between them, and unable to escape: they frequently dive, also, and catch fish with their spears, after the manner of their forefathers, and their skill with them is very great. They frequently practise with a light spear, making it glance against the ground, and then skim along about the height of a man's stomach. They are excessively expert at a

species of club-dance, causing the unwieldy-looking weapon to whirl about, keeping time with a sort of dance, and words expressive of their deep hate of some imaginary rival, whom they fearfully overcome, and then with defiant gestures challenge again.

CHAPTER XVI.

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

SAMOAN ISLES.—ANIMALS.—TARO.—YAMS.—BREAD-FRUIT.— THE COCOA-NUT.— WILD FRUITS. — LEGEND.— VILLAGES. — CHIEFS. — COURTSHIP. — INTERMARRIAGES.—ORATORY.— RECONCILIATION.— PRESENTS.—LANGUAGE.—CUSTOMS.— MOURNING.—DANCES.— GAMES.— FOOD.—ENGLISH AGENTS.— BEGGING.— SETTLING DISPUTES.—RELIGION.—CREDULITY.—THE MISSIONARIES.—DAILY SERVICES.—ROMISH MISSIONARIES.—VESSEL STRANDED.—BATHING.

"The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,
Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit;
The bread-tree, which without the ploughshare yields,
The unreaped harvest of unfurrowed fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
A priceless market for the gathering guest."

The Island.

THE Samoan group are perhaps more capable of cultivation than Taheite; the hills are further from the shore, and therefore leave room for a greater extent of plain, and the valleys are broader, wider, and larger, affording more level ground for tillage. The land is as rich as a beautiful climate, abundant

water, and the virginity of the soil can make it. From their position, however, these islands can never be of equal importance, or form an *entrepôt* for trade. Fowls, pigs, and dogs were found here on the first discovery of the islands, and are now most abundant. The poultry, allured by the plenty they find in the woods, stray there and become wild ; the dogs, as more valuable, are better cared for, but still numbers exist wild in the more remote districts. The name by which pigs are known, *booa*, or *poua*, has such an affinity to the *puerca* of the Spaniards, as to induce the belief that those wide-roving, restless spirits, the old Spaniards, wandered hither, and their position, nearly where the Solomon Islands were thought to be, seems to strengthen the assertion ; however, let us not rob the gallant Frenchman, who claims the discovery, of his well-earned laurels. Cattle have been introduced by the missionaries, and they have many head on the islands. This has been a grand and, I regret to say, a just cause of dissension with the natives, whose crops they damage sadly.

The newly-introduced animals required new names to be made for them, and the bulls and cows were fitted with one by a singular mistake. A Samoan standing among the crowd watching the landing of

these strange animals, asked a white man what were their names. As there was a bull and a cow in the boat, he replied by naming them separately, bull—cow. The natives, therefore, now always call the cow, *bull-cow fafeine* (woman); the bull, *bull-cow tata* (man). These animals thrive well; there are likewise some horses, but they belong almost exclusively to white men.

Cultivation is hardly thought of, for the climate is so beautiful that the shady tree, under whose spreading branches man reclines, and which has received neither culture nor attention, yields abundantly the fruit he loves, and nature brings forth spontaneously all the luxuries his heart desires or his desire knows. Taro, however, requires some care, and here it grows to an enormous size; the large fields of it abound with wild duck, which feed on the young sprouts, and are in excellent condition. Yams are plentiful, and when cultivated are large and well tasted. The bread-fruit is very plentiful, and so much is it valued, that the natives have twenty-eight names to express the various sorts and different stages of vegetation: it is, however, a delicate and capricious tree, and easily rendered barren by wounds. Faes* grow all up the higher parts of

* Of the faes or plantain there are ten different kinds, dis-

the mounds, valleys, and mountain sides, and here, as at Taheite, form a great staple of the food of the natives; they pick them when unripe, and bury them in holes in the earth; this they say is preferable to their becoming ripe on the tree. Cocoa-nuts, of which the natives reckon fourteen different kinds, are very numerous and form the great drink of the people. The white meat is much used as a sort of seasoning with messes, which they make of taro-tops and leaves. The cocoa-nut, when ripe, falls to the ground, and lying there, germinates: previous, however, to sprouting, the milk, then much diminished in quantity, assumes the consistency of sponge-cake; this is considered the greatest delicacy, and is said to be the chiefs' meat: it is certainly very good. The bananas on the island are large, but of a poor flavour, and, curiously enough, a tree brought by Mr. Williams from Chatsworth is the best on the island; the natives are anxious for slips of it, and prize those he kindly gave them very much.

The wild fruits are such as are indigenous, for none as yet have been introduced. There is a wild orange, which is fine and luscious to the eye, but of no weight, and all rind; it is unfit for eating, but the natives use

tinguishable only to a practised eye; the native gourmands, however, readily know one from the other.

it as a wash for their hair, which they say it cleanses thoroughly. The missionaries have plenty, which they brought from Taheite, of the fine sort introduced there by Cook. There is abundance of wild ginger, and its red flower is full of a fluid, from whence starch might be made. The sugar-cane is indigenous, and grows well; the impracticability of obtaining fresh water lime would, without great care, prevent the sugar from being good ; at present it is used for no purpose, but being sucked by the natives. There are wild nutmegs too *(mynistria)*, but they have no taste ; and apples, *(spondias dulcis)*, custard apples. There is also a species of coffee, but the berry is small, and grows in clusters, more like currants,. The berry boiled is used by the natives for coughs, colds, consumption, and all chest complaints, for which they say it is infallible. Women use it, and for them it is said to be equally efficacious. The leaf is the same as that of the coffee, the fruit is nearly tasteless, resembling that of the coffee also.

The jungle is very beautiful, and has large trees, valuable as timber ;. creepers, episites, and parasites in profusion. The giant aram grows to a truly magnificent size. I have measured the leaves, and found them often four feet long. The natives have a respect for it, as the king or chief among plants, and call it Taamoo.

Some of the creepers are of an enormous size, and hang from a height of sixty or ninety feet, as thick as a man's thigh. The natives themselves know little of their various treasures, and seldom care for any beyond the few they use. Their other natural productions, which a little cultivation might render of value as exports, are—caoutchouc, of which there are many trees; gum arabic, cassia-beans, orris-root, ginger, coffee, arrow-root, and tobacco, which grow very luxuriantly.

The sweet-scented basil they say stinks, so refuse to use it, and there are, besides, figs, but useless, save for the pigs, who like them. There is a tree, called *ouse* by the natives, with a scented leaf like verbena: this the people make wreaths of, but it is only boys and girls who like such soft gear here; the older men are of sterner mood, and too savage by far for flower-fetters or for soft scents. They are, however, not without their romance and their legends, and the one they attribute to the lake Lauto, which lies two thousand five hundred feet above the sea, higher far than the average height of the mountains, is not wanting in beauty. Two brothers, Ata and Lauto, loved each other so much, that their friendship became a proverb; never were they seen apart. What Ata loved Lauto loved, so they both married one woman and lived all together,

and loved still. One day as they were journeying along together, each happy because the other was there, a lawless boat-load of marauders from Sairi fell upon them, and, spite of their gallant resistance, Ata was killed, and Lauto, after desperate, but vain, attempts to recover his brother's body, fled to the mountains. Here he wandered about, tiring the very woods with his cries, and he grew weary of repeating his sad Lauto, Lauto. He could not return to his old haunts; he could not die, for that consolation seemed denied—

> "The day drags on though storms keep out the sun,
> And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

At last he reached this lonely valley where, shut in by rocks, he groaned and sighed with nature and solitude, until wearied with grief he knelt down, scooped a hole in the ground, and wept his sorrows dry. Such drops were far too precious to be lost; the pitying gods added theirs, and the lake attests to this day that pious tears fall not in vain.

The natives are as yet, perhaps, little altered from their original condition and manners. Christianity has not spread far hitherto, but it is now grounded in the soil, and may God give the increase. They are hardly, perhaps, so well disposed as the more western natives of Polynesia; morose and sullen; less

pleasing in their manners, but naturally cleverer; more canny and further advanced than any others before Christianity was introduced among them. Their villages were formerly in the interior of the island, only a few people living on the coast who were considered rather an inferior race. Now that vessels begin to frequent them, they perceive the superior advantage of living on the beach, and have nearly all shifted their habitations accordingly, few remaining inland save near the grounds where they have taro-beds or cava-plantations.* The numerous pics inland attest the size of these villages. The whole island is divided into districts, whose boundaries are accurately defined: these are governed by great chiefs, who have all power over their immediate vassals, and a species of sovereignty over the district too. But its several divisions are governed by superior chiefs, who govern the chiefs of the vil-

* This latter plant, the root of which makes the liquor they indulge in, is the Piper Misterium: it is a creeper, and is much improved by cultivation; the use of it, being interdicted by the missionaries, has of course decreased; but still those not converted use it as much as ever.

The cava is made in a bowl like a butcher's tray, on four short legs, which is frequently much carved at the edges. The juice, or the act of squeezing, imparts a beautiful polish to the bowl, and a dark purple colour.

lages. Of the first class there are three only who have the sovereign rule over Opolu and Savai; they are called *tapee*: the word expresses many things —not only "the highest chief," but *money, mats,* if very fine, &c. The full-plumaged cock-pigeon is *tape.* These chiefs have rather a nominal than a real power; and in war only the districts unite for aggression or resistance. The relatives of these chiefs form the second class; and as they generally make marriages for the sake of the alliance, these form a numerous and powerful class, whose interests being bound up with their head, increase his power. The third class are the chiefs of villages, *talafales;* and as all their relations are chiefs, the whole body of landholders form supports to this class and strengthen them. Under these come farmers, householders; but such latitude is allowed that there are few who are not chiefs if well-born: in fact, it amounts to a case of a whole host of high-born beggars; for the son of a chief by a common woman is by courtesy styled chief, or *alu;* and the son of a chief woman by a common man also. They likewise adopt children, who again become inferior chiefs. The property, however, is the great test; and this descends, not to the oldest but the cleverest, who thus assumes the head of his house. No doubt elder sons look

sharper here than in other lands, when he is the only one to whom wits are a superfluity. Marriage among the higher classes is so entirely a matter arranged by the parents, that there is little choice left. The sons live a gay life; they are *Tata farture*, or loose all their young days; and when their wild oats are sown marry whom they are told. With the poorer fellows, however, it is more difficult work, for the males far out-numbering the females, every Jack cannot find a Gill; and the ladies must be diligently wooed, nor lightly are they won. So well were the women aware of the value of their hands in marriage, that the word for courting signifies, "we must be crept to." They are handsome also when young, and more reserved and of quieter manners than the women of the other groups. On a man's wishing to marry, a previous intimacy must be supposed; he goes to the house where she lives and offers her a basket of bread-fruit; if she accepts it, it is a token of her acceptance of the wooer, and he and his friends settle with her father or people what property he is to give for her. If a satisfactory arrangement is made, the marriage is finished by his taking her to his house. It frequently happens that she grows tired of him, and returns to her own home, in which case he has to give fresh presents; or, if of

sufficient power, he may take her back by force. This among the chiefs is frequently the cause of wars. One of their great ceremonies took place on reaching the age of puberty; but this has been put a stop to by the missionaries; and even those who do not conform to their creed, wisely adopt the more proper course.

The missionaries do not encourage the marriages of seamen who remain on the islands, prudently considering that their subsequent desertion of their wives will bring the ceremony into contempt. The women generally prefer whites as husbands: they are better treated and less worked; the men, however, generally, by the contemptuous terms used in speaking of those marriages, shame them out of this. White men, who have married natives, represent their wives as faithful, patient, loving, and active, but inveigh against their relations, who are constantly exacting presents, and, in fact, demanding fresh property for permitting them to live together. As I before mentioned, intermarriages are frequent with the natives of other groups, even as far as Tongataboo. Their laws are mostly founded on that ancient rule of justice, an eye for an eye. Each village has its *fale tela*, or council-house. The district again has another, where grand meetings are held, called *fono*. For the public good, assemblies of all

the chiefs are held, to settle the general affairs of the district, but these only take place when some outward danger menaces the common weal. In the *fale tela* of the village all their petty meetings are held, and their disputes adjusted. Each chief of a district has an orator, who is above all orators. Each village again has one who acts as magistrate and adjudicates; though an appeal may be made to the fono. Each family generally has its orator, who arranges its disputes and pleads its cause: these offices are hereditary, and belong to the cleverest of the sons, but adoption is allowed. In case of an outrage of one district on another, an atonement is allowed, and the parties meet to settle the amount. If an arrangement is made, war is averted; but the exorbitant demands of the stronger party often defeat this otherwise admirable plan. The same system is law among the people of the same village. A pig strays and eats a neighbour's yams, the life of the pig is forfeited, unless recompense is made, though the theft is discovered weeks afterwards. The orators are men of eloquence, and the oratory displayed at their meetings is fervent and forcible. Their allegories, plays upon words, and similes, mostly drawn from natural objects, are touchingly beautiful.

Their manners are cold, compared to those of the

Taheitians, but they are very sincere when once friends, and spite of their haughtiness, the *fāā Samoa*, or Samoan fashion, is not a bad one. Their wars are little less than massacres. War between two districts being declared, each has to keep a wary eye on the other, for they are not inclined to fair stand-up battles, giving the day to the best man: their warfare, on the contrary, consists in a night-surprise, or an attack unawares, and their musket, club, and spear, kill all who cannot escape. The woody nature of the country facilitates this species of strategy; the beaten party are stripped of everything—their property is seized and carried off—and they are frequently expelled even from the lands their conqueror has ravaged. However, after a proper time has elapsed, the conquerors invite the conquered to a meeting, which all attend. The chiefs form two semicircles facing each other, and the orators say, that "now time has proved peace to be the wish of the conquered, let all be forgotten; let us for the future live together as true friends ought:" the others reply, "How merciful, how great, how good you are! we are poor men, and you honor us by licking us. We will serve you if we may be thought worthy, for it is much honor." The orators then give presents, which are spread out and displayed to the best advantage, the receiver saying, "How beautiful! oh pleasant day! oh

delightful to be conquered!" It seems, however, these friendships are not always lasting; yet conquest of territory seems no object, and each war leaves the districts as they were before it began. At present the Faleata district is the conqueror, but, before that, Apia had beaten them and trod them down with no gentle pressure. Villages in the same way often make presents to each other, but they expect an ample return, and if a suitable one is not offered, a regular demand is made. These presents therefore are no light tax on the people; they are generally accompanied by feasting and rejoicing.

Their language is in many respects similar to the Taheitian, and to that of the Sandwich Islands. Their salutation, for instance, is *alofa;* Sandwich Islands, *aroka;* Taheiti, *corana.*

Good,	lai.	mita,	miti.
Woman,	fafeine.	whyheine,	whyheni.

In the mode of pronouncing, however, there is much difference: they speak in a high tone, and it is rendered more dissonant by hiatuses, mouthing, and respirations, till at last little but a generic similitude remains. They have a different mode of addressing a chief to an equal, nor dare they use the *prou tape* to any but a chief, a high chief. This deference to the chiefs of power and high rank is great: they strip to

the waist, and in their motions while before him assume a crouching attitude, On entering a house also, it is considered etiquette to sit down immediately, nay more, it is an insult not to do so: to stand while the inmates are sitting, is in their ideas an assumption of superiority; and even if the person entering is a superior, it is thought excessively ill bred. Their tappa is of a coarser kind than that manufactured at the Sandwich Islands; it is made in the same way, and undergoes the same process; it is, however, more dyed, and painted with gaudy red and black patterns. The glutinous nature of the dye renders it stronger, more durable, and some sorts impervious to wet: the banana leaf dyes it brown; the inner bark of the nono tree *(Morianda Citrisolia)*, yellow; the doodoe candle nut *(Aleurites triloba)*, red, They use it for loose robes, and very handsome it looks; likewise large sheets of it, suspended on lines, partition the sleeping places of the family—a piece of civilization unusual in Polynesia, where the floor of the hut is usually one large bed, upon which all the inmates of the huts, often pretty numerous, and the guests too, sleep together. The women frequently suckle their children till they are five or six years of age, and it is not uncommon to see two children of different ages still depending on the mother for nourishment.

They are generally healthy, nor is it till they are several years old, that they are clothed in the smallest degree; running about perfectly naked, kept out of doors in the rain, and inured to hardships, small wonder if they grow up lusty and healthy. Their skins at this early age are very white, and it seems unaccountable how subsequently they should become so dark.

On the death of any relation or chief, they show the most outrageous grief; the men burning and cutting themselves, and the women disfiguring themselves very much. Some, to show their deep sense of grief, even cut holes in the corpse and suck them. They are buried with few ceremonies, the Tape alone is preserved, and his body remains above ground. The dances in the districts around Apia, which are converted to Protestantism, are forbidden; in the others they are still practised, and present little variety, the same beautiful line is kept, the same simultaneous motions; and the song consists of the rapid utterance of a sentence to which the dancers keep time, and a sudden finish by a violent gesture. These are called *sheva*—I much wonder if the word shevo, by which our sailors mean a lark, travelled all the way from here. They have various games which serve to pass the time; one, which requires consider-

able quickness of eye, resembles the Neapolitan *moro*; it is played by two persons who sit opposite each other, one darts out his left hand, extending a certain number of fingers, taps its back on the mat, and draws it in, if the other fails to guess the number at once, he loses. Another, and at which they often play for high stakes, is as follows—taking fifty or one hundred nuts of the *mimosa scandium* they are thrown up four at a time, and whoever catches the fifty or one hundred first, wins. They are very skilful at this sort of game, and I have seen a girl tossing and catching nine oranges at once. This last, and most exciting feat, to watch at least, for naturally the looker-on feels more anxiety than the player, is of European origin, I should think. They are a cleanly people, and strictly decorous in their manners; the women are chaste, and seem really anxious after improvement. They, as well as all the Polynesian nations, follow the Judaic law, so that no unsightly nor unseemly places offend the eye.

The news of the French usurpation of Taheite has produced among them no small alarm, and they are much averse to parting with their lands, even at high prices. The foreigners, therefore, who possess land, obtained it some years ago, for now they are unwilling even to let it temporarily to whites. Mr. Prit-

chard, our consul there, had considerable difficulty in obtaining land to build a house on, and was for many months without a spot of ground. At last, he hired a small piece; his landlord appearing much afraid of letting it, he remarked, "My house will not run away with it." "Odd things happen," said the other, "I do not know that." The rent being agreed on, the man appeared satisfied, received it, and went away, but returning soon, demanded more. "The year is not out nearly yet." "Not out," he replied, "I am sure it is a very long year." However, they go on amicably; he sells a cocoa-nut to Mr. Pritchard when he wants money, so both are satisfied. Formerly they parted readily with large tracts, but now own they fear the foreign yoke, and will sell no more. Their food, cooked as at Taheite, consists of hog, fowls, wild ducks, pigeons the (Columba oceania), taro, yams, faes, bread-fruit, luan, fish, shell-fish; they use no implements but those of nature's providing; fingers and leaves; eat when they are hungry, and live a lazy, dosy sort of life. The pigs, which are wild, they hunt and drive into pitfalls; they kill them by laying them down and placing a large stick across the neck on which they sit till the poor animal dies of suffocation. The wild duck and pigeons they take with bird-lime. They eat all sorts of shell-

fish, and however pretty it may be to see a well-shaped hand bear a silvery fish to a small mouth of rubies and pearls, still the mutilatory process of extracting fish from large shells, and stuffing, gobbling it down, sank the fair Samoan far behind her sister savages, Eusore or Elekeke, who live in my memory as types of natural refinement and untutored grace. There are many whites settled on the islands of this group, but, unlike the natives elsewhere, they are held in small repute, a degree of consideration they deservedly merit, for a more depraved, worthless set it would be difficult to find. The chiefs, however, give them protection, regarding them, as *tape*, or property, for they are employed to visit vessels that arrive, and manage their trade, which they of course understand, and, from speaking the language, can conduct infinitely better than the natives. They are, on these accounts, allowed to live in the islands, but complain much of the indignities they are compelled to put up with.

We witnessed a grand fishing one evening; the net which was used was merely a rope of aloe leaves, from whence the ends fell on one side like a huge prickly *titi;* it was about six hundred feet in length, and was thrown across a shallow part of the harbour. The Samoan fish seemed monstrously behind

most fish in cunning, for Apia feasted on Peehee two whole days from the result of that evening's haul.

Proud as the Samoan is, he does not consider it any want of dignity to beg. A native would stop us as if something important was to be communicated, and coolly ask for any article in our possession that caught his eye, or took his fancy. On meeting a point-blank refusal he expressed no anger; and on being questioned "Did you expect it?" "No, but I might have got it; as I asked I had a chance; had I not asked there was none."

Our arrival in Apia created much alarm among the natives, for though perhaps conscious of no offence, still there were disputes between them and our consul, which they naturally thought would be settled summarily; however, it luckily proved otherwise. A meeting of the chiefs was called, and after one or two mistakes the fono took place; the two cases at issue were stated, but it must be owned the accusers did not seem as far from blame as might be. A horse of the consul's had been speared by the natives. One of them appeared, and urged in their defence, for there were several delinquents, that the cattle of the missionaries, the Papalangis, destroyed their trees. The orator in pleading grew most eloquent. He said: "Our valleys were fertile

to the eye, they bore freshness and pleasure to the heart,—they were the pride of Samoa; but the Papalangis arrived with their gifts and benefits. What good to us? Since they came our trees fade, our lands are barren, their cattle wander here and there, they nip the tenderest bark—they love the youngest buds; it is sweet for them, but, like our orange, which we are told is good enough for Samoan, bitter to us. Our children thrive not, our wives are wan. We killed the horse: it is Faa Samoa. Now we are satisfied." They were told, however, such summary justice would not do towards a consul; that they must remonstrate, not act against him, and they were fined. The aggressors belonged to the next district, and were not under the mission rule at all, not even converts to its creed; yet they had, naturally enough, mixed the consul up as one with the mission. The second charge was of an insult to the consul's lady; and in this case, too, their pleading was most eloquent. They inveighed strongly against the consul, whose heart, they said, was hard towards Samoa. Perhaps it might be. It was a fine sight when the fierce, untamed fellows, came and paid the fine, each bringing his share; among them were some noble-looking fellows, whose high natural head-dress gave them a very grand

appearance. One young chief applied his paddle most vigorously to his wife, and she bore it with most exemplary patience; even here women have much to put up with from the rough, harsh, lords of the creation.

Of the former religion and history of this people little can be told, for till twenty years ago they were scarcely known or visited, and were thought the most savage and remorseless of the whole islands of this vast ocean. Their ancient traditions place their heaven in the west, the direction whence they came, and whither, if they behave well, they shall return. About twenty years ago some native Taheitian teachers were sent by the missionaries from the Society Islands, who, however, seem hardly to have taught a pure doctrine. The necessity of building a church, and a house for the teacher, seemed the first point they inculcated; and the necessity of providing him with abundance of food, the second. The natives had no idols nor temples; and they seemed to think rather of propitiating the evil spirit to abstain from injuring them, than of adoring the good One; they fancied the evil spirits were embodied in a species of small black land-crab, which once a year descended from the mountains, as disease commonly attended their appearance. If sickness happened to them after any particular act, they deemed

it a judgment for the act, and endeavoured to abstain from a repetition of it for the future. In fact, there seems to have been a predisposition on their part to learn any religion; and they were anxious to have teachers among them, whom they always treated with respect. The more vague the ideas of religion presented to them were, the more they seem to have been followed. They used to endeavour to persuade seamen to leave their vessels and reside among them, the following being the qualifications they required, which were believed on the man's own assertion.

"Can you make pipes? Can you mend muskets? Are you a priest?" If he declared himself qualified on these points, the best food, the nicest wife, together with house and land, were given him; and several seamen have told me of the attentive flock which would assemble, and listen with wondering awe while a renegade sailor was holding forth in a language utterly unknown to them. They would bow, clasp their hands, and follow his every motion, while he, perhaps for hours, would pour forth words of blasphemy or ribald songs. At each long word, uttered solemnly, they would reverently bend the knee; and a harvest of such things as they possessed would be gathered by the preacher as a reward when he had done. Even now there is a sect who adhere to one

Joe Gimblet, a preacher of this sort. He failed in a miracle just before our arrival, which somewhat lowered his influence, but his followers are not a few.

Let it not be thought from this description of the native aptness to believe, that I underrate the difficulties the missionaries had to encounter; the very vagaries and folly of the religious teaching I have described suited their minds better than a more consistent creed: heaven was promised so they but fed the preacher; and he who sinned paid a small fine, and was counted better than he who sinned not. There was a tendency to worship in the savage, a wish for something, he knew not what; and this easy religion satisfied him. No enjoyment was denied, and he was but called on to listen and contribute of his overabundance.

With the arrival of the missionaries began a different era; and under their influence the true light is gradually dispelling the heavy mist, and unwholesome state this fair land languished in so long. They belong to the London Missionary Society, and came here about eleven years since, from Taheite, and have stations, churches, and lands in many different parts of the islands. Many natives still hold back; and the Roman Catholic missionaries now dispute the field with ours. The revenue of the Society is large,

and the preachers seem to live in comparative comfort; but as every variety of dissenters exists among the teachers, some confusion must occur in the but half-awakened mind of the savage, as one sect succeeds another at the different missionary stations.

At Apia there were prayers every day in the church, and on Sundays twice or three times. The service commenced with a hymn; the preacher then delivered an extempore prayer; a chapter of the Bible was read and expounded, and another hymn concluded the service. They wisely think the attention of the natives is apt to flag, if the service is rendered too long. That success may attend their efforts is my earnest prayer, and that they may fulfil their high calling by endeavouring to improve the flock committed to their care, not only in spiritual things, but in every moral sense; to civilize as well as convert, and to substitute useful occupations for those habits of utter idleness, which now seems their greatest enemy.

During the period of my stay in Polynesia I visited many groups and many islands. If ever I inquired, on seeing a native artisan or clever workman, "Who is that?" the answer was invariably, "A man of Raratoya, one of Mr. Busmawll's people." I do not know him, nor how far this praise is deserved, but

his good seed did indeed seem to have brought forth most abundantly, and all honour seems due to the man who not only teaches the way to life everlasting, but inculcates habits of industry and utility. The Romish missionaries were settled in the next district to Apia, for Apia, under the direction of their Protestant teachers, had refused them admittance; they arrived in a small vessel, hired land, and are building a church. They belong to the "Société pour le progrès de l'Ocean," and have here three priests and a doctor, who is, I think, likewise in orders. They are a newly-established society, and are to have twelve vessels, combining trade with their religious purposes; smaller vessels will keep up the intercourse between the islands: they give generously, and their doctor was skilful and kind. The priests at Faleata, the district where they lived, were most polished, gentlemanly men, spoke several European languages, and displayed so high a tone of feeling in their conversation, that one felt, alas! how, under such influence, their baneful doctrines would spread. They have already many converts, and gain more daily: there was certainly more tolerance and good feeling among them than in the other mission, nor between the men themselves could a comparison be dared.

A schooner of theirs was stranded in a gale of wind, and our captain was applied to by them for assistance; they brought the whole of the people of their district to assist, it being the etiquette of the natives that, though stranded in Apia, the Faleata people, among whom they lay, should get her off: accordingly, about five hundred came and began to cluster round her, pushing with their hands. Our tackles were applied, and they shouted and pushed, as she neared the water, for the gale had thrown her up high and dry. The tackle fall was put into their hands; they laughed at it, pointing to the distance she had already been moved by their means, little thinking that it was to the small party of seamen who had been scientifically at work that it was all owing. On their taking the fall, a man's hand was caught in the machinery, and the poor fellow suffered amputation without a groan, bewailing the loss only as likely to influence his wife's affection towards him. As the vessel floated off they swam round her with every demonstration of savage joy. Mr. Pritchard was most kindly active on the occasion; a native asked him, "You call out very loud, are you well paid?" Even our presence could hardly restrain the two districts, Apia and Faleata, from coming to blows, and I fear much

that a religious war will, ere long, spring up, and cause much bloodshed and cruelty, where there ought to be kindness, peace, and love.

Of bathing the natives are as fond as all other inhabitants of tropical climates, and the beach was a scene of noise, and every sort of aquatic freak; the clear pools, however, where the rivers deepened into cool baths, they principally loved, and in its transparent depths they would dive and play for hours. The women, here more modest and restrained, bathed apart; but the boys and men were constantly in the water. The fellows would stand at the edge, and, throwing a sommerset, ploff into the water on their backs; taking a heavy stone, they would sink, and sit or lie at the bottom, where; so clear was the pool, each motion was reflected to the looker-on, and each pebble seen as clearly as if no water lay between. In all these feats they are behind no other race: their noble heads emerge somewhat ruffled; but a few shakes in the warm sun, and it rises proud as ever, none the worse, perhaps, for its cleansing.

The Baptist missionaries send native savages, teachers, up in canoes from the Tonga Islands; I saw one who seemed a most excellent man, and most sincere in his efforts.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ISLANDS.

THE RAINBOW.— AMERICAN CONSUL.— HIS RESIDENCE.— LEGEND.— MAKING A LIGHT.— THE CATARACT.— DESCENT.—VIEW FROM BELOW.— LEGEND OF THE WATERFALL. — PET-PIGEONS. — FRIENDSHIPS. — ANECDOTE. — THE CHIEF OF APIA.—SURNAMES.—THE SAVAGE.—LOVELY NATURE.

"Now overhead a rainbow bursting though
The scattered clouds shone spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue,
And all within its ark appeared to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad, and waving like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that 's bent and then—"

It was a lovely morning, and the earth sent up a sweet savour of freshness and joy, as if recruited with the heavy rain which had poured down incessantly for the last few days. From the low land on the west to the far, far ocean stretched in glorious splendour, the visible sign of God's covenant of grace. To this land as to ours, it is a token of His mercy: an earnest of His promise to the savage and the sage, the east and the west,—to all nations

and all tongues, for they are alike to be partakers in the great inheritance; and the naked heathens, now my companions, are fellow-heirs with the polished European, and equally with him, sons of God. Our horses cantered gaily along the beach, and the natives running beside us, made the very woods resound with their joyous shouts. After half-an-hour's ride on the sands, whose white domain was contested by the evergrowing vegetation, we came in sight of the pretty house of Mr. Williams, at Vallili, a nice coral building of two stories high. It is situated in the district of Faietortai, in the midst of a considerable property, purchased by him before the fears of the natives had prevented their bartering the soil to the white man. Mr. Williams is the son of the good missionary of that name, one of the earliest pioneers of the Gospel, who fell beneath the savage hands of those to whom he came to preach redemption and peace. In addition to his farm and his crops, which he exports himself, he has considerable influence as American Consul — a position in which he was installed with military salutes and music, and is, therefore, regarded with fear and respect by the savages around. A capital feed awaited us under his hospitable roof, and it was difficult to conceive, as the eye ranged round

the room full of English comforts, and redolent of soft and refined English woman, that we were at the antipodes; and, that though within all was English, home-like and civilized, without were uncultivated wilds and savages. A large party of natives had assembled, for they seldom see a white man; and on our going out we underwent a most scrutinizing examination. Their pride was much hurt to find that in various feats of activity and skill the pale faces, they so despised, proved better even at their own exercises than they; and at last they refused to continue, saying, it was wrong to wrestle and run before women. The situation of the house was very picturesque, standing on a plateau of coral; a low loose wall alone warded off the surf, which, impatient of restraint, dashed fretfully against the barrier with short and frequent waves. The eye, confined by the semicircle of the bay, opened out in the distance on the blue world of waters, which stretched away to the south; the calm surface ruffled by the breeze, which, cooled by the contact, diffused a delightful feeling of health and comfort over the frame. On either side and behind the dense wood encircled and sequestered the abode, and the sight was dazzled by the creepers and tendrils which laced still closer its jostling

growth. Paths had been cut out, and leaving sun and light we wandered among trees, each demanding admiration till words failed to express our sensations; and beautiful!—how beautiful! was the exclamation of all. The natives would fain have followed, but selecting two who knew the paths well, and were well versed in legendary lore, we outstripped the rest, and were soon beyond pursuit. There was a fall at some distance which we were anxious to see; and, as our time was short, we proceeded at a rapid pace, interrupted by my endeavours to pocket seeds snatched hastily as we brushed by.

A peculiar creeper at last obstructed the way, and the old fellow, our guide, sat by, while we endeavoured to tear it down; at last, when our united efforts proved ineffectual, he said, "Why strive with Itu? the *facehere* is not to be broken, even by the white man, clever as he is. There was a man once," he said, "who, like the white man, though it was years before pipes, muskets, or priests were heard of, never could be contented with what he had; the poe was not good enough for him, and he worried his family out of all heart with his new ways and ideas. At last he could not even be contented with the house he lived in, and he resolved to build one of stones, 'Large stones,' he

said, 'they shall be, and then it will last for ever.' So he rose early and toiled late, but the sun went round so quickly, and the stones were so heavy and so far off, that he made but little progress. Day after day he toiled on, but the sun seemed to gallop faster and faster, so less and less could he do. One evening he lay awake, and thought and thought, till at last it struck him that as the sun had but one road to come by, and always came the same way, he might stop him, and keep him till the work was done. So he rose before the dawn, and pulling out in his canoe as the sun rose, he threw a rope round his neck; but no, the sun marched on, and went his course unchecked and unmoved. He put nets over the place where he rose, but still up he came. His mats were all used one by one, to stay his course, but in vain: on he went, and laughed in hot winds at all his efforts. Meanwhile his house stood still, and now he fairly despaired. At last the great Itu, who generally lies on his mats, and cares not at all for those he has made, turned round and heard his cry, and, because he was a good warrior, sent him help. He made this creeper grow, and again the poor man sprung up from the ground near his house, where he had lain down in despair, took his canoe, and prepared a noose formed of the

creeper. It was the bad season, when the sun is dull and heavy; so up he came, half asleep and tired, nor looked about him, but put his head in the noose. He pulled and jerked, but Itu had made it too strong. The man built his house—the sun cried and cried, till Sarai was nearly drowned, but not till the last stone was laid, was he suffered to resume his career. None can break the facehere. It is the Itu's cord."

We crept round it and passed on. Presently a cocoa-nut tree reminded us that we wanted refreshment, and nut after nut was thundered down by our active attendants; the young ones just sprouting were brought to us, and we regaled on the chief's delight. Lights for our weeds, which were eagerly accepted, and passed from one to the other, were procured in the following manner. You ask for fire, and the search of a minute or two produces the *boron* (*hibiscus*), whence lucifers are supplied by nature. Taking a small short stick of any wood, the fellow puts his two feet on the boron-stick to steady it, and crouching down with both hands, he, grasping the short stick, rubs it along the boron, gradually by the friction making a groove. At first he works slowly, pressing hard; as he rubs in the groove, the scraped dust is accumulated

towards its further end; it gets brown, and smells of friction. Rub, rub, it smokes now. Then he pushes faster, faster, till exhausted and perspiring he ceases, and there is a small mass of lighted dust at the end of the groove. Though it requires seemingly great toil, they never fail to light it; and it is done equally by strongest man and weakest stripling. We, on the contrary, never could accomplish it; and though our strongest and most persevering fagged at it, the smoke was the utmost we ever reached, even though we often relieved each other, and took lessons under experienced fire-makers.

Most of the party tailed off as the smooth path got more entangled, presently rocks and stones impeded the way, and nature, and nature alone, seemed the inhabitant of the solitudes. Silence came over the party, and, save the fall of the footsteps or the crackle of dead sticks as they broke beneath the tread, there was no whisper to disturb the deep, soundless, almost visible silence. At last, even this rough path was left, and our progress became a mere scramble. The noise of waters, first faint and interrupted, swelled up louder and louder, till we reached the stream and saw the mighty river pouring over the rock into a pit so deep and dark, that it seemed irresistibly drawn down into unknown

depths. The feeling produced by looking at it was one of intense desire to jump in, for there was something dreadful in the pour, pour, and the stern fixed purpose with which, in one mass, it fell over. A delirium seemed to take possession of the senses, a fascination irresistibly impelled the gazer towards that mighty torrent; it was, therefore, with no small relief I heard the proposal to descend and survey the fall from below. The highly-wrought imagination was considerably relieved by the reality of the descent, which consisted of an attempted leap from one bush to another below, resulting, generally, in a cruel fall, a strong feeling of pain, severe shakes, sharp pricking, torn clothes, &c., however, at last, in various guises, we reached the bottom. The natives had not torn their clothes, for they wore none, but their natural coating was elaborately marked with scratch and stain. We were now in a complete well, whose sides were clothed with trees and shrubs that seemed to require the creepers and tendrils that encircle them to prevent a rapid descent into the valley. Behind us, stretched away a long ravine through which the river, shattered and white from the fall, flowed with thundering passion through a channel so narrow that it boiled and foamed round the rocks on either side, impatient of the restraint

and control. Looking up at the fall the view was magnificent, and the spectator cowered back in alarm, for the huge body seemed pouring down about to crush all who stood beneath, so narrow and small was the dell. Anon the wind caught the edges and wreathed it about in lustrous spray, which sparkled with light and colour ere, dissolved into mist, it spread around like a shower. The main body fell majestically, and this being the rainy season we saw it in full splendour. On, on, down, down, in one unbroken and unceasing column, till the broad surface of a huge rock, which, detached from above, lay directly in its course, broke it with the roar of thunder, and in foaming disdainful masses scattered it back, rushing and roaring around, till again united it went trembling and jostling, eager to escape and crowding to be off to the quiet of distant groves or the peace of the broad plains.

"The roar of waters from the headlong height,
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters, rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss.
The lull of waters where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture, while the sweat
Of their great agony wrung out from this,
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet,
That gird the gulf around in pitiless horror set,

And mounts in sprays the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald. How profound
The gulf, and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps yield in chasms a fearful vent.

The natives closed timidly round us, for to them the valley was haunted ground, and it required much persuasion and great assurances of protection from the genius Lori's wrath, before the elder of the party ventured, with a low whispering voice, to tell the story. He was an elderly man, dark, tatooed, and age had run the colours much into each other. His head-dress was neglected and leant much over on one side. A band of aloe-leaves, with their ends like darts standing out before, was twisted round, more as a careless ornament than for any use. His titi was torn with the walk, and the leaves of which it was composed were yellow from neglect; but his eye lit up as he related, with much energy and varied intonation, the tradition he had believed too long for our scepticism to affect him. Pointing up to some caves which were situated in most watery propinquity to the falls, and were bare of the green which elsewhere clothed the sides, "There," he said, "in

former times dwelt Tati, who held Samoa in his left hand, and at the same period Opolu dwelt on that precipice opposite: now it appears but a green precipice, for he no longer loves the land, and has retired to the centre of the earth and shut the entrance up. At that period Samoa* was just come, and the whole people were happy. Once a season all the people came here, and the good chief feasted them, for every thing was abundant here. The men and women bathed and played on that rock Itu scooped out for them to clean their hair in, and planted wild oranges, which showered down their fruit and made the hair straight and white. All this valley was paved then, and Samoa was happy, for they wanted nothing, and all was sheva and song. The evil spirit looked down, and his heart was bitter to see so much happiness—he sent rain in torrents; it poured on the earth in masses, and put out all the fires. This valley was filled up, and Opolu lost his fire-stones: there was no fire save with Tati, who high up in his cave, kept that large stone (pointing to the one under the fall). Opolu sat in the cold, he had no fire, and fed on raw faes. As he looked

* The islands he meant had just been formed. They have no tradition of the creation, but think Opolu wished it, and the islands were made. Sarai first, then the rest, as he wished them.

up he saw Tati asleep before his fire, and he felt all the colder and more wretched by the contrast. He sat shivering, for he could not sleep, and hoped the rain would cease. At last he rose up and took Tati by the arm, saying, 'Let us fight, or give me fire.' Tati said, 'It is well—let us fight; I will not give you fire.' They fought—Opolu hit Tati on the leg and it came off—he hit him on the other and it came off. Still Tati fought on, for he was very brave and hit Opolu very hard. Again Opolu struck him on his shoulder, and his right arm fell: he then exclaimed, 'I am beaten, take the stone; but give fire to Samoa.' So Opolu did; and he made Tati hold Samoa in his hand, so that water might never more destroy it. He holds it in his left hand, or ill would it fare with us; for as it is, when he is angered he shakes it sadly, and he is passionate often;—and if his strong right hand held it he would shake it to pieces. When Opolu saw the people so bad, he retired into the earth, and the bad spirit kicked his fire-stone down there, and sent the waters to pour on it and quench it, for Samoa has no fire but that; and see each drop of water turns to sparks; all that touches it is ignited, for in it is fire unquenchable."

On our return we visited the chiefs of the district,

who received us kindly ;—they were sitting out under the trees in the cool, he and his elders playing with the beautiful pigeons so common in the woods, which are attached by a long line to short crooked sticks, from which they fly the length of the string, hover about, and delight their masters. These birds are constant pets; every man must have several, and they seldom walk about without the stick, on which the bird is perched in their hands. They abound in the woods ; but as the closeness of the bush forced us to shoot them sitting, there was little sport in it : sport or no sport, however, they were equally good to eat. The lazy sportsman may sit under the tree which they love to feed on (it bears a berry in clusters, a species of ash, and is called *mamalupe*) and return with ten or twelve couple in a short space.

During our stay we made many acquaintances, and each of us was selected by some native as his particular friend. In their families we were always welcome; and the numerous things left under their charge were most scrupulously guarded. Clean mats, the best food, fresh-gathered cocoa-nuts, were pressed on our acceptance with courteous hospitality, and every attention shown us. We were fanned and sung to; in fact being once established as friends

of the family, nothing was too good for us. I was received as a friend by Dubo, who, with his pretty wife, became my firm allies; and under their hospitable roof I spent many pleasant hours. Their boys, Mish and Mose, accompanied me shooting, and amused me with antics and tales innumerable. They possessed about ten words of English, which were poured out to meet every exigency. By some curious but no doubt honourable principle, they abstained from all requests for presents from me, but pestered all others. Several marks of their kindness I retain now with grateful reminiscence, and I should be sorry to think they had forgotten Georgy; for so, for some cause, they called me. Dubo himself often dined with me on board, observing the strictest propriety, and using his knife and fork as if born to it. Wine he abstained from from honourable principles, and would only touch it to drink the health of our Queen, towards whom we inculcated due reverence.

I may be wrong, but to me it seems these gentle people in their relations towards each other are less savage than many with white skins and clothed in fine linen—"Non est depravatis, sed in his quæ bene secundum naturam se habent, considerandum est quid fit naturale." *

* Aristotle.

One poor native exhibited a most heroic trait during our stay, and I am told such are of frequent occurrence. It speaks volumes for the warmth of their natural affections, and shows that, all savage as they are, the social virtues are as fully developed among them as in more civilized communities.

Many whalers touch at these islands, and it is no uncommon thing for several individuals of the different crews to desert, with the intention of settling here. On one occasion eighteen seamen deserted at once; and as this of course disabled the vessel, the captain begged the American consul to assist in getting them back. The chief of the district in which the consul resided, at his request, sent a number of men after the runaways, whom they found in a body someway inland, intent upon building a hut. As the seamen refused to return, a scuffle ensued, and one of the natives, by accident, as he said, but by malice according to the account of the others, struck a sailor in the forehead, and killed him. The runaways and whites were furious at this, and told the poor fellow he would certainly be hung, and the village to which he belonged burnt by the next Yankee man-of-war that touched at the island. The poor fellow in great distress went to Mr. Williams, saying, "Hang me at once, and let me atone for the

ill I alone did; but do not let my village or my family be hurt."

Many Samoans now go away on short trips in whalers, and, like all the South Sea islanders, are found very useful, handy fellows. On their return of course they enjoy great consideration, and strut about, very much to their own discomfort, in trowsers, jacket and hat, shoes and socks.

Punghai, the present chief of Apia, was originally only of middle rank, but, being a cunning man, he at once saw the advantage of admitting and assisting foreigners and missionaries. With the influence he obtained through their means, added to his great personal strength and prowess, he has raised himself to be chief of a large district. He is in person about six feet four high, not broad in the shoulders, but with tremendous brawny arms, a bull neck, full of muscle, a low, broad forehead, long, wide, shaggy eyebrows, set on the edge of a precipice, beneath which glare fierce, grey, veiny eyes; enormous watery red lips, strong fangy teeth, a broad massive chin, covered with a beard, black and rusty, grey and scattered, of a week's growth, and a voice that seems to have rumbled about his deep chest till it has grown hoarse; an old hat, that seems to stand off his round grizzled head; a light shooting-coat

forced over his fat arms, the two buttons showing his shaggy breast and flappy belly; an old coverlet — one of those wraps which people say hide the dirt, and are certainly never supposed to cover the clean; — on dress occasions, a flaxen titi: — and there he stands, the very picture of a crafty savage. The Mission call him a very religious man. All-pervading as religion is, I could not fancy that even an angel could instil it into that animal frame.

We saw one day Moenanowee, the head chief of Savai, who rules over many districts in Opolu, but with a power more nominal than real. His family never bury under ground. He had just arrived on a progress at Taheite, and was accompanied by a dozen large canoes. All crouch as they pass in his sight. He was a fine, large, dignified-looking man, about fifty years of age, and had quite the bearing of a gentleman.

They have here, as among other South Sea groups, the custom of giving many names, either by way of flattery, or in memory of great deeds performed. One man we knew was called "The left-handed Canoe." Punghai has several, in commemoration of different acts of his life.

It was not without regret that we felt the time of our departure draw near. Our course from these

islands was henceforth to be south, and at Apia we took our last look of them and all their pleasures.

There is in the human heart a love of nature and a natural state of existence, that is at times almost overpowering. The savage, who has been caught and educated, rushes back to his native wildness, directly restraint is removed; and so, methinks, did not higher feelings and purposes interfere, would many others. Were this life all; did existence end with old age and death, many would cease to waver in their choice between the savage and the civilized state, and it is but the consideration of higher duties and better principles that deters. These islands, too, represent savage life under every attraction. The savage is a soft and gentle being, with all the better parts of civilization, wanting only its deceit and its restraints: he fears no censure, therefore conceals no feeling: there is no fashion to mislead, no false standard to disgust. Their daughters know no laws, therefore can hardly be judged by laws: their virtues are their own, the spontaneous gushings of affectionate and warm nature; their vices, too often, alas! those taught them by the vaunting but more savage white. We had learned to love their guileless ways; their cool groves and soft shades had become a part of our necessities; and, in fact, England was a long way

off, and, to our heated fancies, seemed both morally and physically very cold. Here was nature, and here her fairest scenes: why should we seek for softer companions, or more exciting and less simple pleasures?

"'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'T is sweet to listen as the light winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 't is sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky."

CHAPTER XVII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

UNWILLINGNESS TO RETURN. — SAD PARTINGS. — THE ANCHOR WEIGHED. — SAD THOUGHTS. — THE DEAD. — THE CHANGED. — FAREWELL TO CHILI. — CAPE HORN. — DISCOVERY OF CAPE HORN. — THE FUEGIANS. — THE PATAGONIANS. — ORIGIN OF THE NAME. — THE MIRAGE. — REFLECTIONS. — ANIMALS ON BOARD. — TOUCH AT RIO. — NEWS FROM EUROPE. — A NEW FIRMAMENT. — THE SOUTHERN CROSS. — THE AZORES. — PRODUCTIONS. — AN OUTWARD BOUND INDIAMAN. — SPOKEN WITH. — ARRIVAL. — FAREWELL.

Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour
Which awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs, to be happy with you.

* * * * *

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright beams of the past, which she cannot destroy.

MOORE.

THE news that our relief was telegraphed was not so well received as our friends at home might have wished. Many of us liked Chili, more the Chilians. Many were in debt, more in love. Many had not forgotten that half-pay was but five shillings a day, paid quarterly, and ill adapted to maintain the horses and other luxuries to which they had become accustomed. To all, the place we once abused

now looked pleasant as our departure drew so near, like a disagreeable companion to whom you bid a warm good-bye because it is useless quarrelling with him now you are parting; the very hope that it is for ever, tightens your grasp. We had amused ourselves pretty well before, but now all seemed resolved to crowd months of pleasure into the few remaining days. "Never mind, we shall soon be off." "Go to bed and rest indeed? Sleep be ——! I have three months' sleep before me. Come on." Picnics, oh horror! suppers, oh indigestion! dances, oh feet! Bid good-bye! Oh to-morrow! Even those belonging to other ships joined in and said, "Never mind, they are homeward bound."

At last old *Harvey** sat on our booms; fowls, turkeys, beef, pork, peas, pianos, sheep, and ladies were shipped; the last morning had really arrived. The sad partings had been got through; partings from those we had known for years, who had received us as friends, and with whom the stranger's greeting had deepened into the warmest esteem; who had shared our joys and pitied our sorrows; who, during our sojourn in this far land, had been to us father, mother, brothers, and sweet sisters—with some, it was, indeed, too sorrowful to part.

* The launch.

"We had been friends together
Through pleasant, and through gloomy weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 't will cause a sigh—a tear;
Then steal away—give little warning,
But in some happier world, bid me good morning."

It was curious to see the strange and different visitors that crowded our decks. Men of all shades, of all nations, met here with one object—to dun. Here you might see a horse-dealer anxious to be paid for wild gallops long forgotten; there the innkeeper, for suppers and drinks long washed away; there the confectioner, for feeds, though the consequent indigestion ought to have cancelled the debt; there the tailor, for that shabby jacket which has just rushed down the ladder. Each surveyed the other with doubts about the supply standing the demands. All the visitors seemed to have a great horror of going below; some, as the time grew short, ventured down; but a ship has odd corners, and dark depths, undiscoverable to shore-going eyes. At last, corporals cleared all out, and to the tune of "Homeward Bound" the anchor jumped up and away we went: off again for a voyage of three months. Keep your wind, good ship, be steady, old girl; you have eleven thousand miles before you still, with only just a whet at Rio; so steady, steady, but on, on!

Well, I will not bore my indulgent readers by an account of our voyage home; believe me, it is just the same as a voyage out, only the other way. Four years ago, we were sad to come, now we are equally sorry to go. The current of thought indeed is changed! I wonder what will happen when I return. I rack my brain to find some scheme to get promoted. The Admiral once told me I was a smart mate, but a deuced lazy lieutenant; so perhaps the Lords that are, may make me a commander, if I promise to be very good, no Tartar, and to leave off smoking. I read old letters to get up a love for home, look gloomily at my agent's accounts, eat, drink, keep watch, and sleep.

Nor is our return unmixed with sadder thoughts. Where are many of those who sailed with us, all life, all hope? We return to England with our numbers scarcely thinned; all our fair passengers,—children when we left, are now budding, lovely women; the wild, romping girl is matured to the woman in her full prime. But the hardy sons, how are they changed? Look around! Worn and grizzled o'er, but more through toil than age; time has told sadly upon as ull. That pale-faced man left home rosy and stout, a very John Bull, but a fever in Mexico brought him down; that shaky old fellow

was the life of the mess, till Callao drowned his last laugh in a dysentery. I feel on my own cheek that heavy great crow's foot,—not the effect of years, but of brain fever, caught while riding in the sun : the traitorous wind made me unconscious of the danger ; long weeks of suffering followed, and, on rising from my bed, this was the result. Many are missing, some invalided, who were not good for the whole voyage ; others are,— where ? Look along the coast ; in that lonely bay at San Lorenzo, lies as noble and good a sailor as ever served Her Majesty. Our track is marked from Valparaiso to Monterey ; some fell by accident, some by disease ; but each was, perhaps, the hope of a loving circle, the sole support of a trusting family. When they fell, others filled their places, and the world jogs on—no time to stop,— no, not even when wayfarers go to their long home. On a few, however, the effect of years has been beautifying, and more than one mother will have to welcome as a man, the son she wept over at parting from as a boy.

The ship seems unwilling to go, she is restive and hangs heavy.

Well! Fare-thee-well, Chili! My faith is firm that I shall yet see thy glorious plains again : yet mingle with thy soft children : yet gaze on thy lofty moun-

tains — yet visit thee while youth enough remains to enjoy thy wild delights: yet feel my pulse throb as I dash over thy *pampas*, and down thy *quatradas:* yet turn my flushed cheek to thy cooling breezes, and hear thy dashing streams.

This is, verily, a fit leave-taking. The sails just sleeping, the ship noiselessly creeping on, the sun setting in a flood of light. Be thou auspicious, O sun!

Away on our lee quarter, Aconcagua towers up, distinguished in the range, like a father among his children, hoary and majestic; and no reason has he to be ashamed of them. Summer suns never bare his brows; there still lie the snows of centuries. Between him and us, like a fair daughter, stands the bell of Quillota. Oh mighty mountain! Science gives thee different heights,—none less than twenty-one thousand feet; some hail thee loftiest of all the West! One hundred and twenty miles of distance but enhance thy majesty. Look! Look! His snowy summit glistens in the setting sun, like frosted silver! So has he remained unchanged, untrodden since the world was formed. Now a faint outline alone remains; and thus we bid adieu to Chili and her pride, the glorious Cordilleras de Los Andes.

Look down, mighty Monarch of the West, and

guard the small Republic nestling at thy feet. May it yet prove as great in its day as thou dost ever in thy eternity: may its gentle daughters be pure as thy snows; its sons, strong as thy strength; white as thy summit be their virtues; bold as thy front their courage!

"Adieu, adieu; the adopted land,
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night wind sighs, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun which sets upon the sea,
We follow in its flight;
Farewell, awhile to him and thee,
Far western land, good night!"

We went through the usual run of weather: we had sometimes too much wind, sometimes we were whistling for more; our sunshine changed to clouds, our rain to sleet, and in due time we were off the Cape itself. On the previous evening the small barren Islands of Diego Ranieres had been passed, and now, with clear frosty weather, we were becalmed off the Horn. It is a fine, bold-looking bluff, blocked up by mountains, beautiful and imposing in their white winter dress. Fitzroy fixes its height at five hundred feet; but, from its rising perpendicularly from the sea, it looks even loftier, and the sun playing among the snow-slopes behind it, made the scene one of real beauty and grandeur.

Humboldt, in his *Cosmo*, says, that Cape Horn was discovered in February, 1526, by Francisco de Hoces, in the expedition of the Comendator Garcia

VIEW OF CAPE HORN.

de Loaza, which, following that of Magellan, was destined for the Moluccas. Whilst Loaza sailed through the Straits of Magellan, Hoces with his *caravel*, the *San Lesmes*, was separated from the flotilla, and driven as far south as fifty-five degrees south latitude.

This is nearer the latitude of St. John's, Staten Island, and I feel still inclined to maintain for Drake the reality of the discovery. The name of Horn was

given it later, by a Dutchman, in honour of his native place, Horn, in Holland.

This extreme southern land is not inhabited, and, in fact, is but very rarely visited by the Fuegians, who seldom venture any distance, unless something for food, or for fuel, is to be obtained. Two days afterwards we passed Staten Island, a long, narrow, bold bit of land, looking very grand in its winter dress, its peak enveloped in black wreaths of rain and sleet. Cook mentions it as much frequented by the Fuegians, but we passed it too distantly to see any of the minutiæ. The chart marks a landing-place in the south-western corner, and I have heard that there is a missionary station there. It is never permanently inhabited, but visited occasionally for seals and fish, when it must require no small degree of hardihood to cross in frail canoes the Straits of Le Maire, which separate it from the main. As far as our glasses could discover, the interior seemed as snowy and barren as the bold cliffs that defy the ocean. The Patagonians are so fully discussed in Fitzroy's travels that it would be presumption in me to attempt any account of them: they possess numerous good qualities and many faults. The idea of their gigantic stature is gone with those good old days, and those good old travellers, and the

world is now too wise to believe in either Brobdignagians or Lilliputians. They seem a clear-headed, contented race, and Fitzroy assigns them feelings, which, if not drawn with an over-fond pencil, rank them as first and foremost in each social elevation. He says: "The moral restraint of these people seems to be very slight; each man is at liberty to do very much as he feels inclined, and if he does not injure or offend his neighbour, is not interfered with by others. Their social habits are those handed down from their ancestors, and adapted to the life they are compelled to lead. Ideas of improvement do not trouble them; contented with their fine climate, wholesome food, and an extensive range of country, they rather pity white people, who seem to them always in want of provisions, and tossed about at sea." They seem, however, to follow the mistaken notion of many other nations, and have orators to assist or hinder the settlement of their disputes. Really the Turks alone seem civilized in this respect, for among them oratory is not much admired, and but short shrift and few excuses are allowed to the offending individual. It certainly warps and perverts the judgment: the more brilliant the orator, the greater the deception. Look at courts of law, look at senates; how many vote in the enthu-

siasm caused by an eloquent speech, and curse their folly as they awake to the conviction that they have been the dupe of an orator. Their wise men have one belief, which if true, many of our hair-giving friends will repent their generosity; it is, that to possess any part or portion of a person's body gives unlimited power over that person's body and soul. They are supposed to have received their name from Magellan's people, in 1520, who, seeing their enormous feet, exclaimed, "Que patagon!" "What large feet!"

The Fuegians, who inhabit Terra del Fuego, to the southward of Magellan's Straits, are a poor wretched race, without homes, living in boats, but not deficient in either courage or cunning. Some were taken to England and partially civilized, but on their return soon relapsed into their former state of barbarism. Their women showed one characteristic trait of feminine feeling to our surveyors. On seeing their black-painted faces in a looking-glass they turned away and wept. The knowledge of a fault is the first step to a cure; so, perhaps, the next generation will wash, leave off paint, and be contented with their natural complexions. The men exhibited much jealousy of their women. A Taheitian offers his daughter, an Abyssinian his wife,

to his guest; so, let us not be hard on the poor Fuegian, he is not worse than his fellow barbarians; his faults are natural, and he may yet be civilized. I forgot to mention that, while becalmed off the Horn, we saw the wonderful mirage navigators speak of: two perfect vessels appeared in sight, our own, and her image reversed below her.

Really many things that are very romantic are also excessively true. The heart warms at Scott's tale of Flodden—the bravery of the combatants—their devotion and constancy in fight;

> "Each stepping where his comrade stood,
> The instant that he fell."

A sad accident on board brought this strongly to my mind. Man, an excitable and pugnacious animal, would be easily worked on to act thus in battle, where the loud trumpet, the cries of honour, and the applause of his comrades urge him on: without a thought he steps over the body of his friend, and fills his place in the foremost ranks. The noise prevents thought, obstinacy his yielding, and honours, renown, and promotion are to be his certain reward; but in calmer moments one would think it would be different; and yet a seaman falls from the yard while doing his duty aloft, and ere his

mangled body is picked up another darts out and finishes what his corpse-fingers began, and every-where the same theory may be pursued. Propose a trip to the Niger, North Pole, or any of those infernal regions, which daily and yearly act Golgothas to philanthropic sitters-at-home, tens and hundreds start up ready to go, though papers and books tell plainly that the consequences are certain death. To live at Sierra Leone is to die in six months, yet I believe it is always abundantly supplied with candidates for fevers and other death-dealing blows. It is very true that each expects some lucky chance will ensure his safety, and let him live to reap renown. Poets have seldom made a truer line than

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."

Each wonders at the other's valour, hardihood, or folly, call it which you like, but each does the same in his turn. Ladies see by experience, and preach to others how hot rooms, late hours, and excitement ruin the health, destroy the complexion, and taint the morals. Yet balls are as full as ever, and last as late; none absent themselves from fear of the above-mentioned effects, or to leave more space and more coolness for others. Certainly precaution is often una-

vailing; for a man may avoid all dangers, all unhealthy things, and yet a needle or a chimney-pot, or any thing may finish his career; and so he might just as well, perhaps, have enjoyed himself rationally, and used up his quota of time for such amusement. Even in this our voyage, where all novelties are denied—where there are no papers to talk over, no ministerial measures to abuse, no wonderful cases set forth in advertisements to believe; no letters, whose shortness or length you may grumble at; still there is plenty to learn, plenty to think of, plenty to amuse you.

There were several terrapins on board, who had survived many changes of climate, but now unfortunately died. It was curious to see how on former occasions, when we went to cold regions, they quietly slunk to some quiet corner, and there slept till sunshine and heat returned, when they stretched out, as if to see if they were alive, and ate and drank whatever Jack, whose kindness is proverbial to all animals, offered. There are also two condors for the Zoological Gardens. The honour may be great, but they certainly do not seem to appreciate it, but mope and smell most dismally. How changed since last their glistening eyes looked down from the mountain peak in search of food; then, though

the carcase destined for their meal was leagues away, their sight detected it; and, quicker than thought, their strong pinions bore them to the spot. Now the eye which disdained space, and the will which conquers distance, can scarce see the food close at hand, or stagger across the stage to seize it. No, mighty bird! your strength is useless now; live and fatten. Man seizes you to grace his triumph; your misery is necessary to increase his knowledge. You are borne away for children to look at, and ultimately for *savants* to anatomize and talk wise over. Oh senseless folly! What is an animal out of his element, or the condor when not stooping from his Andes? They took advantage of your weakness (a slight addiction to over-eating), and while you were reposing, in the happy conviction that you had dined well in honest company, pinioned you, and brought you here. We have three eagles too; the poet says, "the caged eagle will not mate." Eat, he certainly will; for all three are now quarrelling for a mutton-bone; while two fight, the third bird (perhaps the soul of a lawyer transmigrated is in him) eats it.

We touched at Rio de Janeiro to water, and there made a very delightful stay of ten or twelve days: here we first heard of the convulsions that had

occurred in Europe. In the New World we had seen some new things, and in the Old, all bids fair to see many old plays re-enacted. France had expelled her king, spite of his talents, spite of his right divine, his alliances, his *entente cordiale*, or his patriotism. Vain was his eloquence, his gallant resistance, vain the bravery, the devotion, and the valour of his sons! Hotly pursued by republican millions thirsting for his blood, he barely escaped and found welcome on our shores. Austria bitten by her neighbours has wallowed in the blood of all who opposed her madness; unavailing her Emperor's talents, or the august senate at Frankfort. Hungarians, Croatians, and others, all true men, all patriots, were marching, butchering, counter-marching and killing in every direction. In fact, all Europe seemed gone mad. Democracy was spouting, royalty running, governments falling, and if you wished for quiet, it seemed only to be found in Spain, who enjoyed her usual quiet attacks of periodical revolutions no more.

"Another mighty empire overthrown;
And we are left—or shall be left alone,
The last that dares to struggle with the foe;
'Tis well: from this day forward we shall know,
That in ourselves our safety must be sought,
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.

O dastard! whom such foretaste doth not cheer:
We shall exult if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear;
Wise, upright, valiant,—not a venal band,
Who are to judge of danger, which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

England, we heard with inconceivable joy, enjoyed as much internal quiet as could be expected, and was only menaced by some internal improvements planned by airy politicians. It was therefore with no small anxiety that we journeyed home. With various breezes we reached the line, the blue, the ever-varying, ever-changeful ocean all around; now quiet and peaceful as the true Christian's hope, now raving in reckless madness like the infidel's despair, now joined in mountain rollers, its colours as various as its forms, its forms as changing as its tints!

Our heavens changed, the Southern Cross rose less and less, till this fond emblem of our faith sank down far, far away behind us. The first southern expeditions of discovery were more struck with these changes of the firmament above, than with all the other natural phenomena presented to them.

There is a feeling, I think, that greatly soothes absence, that the same heaven is above us, and above those we love, that the same stars, whose mild light shines down on us, are perhaps seen and watched

by them too; nor is the feeling of absence quite complete till all is gone. Our days, not their days; our hours of prayer, and of repose, not theirs. By the precession of the equinoxes, the earlier inhabitants of even the higher north latitudes must have seen the southern constellations, which have long been hidden from us, nor will they be seen again for thousands of years. The Southern Cross must have been lost sight of in England two thousand nine hundred years before the Christian era. Humboldt says, at the period it disappeared, the pyramid of Cheops had been standing five hundred years. The early Spanish settlers of tropical America were accustomed to guess the hour of the day from the inclined or perpendicular position of this Southern Cross. What an emblem of a heaven there, of the presence over all the earth of God, the God, this beautiful symbol of their faith must have been! How cheering to the lonely missionary, as far, far from home he sank down exhausted, with no companion save his faith, thus to see registered in the sky the sign of his hope, the very emblem of his Saviour's love for man!

Our landfall was capital, and we hit Flores, observing it just to leeward of us; it is one of the Azores, and the northernmost but one of the group, Corou. The Azores consist of three clusters of islands, each

cluster containing three; they lie, as nearly all groups in the Atlantic and Pacific do, W.N.W., and E.S.E., extending over a space of three hundred and thirty miles. They were discovered in the fifteenth century, by Joshua Vanderberg, of Bruges, who, on his voyage to Lisbon, was blown out all this way by stress of weather, for they must be a thousand miles out of his direct course. He was foolish enough to boast of the great discovery he had made, at Lisbon; so the Portuguese government immediately fitted out an expedition, and took possession of them, naming them Azores, from the great number of hawks seen about them. The Portuguese found them uninhabited, and destitute of all living things save birds; they, however, fully appreciated their worth as a possession, placed so well and advantageously, and with a rich and fertile soil. In 1449, the great Don Henry of Portugal proceeded there with a large force and great pomp, and took formal possession of them. In the year 1464, they were given in dower by Alphonso the Fifth to the Duchess of Burgundy, who colonised them with Flemings. The new settlers, bent more on profit, than occupied with questions about governments, appear at once to have recognised the King of Portugal as their master. They were seized by Spain, and submitted without resistance during the time the two

kingdoms were united; but, faithful to their old ruler, hailed Portugal as the mother-country when the Braganzas were restored in 1640. Since then they have followed the fortunes of Portugal, but from their insular situation were little disturbed or molested by the wars and revolutions of the last and the present century.

They are of volcanic origin, and have experienced frightful and frequent earthquakes: of late years, however, these have ceased almost entirely, and their intensity has diminished proportionately. They are fruitful and healthy, and produce wheat, Indian-corn, beans, maize, vines, oranges, lemons, cattle, beef, and mutton, of the best, and tropical fruits of all sorts. Though thickly peopled, there is much waste land; still they have sufficient, and export considerably. During the time they were under Spanish rule, their produce and labour were much in requisition. Their environs and roads are celebrated in history, the scenes of many daring exploits of Raleigh, Howard, and other English worthies. The peak of Pico is well known; it is nine thousand feet high, and as regular in its form as if cut by the hands of man; its sides and lower slopes produce wine of a good quality. St. Michael's is the largest island of the group, and is the usual

residence of the bishop. But Agra, in the island of Terceira, is the seat of government.

The anchorages are not by any means good, and vessels seldom remain longer than is actually necessary to complete their cargoes. The current among the islands is strong, so vessels passing generally sight Flores or Corvo, and thus pass to the northward of the group. They are generally made by vessels bound to the Channel from distant quarters of the globe, as the accuracy of the reckoning is thus ascertained, and a fresh departure taken for the Channel. The total population of the group is reckoned at two hundred thousand souls. The towns and villages are chiefly in the Portuguese style, and the Flemings seem very quietly to have adopted the manners, customs, and religion of their rulers when they adopted the flag.

We delayed half a day, endeavouring to fix the site of some doubtful rock which had been seen by several vessels. However, it would not show for us; so the good ship rushed on again, with a fair wind, as if willing to please us and get her work over. In the dark nights her lee-side was literally a blaze of light, as she darted through the highly-phosphorized water. A West India outward-bound steamer bore down and spoke us. She seemed to smell of our

homes, so recently had she left them. Her passengers clustered on deck to see us, as we lay-to by her side. There, with English roses in his cheek, stood the boy just fresh from his mother's side, all grief drowned in his excitement at being just launched into the world. Be quiet, my lad, the time will come, and is not far distant, perhaps, when you will hate that world which now seems so fair and gay, and long, long with bitter yearnings again to repose in that sweet mother's bosom, and shut out this earth and its recollections. There stood the blooming girls, to whom the end of the voyage and a husband found seemed synonymous. How soon, alas! how soon, will heat pale your cheek, and languor dim your sparkling eye! Happy will be your lot if other cares and lesser woes do not hasten the change. There stood the old fellows with their hands in their breeches-pockets, careless of news, strifes, or home, so stocks and consols rose, and their West India property paid its rent.

There were grand rejoicing and glee when first the soundings were struck, as, with true loyalty, we believed we were now on her Majesty's territory. Vessel after vessel passed, truly foreshadowing our approach to a mighty country. The broad channel seemed too narrow for the gigantic trade of the first nation

on earth. A steamer puffed and fumed behind us, on her passage out; the band struck up its last polka, and the eager ship left her spattering and gasping behind. On our arrival it was odd to see visitors, in summer garbs, fanning themselves and complaining of the melting hot day, while flushing and broad-cloth failed to warm our shrivelled limbs. The routine of paying off went on rapidly; Jack was anxious for his run on shore, and the officers to get it over.

Still it could not be without a feeling of regret, that the day for separation drew near; the ship, whose equipment and fittings had cost four years of toil to perfect, was dismantled in a week, the gildings and neatnesses that had been the commander's pride, were handed over to dockyard waiters, or broken in their removal: the quarter-deck, so often our ball-room, endeared by a thousand reminiscences of every sort; for here, at Borabora, the savages had danced in all the excitement of liberty restored to them. Here from the lips of beauty, perhaps had dropped the words of love; this was the scene of night-watchings, midnight-musings, day dreams, and fairy visions. Now all is bare; my cabin, my home, my sanctuary was stripped of its

furniture and ornaments: our mess would soon be lonely; no more to echo to the gay laugh or pungent joke; no more, as the wine flew round, would wit and jest follow. The tried friends, the brother-voyagers, whose names were associated with all our frolics, all our fun; who had roared at our mishaps, grieved over our misfortunes, and befriended us in many curious scenes, would soon be scattered, and perhaps only meet when age and selfishness had steeled the heart against old recollections.

But the fiat had gone forth, and, after a sad day spent in irksome duties and leave-takings, it was with a heavy heart I stepped into a shore-boat, master of myself. As I pulled away, the sunset gun fired, and the pennant was hauled down. That pennant I had followed through weal and woe eighty-three thousand miles.

Reader, we started from England together, and have voyaged far in many countries, and through many varied scenes. If I have pleased you, trust me my labour is amply rewarded. If in aught I have instructed you, great is my pride. Let me not longer trespass on your time, but hasten on to say *adios*. If this small tribute to my late chief and my good messmates has interested you enough to wish

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to know more of the author, learn, that to use the words of Kwan, the son of Minu, the Chinese Admiral, in his despatch to the Emperor, "He is full of merit, patiently awaiting promotion." *Adios.*

THE END.

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